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CHUM BHI AIR AN SEINN ANN AN AORA'DHIA,

AIR AN LEASACHADH, AGUS AIR AN CUR
AMACH DO REIR SEOLAIDH, IARTAIS,
AGUS UGHDARAIS SEANAIDH
EARRA-GHAEL.

LE I. SMITH, D. D.

DUN-EIDIN:

AIR SON BELL & BRADFUTE; AGUS
W. ANDERSAN, SRUILEADH.

1812.

D. H. A. B. H. D. H.

MAILED

THE LANCET

SECOND EDITION

THE LANCET

THE LANCET



At INVERARY, the eighth day of August one thousand, seven hundred and eighty three years, Sessio 5^{ta}, hora 8^{va}, ante meridiem.

After prayer, Roll called, and marked ;

THE Synod of Argyle being met, and duly constituted ; and having resumed the consideration of the Psalmody approved by the General Assembly 1781, and translated into Gaelic, at the desire of the Synod, by Mr John Smith, one of their number, they agreed that the same should be now revised and examined in a committee of the whole Synod ; which being done, the Synod unanimously declared themselves well satisfied with the translation, and appointed the Moderator, in their name, to thank Mr Smith for the great pains he has taken in executing it in so faithful and beautiful a manner ; and being convinced that the publication thereof will be of general use throughout the Highlands of Scotland, they recommended to the translator to prepare a copy for the press : And being further sensible that the editions of the Gaelic version of the Psalms of David now used stand in need of some corrections, they further recommended to Mr Smith to take the charge of publish-

ing a new edition of the same, with the emendations which he submitted to the consideration of the Synod, and which they approved, in order that the same may be offered to the public ; together with the translation of the new Psalmody. And the Synod being desirous that this edition so corrected, as well as the version of the Paraphrases, may meet with the approbation of their brethren within the bounds of their Synods in the Highlands, they recommended to circulate, without loss of time, a few copies among them for their inspection and Remarks. And as the Synod hopes that what they have thus, upon mature deliberation, approved, will give general satisfaction, and be of common utility, they did, and do hereby earnestly recommend the same to the countenance and encouragement of the several Synods within whose bounds the Gaelic language is spoken ; and also to the countenance and encouragement of the Honourable the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

Extracted by **DUNCAN CAMPBELL**, *Synod Clerk*.

DHAIBHIDH.

SALM I.

- 'S Beannuicht an duine sin nach gluais
 an comhairle nan daoibh,
 An slighe fhìar nam peacach baòth,
 'na sheasamh fòs nach bì ;
 An cathair fanoid luchd an spòrs
 'nach togair suid'h gu bràth :
- 2 Ach gam bheil toil do naomh-reachd,
 ga smaoineach' oidhch' is la. [Dhe
- 3 Mair ur-chrann uaine bithidh e,
 aig uisge sèimh a' fàs,
 A bheir 'na aimsir toradh trom,
 gun duille chall no blàth.
 Soirbhichidh leis gach nì d'an dean :
- 4 Nì h-amhluidh sin a bhios
 Na daoine peacach, ach mar mhol
 air fhuadachadh le gaoith.
- 5 Fan aobhar sin cha seas a suas
 na h-aingidh anns a'bhreith,
 No peacaich ann an comun naomh
 nam fireanach air leth.
- 6 Oir 's fiosrach Dia air slighe ghloin
 nam fireanach air fad :
 Ach slighe fhìar nam peacach baòth
 di-mhilltear i gu grad.

- C'** ARSON a ghabh na Cinnich boil',
 's na sloigh le cheile cruinn,
 A' smuainteachadh beàirt dhiomainich,
 nach feudar chur an suim ?
- 2 Rìghrean na talmhainn dh'eirich suas,
 's na h-uachdarain gu leir ;
 'N aghaidh Iehobhah chruinnich iad ;
 'n aghaidh aon ungta Dhe.
- 3 'Nis bristeamaid an cuibhreach dhinn,
 (thubhairt iad sud air fad,)
 Na boinn a b'aill leo iadhadh oirn,
 dhinn tilgeamaid gu grad.
- 4 An Ti air neamh 'na shuidhe ta,
 ni esan gàire riu ;
 Is mar chuis mhagaidh bithidh iad
 do Thighearn' ard nan dùl.
- 5 'N sin labhraidh e am briathraibh borb
 'na chorruich riu gu garg,
 Is cuiridh e gu cabhaig iad,
 le lasan is le feirg.
- 6 Gidheadh do ungadh leam mo Rìgh
 gu fìor air Sion caomh ;
 Is chuir mi e 'na uachdaran
 suas ar mo hulaich naomh.
- 7 Cuiream an ceill an-ordugh ud ;
 (thubhairt Iehobhah rium,)
 Is tu mo mhacsa ; 's ann an diugh
 a ghineadh thusa leam.
- 8 Iarr orm, 's mar oighreach bheiream
 na fineacha gu leir ;

[dhuit

SALM III.

'S mar sheilbh ro-dhileas bheiream dhuit,
fad iomall 'crich' gach tir.

9 Nithear le slait do'n iarunn chruaidh
gu luath am bristeadh leat ;
Nam blòidibh beaga pronnar iad,
mar phota crè-le d'neart.

10 O Rìghrean, uime sin anis
gabhuibhse ciall gu leir ;
A Bhreitheamhna na talmhainn fòs
grad-fhoghlumaibh deagh-bheus.

11 Do'n Tighearna Iehobhah mòr
aoruibhse sios gu ceart,
Le h-eagal deanaibh seirbhis mhaith
do Thighearna nam feart.
'S le ball-chrith deanaibh gàirdeachas :

12 Do'n mhac is thugaibh pòg,
Air eagal gu las fhearg-san ruibh,
d'ur milleadh anns an ròd.

An uair a bhitheas corruich air
ag lasadh ach gu beag,
Is beannuicht iad, gach uile neach,
an dòchas air do leag.

SALM III.

NACH lion-mhor iad mo naimhd' a Dhia,
sior-dhol am meud gach la ?

Is luchd mo thrioblaid iamad iad,
ag eirigh rium do ghnà.

2 Rì m'anam iomad their nach bheil
aon fhurtachd aig an Dia ;

- 3 Ach's tu fear-togalach mo chinn,
mo ghlòir, is tu mo sgia.
- 4 Air Dia do ghairm mi fein le m'ghuth,
dh' eisd as a thulaich naoimh :
- 5 Luidh, chaidil, agus mhosgail mi,
chum Dia mi suas gu caomh.
- 6 Nì h-eagal leam deich mìle sluaigh,
ge d'chuartaicheadh iad mi.
- 7 Mo Thighearn' eirich suas gu luath,
is cuidich leam, a Dhe :
- Mo naimhde bhuail thu air an gial :
bhris fiacla fòs nan daoibh.
- 8 'S le Dia an fhurtachd : air do shluagh
do bheannachd tha gun di.

SALM IV.

- O** THUSA Dhia ud m'ionracais,
eisd rium tra eigheam riut ;
'S tu dh'fhuasgail orm's mi ann an teinn
fòir orm, is eisd mo scread.
- 2 Mo ghlòir cia fhad, o chlann nan daoibh',
gu nàire chaochluigh's sibh ?
Ag tabhairt gràidh do dhiomhanas,
is leanas breugan ruibh ;
- 3 Biodh agaibh fios gu'd' roghnuich Dia
dha fein an duine naomh ;
Tra eigheam ris, bheir e gu beachd
gu grad fanear mo ghlaodh.
- 4 Biodh eagal oirbh 's na deanaibh lochd :
labhraibh ri'r cridhe fein.

Gu h-uaigneach air ur leapuichibh
bidh tosdach mar an ceudn'.

5 Deach iobairt thaitneach thugaibh uaibh
do'n ionracas do ghnà ;

'S ur dòchas cuiribh ann an Dia,
ag earbsa ris gach là.

6 Ni maith co nochdas duinn a nis ?

(tha mòran ac' ag ràdh :
Ach dealradh glan do ghnùis, a Dhe,
toig oirne suas do ghnà.

7 'S mò chuir tu dh'aoibhneas ann am
n'an uair is ion-mhoir' coirc', [chridh
No, aca sùd, is saibhre fion
a cinneachduin gun airc.

8 An sìoth-shaimh luidhidh mi faraon,
is caidlidh mi le suain :

O's tu's amhàin bheir dhomh, a Dhe,
fo dhidein, comhnuidh bhuan.

SALM V.

Do m'bhriathraibh tabhair aire, Dhe,
is beachduich air mo smuain.

2 Eisd guth mo ghlaoidh, mo rìgh 's mo
oir guidheam ort gu dian. [Dhia,

3 Mo ghuth do chluinnear leat, a Dhe,
air madain gach aon là :

Gu moch do dheanam ùrnaigh riut
is dearcam ort do ghnà.

4 Cha tus' an Dia le 'm miann an t-olc ;
is lochd ni'n caidir thu :

- 5 Cha seas an t-amadan ad làth'r :
's fuath lest luchd-uile nach fìu.
- 6 Do sgriosar leat luchd-labhairt blreug;
is grain le Dia faraon
An duine fuileachdach, 's an tì
chum cealgoireachd a chlaon.
- 7 Ach mise, thig mi chum do theach,
thaoibh meud do ghràsa caomh:
Is ann a t-eagal aoram dhuit,
m'aghaidh ri d'theampull naomh.
- 8 Fa chùis mo naimhde, treoruich mi,
ad cheartas naomh, a Dhe,
Is deansa romham, air gach ball,
do shlighe dìreach reidh.
- 9 Oir cha n' 'eil cinnt do ceart 'nam beul.
fìor-aingeachd annta ta :
An sgornan fosgailte mar uaigh,
le miodal teanga tlà.
- 10 Le'n comhairlibh leig tuiteam dhoibh,
sgrios iad, a Dhe, 'nan lochd :
'Nam peacaibh lionmhor fuaduich iad :
oir rinn iad ceannairc ort.
- 11 Ach aoibhneas air gach neach gu robh
ni 'barant' dhiot 'nan airc :
Is deanadh iad buan-ghàirdeachas,
o rinn thu dhoibh cul-taic :
Biodh annad ait, na ghràdhaich t-ainm,
- 12 Oir beannuichidh tu, Dhe,
Am firean : ni thu le do ghràs
a chuartach', mar le sge'.

- A** THIGHEARN', ann ad chorruidh mhòir
na cronuich mi gu garg ;
Na dean mo smachdachadh gu geur,
an uair a lasas t-fhearg.
- 2 Dean tròcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs,
oir lag ataim gun cheist :
Dhia, slànuich mi a nis am fheum,
oir tha mo chnàmhan brist'.
- 3 Tha m'anam air a chràdh gu geur :
ach thus', a Dhe, cia fhad ?
- 4 Pill, fuasgail m'anam ; agus fòir
le tròcair orm gu grad.
- 5 Oir orts', a Thighearna, sa bhàs,
cha chuimhnichear gun cheist :
Co bheir dhuit buidheachas san uaigh,
no bheir ort luadh am feasd ?
- 6 Taim sgèth le m'osnaigh, feadh na h-oid-
a' cur mo leab' air snàmh : [ch'
Le deuraibh m'uirigh uisgichim
san am bu chòir dhomh tàmh.
- 7 Mo shuil ata air fàilneachadh
fa chùis mo bhròin gach trà :
Is ta ag dol gu h-aois, arson
m' uil' eascairde do ghnà.
- 8 A luchd na h-aingidheachd gu leir,
imichibh uam am fad :
Oir chuala Dia gu trècaireach
ard-ghuth mo choai gun stad.
- 9 An achuinge do chuir ni suas,
chuala Iehobhah i ;

Is gabhaidh e gu toileach uam
an urnaigh a ni mi.

- 10 Air m' eas-cairdibh gu robh air fad
nair' agus cùradh geur :
Is pilleadh iad air'n ais gu luath
le masladh mòr gu leir.

SALM VII.

O DHIA mo Thighearn', earbam riut :
orm furtaich agus fòir,

Is saor mi fòs o shàruchadh
mo nàmh tha orm an tòir.

- 2 Air eagal, mar ni leòmhann treun,
gu reubar m'anam leis :

A' deanamh liodairt air gu mion,
gun neach do m' fhuasgladh as.

- 3 Iehobhah Dhe, ma rinn mi so ;
ma ta lochd air mo laimh :

- 4 Ma dh' ioc mi olc do'n fhear a bha
an sìochaint dhomh, 's an daimh ;
(Ni h-amhluidh sin, ach rian mi'n tì
a theasairgin gu blà

A bha gun aobhar is gun chùis
'n a nàmhaid dhomh gach la.)

- 5 Leanadh an nàmhaid m'anam fein,
glacadh se e's gu làr

Saltradh mo bheatha, leagadh fòs
m'onoir san dus le tàir.

- 6 Eirich, a t-fheirg, tog suas thu fein,
fa chorruidh m' eas-cair threin :

Is chum na breith a dh'orduich thu
mosgail fa m'chùis a Dhe.

7 Mar sin ni co-thional an t-sluaigh
do chuartachadh gun tàmh ;
Is uime sin fa'n cùis, a Dhe,
pill fein air ionad àrd.

8 Breith air a phobull bheir thu, Dhia ;
reir m'ionracais dean breith,
Do reir mo neo-chionnt' fein, a Dhe,
gu teann cuir as mo leth.

9 Gu tigeadh crìoch air olc nan daoì
ach daighnich daoine còir :
'S fear-sgrùdaidh cridh', is rannsaich àirn,
Dia cothromach na gloir.

10 'S e Dia mo sgia, 's e dh'fhurtaicheas
air luchd a' chridhe cheairt.

11 Breitheamh luchd-còrach Dia, gach la
am feirg ri luchd droch bheart.

12 Ma 's e nach pill an daoì air ais,
a chlaidhe liomhaidh Dia :
Air lagh a bhogha chuir gu teann,
gu caitheamh ullamh dian.

13 Fìor-acfuinn agus inneal mairbh,
sin dheasaich e dha fein ;
Is leig e shaighde corranach
an aghaidh luchd dhroch-bheus.

14 Feuch, ghabh e olc mar thorraicheas,
do'n aimhleas tha e làn ;
A chealg a ghineadh, rugadh leis,
gun aobhar, gun chionfa.

- 15 Chladhaich e slochd, is threachail e,
is thuit san dìg a rinn.
- 16 Thig aimhleas air a chlaigeann fein,
is fhòirneart air a cheann.
- 17 Do reir a cheartais molaidh mi
an Tighearn', air gach am :
Do ainm Iehobhah seinnidh mi,
o se is airde t'ann.

SALM VIII.

IEHOBHAB Dhia, cia mòrdha t-ainm
air feadh gach uile thir !

Do ghlòir do shocrach thu os-cionn
nam flaitheas is nan speur.

- 2 A beul nan ciochrann òga maoth
bhrìgh t-eas-cair dh'orduich neart,
An nàmhaid chum gu caisgeadh tu,
's an dioghaltach mi-cheart.

- 3 Do speuran tra thug mi fainear,
obair do mheura fein,

A' ghealach is na reulta glan,
a dh'orduich thu le cheil' :

- 4 Duine ciod e, gu cuimhnichte ?
no mhac gu fiosraicht leat ?

- 5 Do'n inbhe, 's beag a chum thu uaith,
air 'n d'fhuair na h-aingil ceart ;

Oir chuir thu coron àluinn air,
le mais is glòir thar chàch.

- 6 Air oibridh fòs do làmh air fad,
thug uachdranachd gu bràth.

Gach dùile chuir fa chasaibh dha,
a chruthaich thusa riamh :

7 Caoirich, is buar, 's gach ainmhidh fòs
tha'g imeachd air an t-sliabh.

8 An eunlaith tha san adhar shuas,
an tiasg ata sa chuan,
'S na shiubhlas air sligh' tuinne fòs,
sin thug thu dha gu buan.

9 A Dhia, ar Tighearn' is ar Dia'n,
t-ainmsa cia h-uasal e ;
Air feadh gach talaimh is gach tir
is mòrdha sud a Dhe.

SALM IX.

LE m'uile chridhe bheiream dhuit,
ard-mholadh binn, a Dhe ;

Is toibre miorbhuileach air fad
sior-chuiridh mi an ceill.

2 Fòs ni mi annad aoibhneas ait,
is gairdeachas gu mòr :

Do t-ainmsa seinneam mola' binn,
O Rìgh a's airde glòir.

3 A rìs tra phillear air an ais,
mo naimhde, theid gu làr ;
Oir tuitidh iad is theid dhoibh as,
a't fhianais fein gun dàil.

4 Mo chòir rinn thusa sheasamh dhomh
gu daingean is gu treun :

Ad chathair chothroim shuidh thu suas,
mar bhreitheamh ceart am binn',

- 5 Is thug thu air na cinnich smachd,
sgrios thu na daoine daoì :
An ainm do chuir thu as gu glan,
o linn gu linn' a choidhch'.
- 6 (O nàmh, chaidh crìoch air sgrios am
leag thusa bailte treun ; [feasd :)
An iomradh-san 's an cuimhne fòs
do theirig sin leo fein.
- 7 Ach mairidh Dia gu bunaiteach :
chuir cathair suas chum breith.
- 8 Bheir air an domhan cothrom ceart,
le còir do'n t-slaugh fa leith.
- 9 Mar dhaighneach bithidh Dia nam feart
do'n ti ata fo leon :
An trioblaid tearmunnn dileas e,
ri faicinn neach fo bhròn.
- 10 Gach neach 'gam bheil air t-ainmsa fios
ni dòchas diot, is bun :
Oir meud's ata ga d'iarraidh, Dhe,
cha treig thu iad gu tur.
- 11 Do'n Triath d'an comhnuidh Sion naomh,
seinnibhse cliu gu binn ;
Aithrisibh fòs am measg an t-sluaigh
na gnìomharan a rinn.
- 12 Tra ni e rannsachadh air fuil, .
'n sin cuimhneach orra ta ;
Cha leig air dearmad glaodh nam bochd,
a ghairmeas air do ghnà.
- 13 Fòir orm, a Dhe, is amhaire air
mo thrioblaid o luchd m'fhuath,

A Dhe, a ta ga m'thagail suas
o dhorsaibh bàis gu luath.

14 An dorsaibh Nighein Shioin chaoimh
gu sgaoilinn t-uile chliu :

Is ni mi gairdeachas air sgà
na slàint a dheònuich thu.

15 Thuit sios na cinnich anns an dig
a chladhaigh iad do chàch :

Is anns an lion a dh'fholuich iad,
tha'n cosa fein an sàs.

16 Aithnichear Dia sa bhreith a ni,
tra thuiteas daoibh san drip ;

Is ann an gnìomh a laimhe fein
teann-ghlacar e san rib.

17 Pillear luchd-uile is aingidheachd
gu h-ifrinn sios gu leir ;

'S na fineachan nach cuimhnich Dia,
pillear iad sios le cheil'.

18 An t-ainnis truagh cha teid am feasd,
air dearmad no air di ;

Air dòchas fòs an duine bhoichd
gu bràth cha'n fhaicear claoidh.

19 A 'Thighearn' eirich, 's na leig buaidh
le neach d'an dual am bàs ;

Breith thugar air na cinneachaibh
a't-fhianais anns gach càs.

20 Cuir eagal orrasan gu mòr,

Iehobhah Dhia nam feart ;

Gu'n aithnicheadh na sloigh gu leir
iad fein nan daoine meat'.

CIOD uime'n seas thu fad o laimh
Iehobbah laidir threin ?

'S an aimsir teinn is triobloid mhòir
an dean thu t-fholach fein ?

2 Tha 'n droch dhuine 'na ardan borb
gu dian air tòir nam bochd.

Ach glacar iad sna h-inleachdaibh
a dhealbh iad fein chum lochd.

3 Oir nì an droch-dhuin' raiteachas
a miann a chridhe fein,

'S no daoine sanntach molaidh e
ge beag air Dia am mein.

4 An droch-dhuin' ag fìor-àrdan gruaidh
cha ghoir e air an Triath :

'Na chridhe cha 'n 'eil uair air bith
gnè smaointeachaidh air Dia.

5 Tha uile shlighe doilghiosach,
o shuilibh 's ard do bhreith :

Ag seideadh pluic gu fanoideach,
m'a eas-cairdibh gach leth.

6 'Na chridhe fein do labhair e,
Am feasd cha ghluaisear mi :

Oir cha tig amhghar orm gu bràth,
no triobloid fòs do m' chlaoidh.

7 Do'n iogan, mhallachadh, 's do ghò,
a bheul-san ata làn :

Tha donas mor is diomhanas
fo theangaidh-san do ghnà :

8 An diomhaireachd nam bailte beag'
ghnà shuidhidh e gun fhios :

Tha shuil air bochd 's air neo-chiontach
d'am mort an uaignidheas.

Ta shuile nimhneach mar an ceudn',
ro-ghuineach geur gu lochd,
Ag dearcadh ann an diomhaireachd
a sgrios an fhirein bhochd.

9 Mar leomhan luidh' am foill ata,
'na thàmh an garadh dion,
Ghabhail nam bochd : is ghlac e iad,
'g an tarruing ann a lion.

10 Crùbaidh, is cromaidh e gu làr
chum dha nach mothaich neach
Le laochraibh chum gu leagadh e
am bochd a' gabhailseach.

11 A dubhairt é'n a chridhe fein,
dhi-cuimhnich Dia gun cheist :
Seadh dh' fholuich e a ghnùis an cein,
cha leir dha sud am feasd.

12 Iehobhah, eirich suas an aird,
a Dhia ta neart-mhor treun,
Tog suas dolàmh : 's na dearmaid choidhech
na deòraidh bhochd nam feum.

13 Na daoine dona com' an dean
iad tailceas ort, a Dhe ?
An neach ud thuirt 'na chridhe fein,
cha'n fhiosruichear leat e.

14 Chunnaic thu sin, oir dhuit is leir
gach dochair is gach spid,
A chum le d'laimh gu toir thu dhoibh
comain an uile a ni;

'S ann ortsaidh' fhag an duine bochd
e fein d'a chur fo dhion,
O's tu fear-cuidich agus neart
nan dilleachdan gun mhaoin.

15 Gairdean an droch-dhuin' is an daor
leòn thus', is brist a Dhe :
Is rannsuich uile lochd gu geur,
gu ruig nach faighear e.

16 Gu suthain is gu siorruidh fòs,
Iehobhah ta 'na Rìgh :
Sgriosadh na cinnich as gu tur,
is ghlanadh as a thìr.

17 Mian nan daoine' ùmhal chual' thu, Dhe ;
an cridhe nì thu gleust',
Is bheir thu air do chluais gu beachd
an gearan-san gu'n eisd :

18 A chumail ceart ri dilleachdain,
's ri daoineibh brùite truagh,
A chum nach d'thugadh duine' o'n àir
nì 's mò air foirneart luadh.

SALM XI.

Mò dhòchas chuir mi ann an Dia ;
ciod uime 'n abradh sibh
Ri m'anam, chum mo chur air gheall,
Teich as mar eun gu d'shlàbh ?

2 Feuch chuir na h-aingidh bogh' air lagh,
air sreing an saighde ghleus :
Thilgin san dorch' an tì ta ceart
'na chridh' agus 'na bheus.

- 3 Ma theid na bunaite air dhi,
ciod ni an duine còir ?
- 4 Tha Dia 'n a theampull naomh, air-
tha chathair làn do ghlòir : [Neamh,
Is leir d'a shùilibh-san gach dùil,
san domhan mhòr ata ;
Le rosgaibh clann nan daoine' air fad
rannsaichidh e do ghnà.
- 5 Rannsaichidh Dia na fireanaich ;
ach luchd na h-aingidheachd
Is fuath le anam, is gach neach
thug speis do ragaireachd.
- 6 Air daoineibh droch-mhuinnt' doirtidh Dia
nuas ribeachan gun di :
Is teine, pronnasc, 's doinionn gharbh,
cuibhrionn cup' dhoibh do ni.
- 7 Oir Dia ta cothromach is ceart,
is ionmhuin leis a' chòir :
Ag amharc air na fireaneibh
le deagh-ghnùis làn do ghlòir.

SALM XII.

- O** FÒIR, is cuidich leinn, a Dhe,
's gun deagh-dhuin' idir ann :
Nà treibh-dhirich measg clainn nan
ri 'm faghail tha ro-ghann. [daoine'
- 2 Labhruidh gach neach r'a choimhearsnach
a' bhreug le mìodal beil ;
Le cridhe dùbailt' làn do cheilg
sior-labhruidh iad le cheil'.

- 3 Gach beul tha làn do ghabhann tlà
d'an gnà bhi leam is leat,
An teanga bhruidhneach àrdanach
sgathar le Dia nam feart.
- 4 A thubhairt, Orra bheir sinn buaidhe
le'r teangaidh fein amach ;
'S leinn fein ar beil : co e an Triath
a chuireas sinn fa smachd ?
- 5 Ri sàruchadh nan deòradh truagh,
ri osnaich dhaoine bochd,
Nis eir' gheam (arsa Dia,) d'an dion,
o'n dream ta bagradh lochd.
- 6 Is fìor-ghlan focal Dhe gu dearbh :
amhluidh mar airgiod e,
A leaghadh is a ghlanadh fòs,
seachd uaire 'n suacan crè.
- 7 Coimhididh thus' iad uile, Dhe,
dionaidh tu iad do ghnà
O'n ghinealachs' anis a-t'ann,
's o sin amach gu bràth.
- 8 Gluaisidh gach aon taobh luchd an uile,
is togaidh iad an ceann ;
An t-am an cuirear suas gu h-àrd
na daoine' a's suaraich t-ann.

SALM XIII.

CIA fhada dhearmadar mi leat,
a Dhia, an ann gu bràth ?
Cia fhada cheileas tu do ghmùis
gu coimheach uam gach trà ?

- 2 Cia fhad' bhios imcheist ann am chom,
le cridhe trom gach la?
Cia fhada chuirear tharum suas
an ti bha dhomh 'na nàmh?
- 3 Thabhair fanear, is freagair mi,
a Thighearna mo Dhia;
Soillsich mo shuile, cadal trom
chum bàis nach caidleadh mi.
- 4 Eagal gu'n abradh rium mo nàmh,
Chaidh agam air a nis',
'S gu deanadh m'eas-car gairdeachas,
san uair an aomar mis'.
- 5 Ach dh'earb mi as do ghràs, is bidh
mo spiorad ait ad shlàint':
- 6 Is seinnidh mi gu binn do Dhia,
arson a phailteis ghnàight'.

SALM XIV.

- N**A chridhe deir an t-amadan,
Cha 'n 'eil ann Dia air bith:
Ta'd truailidh, 's oillteil fòs an gnìomh,
cha'n 'eil ann neach ni maith.
- 2 An Tighearn' dh'amhairc e o neamh,
air chloinn nan daoine nuas;
A dh'fheuchainn an robh tuigs' aig neach
na dh'iarradh Dia nan gràs.
- 3 Ach chlaon an t-iomlan diubh a thaoibh
ro-shalach iad gu leir:
Cha 'n 'eil aon neach a'deanamh maith,
cha'n 'eil fiu aon fo speur.

- 4 'M bheil tuigs' air bith aig droch-dhaoine
ta 'g itheadh suas gu dian
Mo phobuil-sa, mar aran blasd',
's nach 'eil a' gairm air Dia.
- 5 An sin do ghabh iad eagal mòr ;
arson gu bheil gu fìor
Dia ann an ginealach is linn,
nam fireanach do shior.
- 6 Comhairl' an truaghain nàraich sibh,
chionn Dia 'n a thearmunn da :
- 7 A' Sion O gu d'thigeadh 'mach
slàint Israeil gach la!
An tra bheir Dia air ais o bhruid
a phobull fein le cheil',
Air Iacob bithidh aoibhneas mòr,
's aiteas air Israel.

SALM XV.

- Co dh' fhanas ann ad phàilliuin shuas ?
a Tighearna, co e?
Co 'n ti sin leat air do chnoc naomh'
a chomhnuicheas gach re?
- 2 An ti do ghluais gu treibh dhìreach,
is ionracas a chleachd,
Labhras an fhirinn sin amach
a ta 'na chridhe steach.
- 3 An ti nach dean air neach air bith,
cul-chàine' 'm feasd le bheul,
Nach dean aon lochd d'a choimhearsnach
's nach tog air fos droch sgeul.

- 4 A nì trom-thailceas air an daoì :
 ach onoir dhoibh a bheir
 D'an eagal Dia : 's nach caochail mionn'
 ge d'thigeadh calldach air.
- 5 Airgiod air ocar nach do chuir :
 an aghaidh fòs nan saoi
 Brìb nach do ghabh : cha gluaisear e
 gu bràth mar sin a nì.

SALM XVI.

- D**HIA, coimhid mi, o's annad fein
 ata mo dhòigh gu fìor ;
- 2 O m'anam, thubhairt thu ri Dia,
 Is tu mo Thriath gu sior.
 Mo mhaitheas ort gu dearbh cha ruig ;
- 3 ach air na naoimh a ta
 Air thalamh, 's air na flaithibh fìor,
 'g am bheil mo ghean 's mo ghradh.
- 4 Mor mheudaichear an doilghios doibh
 a dheifricheas gu luath
 Air lorg dè eile choimhich bhreig',
 a' cur ri cràbhadh truagh :
 An iobairt-dhìbhe ta do fhuil
 cha 'n ofrail mi gun cheist,
 Is air an anmibh ann am bheil
 cha toir mi luadh am feasd.
- 5 Cuibhrionn mo chup' is m'oighreachd
 's tu sheasas dhomh mo chrann.[Dia,
- 6 An àitibh aoibhneach thuit mo lion :
 's leam oighreachd bhreagh nach gann

- 7 Do bheiream buidheachas do Dhia,
thug comhairl' orm am fheum :
Tha m' àirne fòs an am na h-oidhch'
ga m' theagasg mar an ceudn'.
- 8 Do chuir mi romham, anns gach cùis,
an Tighearn' mòr do ghnà ;
O's air mo dheas-laimh gu bheil e,
tha ghluaisear mi gu bràth.
- 9 Mo chridh' ni aoibhneas uime sin,
ni gàirdeachas mo ghlòir :
Ni m' fheoil fos comhnuidh fhoistineach
le dion an dòchas mòr.
- 10 Oir ans an uaigh cha'n fhàgar leat
shios m' anam, air aon achd ;
'S cha leig thu fòs do d'sheircinn naomh
truailleachd am feasd' gu faic.
- 11 Dhomh sligh' na beatha feuchaidh tu :
ad lath'r làn-aoibhneas ta,
Is aig do dheas-laimh fein, a Dhe,
mòr-shubhachas gu bràth.

SALM XVII.

- E**ISD thus' a Thighearn' ris a' chòir,
mo ghlaodh thoir aire dha,
Is cluinn an ùrnaigh thig amach
o m' bheul gun bhreug, gun ghò.
- 2 Mo bhreith o t-fhianais thigeadh i :
la d' shùilibh leirsinneach.
Feuch air na nithibh sin, a Dhe,
ta ceart is cothromach.

- 3 -Dhearbh thu mo chridh', is dh'fhiosraich
san oidhche, d'fhion gu geur; [thu
Cha d'fhuair thu maoin; oir b'e mo rùn
nach peacaichinn le m' bheul.
- 4 Fa thimchioll oibre dhaoine fòs,
ghleidh mi mi fein gu beachd,
Le guth do bheil, o cheumanaibh
luchd-braid is ragaireachd.
- 5 Cum m'imeachd suas, a Dhia nam feart,
ad shlighibh ceart gu treun;
Ad ròidibh dìreach cum mi suas,
nach sleamhnich nam mo cheum.
- 6 Do ghoir mi ort, a Dhe, a chionn
gun eisdear leatsa rium;
Du chluas do m'ionnsuidh crom anuas,
is fòs mo ghearan chuinn.
- 7 Taisbein do chaoimhneas iongantach
ta gradhach làn do chliu,
Do shaor thu le do dheas laimh fein
an dream d'an dòchas thu,
Uatha nan aghaidh thogas ceann.
- 8 O coimhid mi gu treun
Mar chloich do shul: dean folach orm,
fo sgàil do sgiatha fein.
- 9 O'n droch-dhuin' tha ri fòirneart orm,
o naimhdibh sgriosach treun,
Ata ga m' chuartachadh gach taobh,
mo choimhead uatha dean.
- 10 'Nan saill ata iad druidte suas,
cainnt uaibhreach tha 'nam beul.

- 11 Chrom iad gu lar, is dhearc le'n sùil;
is chuartaich iad ar ceum :
- 12 Mar leòmhann gionach togarach
chum cobhartaich do ghnà,
Mar leòmhann òg an diomhaireachd
ri foill-fholach ata.
- 13 Eirich, a Dhe, is caisg mo nàmh,
leag sios gu talamh e :
O'n droch-dhuin' tha'na chlaidhe dhuit,
saor m'anam bochd, a Dhe.
- 14 O'n dream tha dhuits', a Dhe, mar laimh,
o dhaoineibh saoghalt dàn,
'G am bheil an cuibhrionn is an cuid
sa bheatha so amhàin.
D'am bheil thu tabhairt làin am bronn
as tulaidh dhiomhair fòs :
Tha'n gineil lionmhor, is am maoin
fàgaidh d'an lèanbaibh òg,
- 15 Ach air mo shon-sa, dearcam air
do ghnùis am fireantachd :
Air mosgladh dhomh, lan-diolar mi,
A Dhe, le d'chosalachd.

SALM XVIII.

Mo chion ort fein', a Dhia, mo threis.
2 Mo charraig Dia gu ceart,
Mo dhaighneach, is mo shlanuighear :
mo Thighearn', is mo neart :
An ti' an cuiream dòchas fòs,
mo thargaid is mo sgia,

Adharc mo shlànuigh' e gu beachd,
mo bhaideal àrd's e Dia.

- 3 'Nis gaiream air an Tighearna,
d'an dlighear moladh sior;
Mar sin o m'eas-cairdibh gu leir
coimhdear mi gu fìor.
- 4 Chuir tuilteach dhroch-dhaoin' eagal orm,
chaidh umam guin an èig.
- 5 Pian ifrinn agus eangach bàis,
romham's gach àite feuch.
- 6 Am eigin ghair mi air mo Thriath,
dh' eigh mi gu h-ard le m'ghlaodh;
Is as a theampull naomha fein
dh'eisd e mo ghuth gu caomh.
'Na fhianais is 'n a eisdeachd fein
mo ghlaodh do rainig suas;
- 7 An talamh air gach ceum an sin
do chrìothnaich, chrathadh, ghluais:
Iochdar nan cnoc agus nam beann,
do ghluaiseadh sin gu garg,
Do chrìothnaicheadh is chrathadh iad,
a chionn gu robh air fearg.
- 8 Chaidh deatach as a shròin amach:
is teine loisgeach mòr
Chaidh as a bheul, is lasadh leis
do eibhlibh ni bu leòr.
- 9 Do lùb e fòs na neamha fuaidh',
's anuas do thùirling e:
Fior-dhorchadas is dùbh-aigein
bha sin fo chosaibh Dhe.

- 10 Air Cheruib mharcuich e gu h-ard,
air iteig fòs do chaidh :
Is bha e luath ag itealaich,
air bharraibh sgiath na gaoith.
- 11 Dùbh-dhorchadas mar dhiomhaireachd
do chuir e uime fein :
Bu phubull da na h-uisgidh dorch',
is neulta tiugh' nan speur.
- 12 Do chaidh a neulta tiugh' le cheil',
is clacha meallain fòs,
Is dealanach, air thoiseach air
o'n dealradh bha'n a ghnùis.
- 13 Rinn Dia sna speuraibh tairneanach,
do leig an Ti a's aird'
A ghuth amach, le cloich-shneachd
is dealanaich 's gach àit. [chruaidh
- 14 A shaighde leig e chuc' amach,
is sgaoil se iad air fad,
Tein-adhair orra thilg gu mòr,
is chlaoidheadh iad gu grad.
- 15 Aigein an uisge chunas ris,
bha grunn'd an domhain noch't ;
Le t-anail as do shròin, a Dhe,
le d'achasan is smachd.
- 16 As ionad ard do chuir e 'nuas,
is bhuin e mis' amach,
Is rinn mo tharruing mar an ceudn'
a h-uisgibh iomarcach.
- 17 O neas-car thulchuisseach is threun
thug e dhomh fuasgladh caomh,

'S o luchd mo mhi-ruin agus m'fhuath,
tha laidir air gach taobh.

18 An la mo thrioblaid is mo theinn
thug ionnsuidh orm gun fhios :

Ach tha mo Dhia na thaice dhomh,
cha sleamhnuich uam mo chos.

19 Guc h-ionad fairsing agus reidh
amach thug esan mi :

Mo theasairgin do rinneadh leis,
oir ciatach bha e dhiom.

20 Reir m'ionracais, is gloine làmh,
do chùitich Dia maith rium :

21 Air seachran uaith cha deachaidh mi ;
choimhdeadh a shlighe leam.

22 Oir uile bhreith tha ann am lath'r :
a statuin uam nior chuir.

23 Bu treibh-dhireach 'na fhianuis mi :
o m' aingeachd fein do sguir.

24 Reir m'ionracais is gloine làmh,
an sealladh beachd a shùl,

Do rinneadh mise chùiteachadh
gu caomh le Dia nan dul.

25 Do'n duine ghràsail, gràs-mhor thu,
direach do'n treibh-dhireach.

26 Glan thu do'n duine ghlan, is fiat'
o'n duine fhiat' fa seach.

27 Na daoine ta fo thrioblaid mhòir
làn-shaoruidh tu sgach ait :

Ach bheir thu nuas a' mhuintir sin
'g am bheil an sealladh àrd.

- 28 Oir Iasaidh tu mo choinneal domh,
is nì mo Dhia 's mo Ri'
Mo dhorchadas a shoillseachadh,
chum soilleir glan gu 'm bi.
- 29 Mor-mhal-shluagh, le do threis' a Dhe,
do bhristeadh leam air fad :
Le neart mo Dhia thar balla leum,
is chaidh mi fein gun stad.
- 30 Ach Dia, ata a shlighe ceart,
so dhearbhadh focal De ;
Do'n dream gu h uile dh'earbas as,
da'n dion is targaid e.
- 31 Oir cia 's Dia, ach Iehobhah ann ?
cia 's carraig ach ar Triath ?
- 32 An neach a nì mo-shlighe ceart,
's a bheir dhomh neart, 's e Dia.
- 33 Mar chasaibh feidh ta luath chum ruidh
mo-chasa do rinn e.
Air m'aitibh àrd' ga m'shocrachadh,
a chum nach gluaisteadh mi.
- 34 Gu comhrag theagaisg e mo làmh :
ionus gu d'thug mi buaidh,
'S gu d'bhris mi fos le m' ghairdeinibh
bogha do'n stailinn chruaidh.
- 35 Thug thusa sgia do shlàinte dhomh,
do dheas lamh chum mi suas ;
Thug orm do chaoimhneas is do gradh
gu h-inbhe mhòir gu d'fhas.
- 36 Mo cheuma rinn thu fairsing fùm,
sin domh mar fhuaradh thus',

Ionus gus socrach sheasas mi,
cha sleamhnuich uam mo chos.

37 Leam mi mo naimhde, 's anns an ruaig
orra do rug gu cas:

Is gus 'n do chlaoidheadh iad gu leir
nior phill mi fein air m'ais.

38 Gun chomas eiridh lot mi iad,
is thuit iad sios fo m' chois.

39 Le neart chum cath' 's tu chrìosluich mi:
na dh'eirich rium leag thus'.

40 Air mhuineal thug tu dhomh mo nàmh:
luchd m'fhuath gu'n claidh gu leir.

41 Ghlaodh iad, 's d'am furtachd cha robh
ri Dia, 's cha'd fhreagair e. [neach:

42 Amhluidh mar dhus a' dol le gaoith,
gu mion do phronn mi iad:

Is thilg mi iad amach a rìs
mar chlàbar air an t-sràid.

43 O strì nan daoine shaor thu mi,
rinn ceann nam fineach dhiom;

Na daoine riamh nach b'aithne dhomh
ri seirbhis dhomh do chi'm.

44 Air cluinntin dhoibh-san iomraidh orm,
geillidh iad dhomh gun stad;

Do ni dhomh coigrich mar an ceudn'
an isleach' fein air fad.

45 Làn-sèargaidh is dubh-chrionaidh as,
iarmad nan allmharach;

Ag teachd le h-eagal's ùamhunn mhòr
o'n garaidh fein amach.

- 46 Dia beo ata, beannuicht' gu robh
mo charraig fein gu bràth:
Is Dia mo shlàinte bitheadh e
air ardachadh do ghnà.
- 47 Mo dhioghaltas, 's mo leasachadh
's e Dia a bheir amach:
'S e fòs a chuireas dhomh fo smachd
na slòigh gu h-iomadach.
- 48 'S e dh'fhuasglas mi o m' eascairdibh,
's tu thog mi thar gach neach
A dh'eirich rium; is thug mi saor
o fhear na h-ea-corach.
- 49 Am measg nan Cinneach uime sin
do bheiream dhuit', a Dhe,
Mòr-bhuidheachas; do t-ainmsa fòs
àrd-mholadh seinnidh mi.
- 50 Do bheir e fuasgladh mòr d'a righ:
le pailteas ni e gràs,
Air Daibhidh, neach do ungadh leis,
is air a shliochd gu bràth.

SALM XIX.

- G**LÒIR Dhe làn-fhoillsichidh na neamh'.
's na speura gnìomh a làmh.
- 2 Tha la ag deanamh sgeil do la,
is oidhche dh'oidhch' gun tàmh
Ag teagasg eòlais, anns gach ait.
- 3 Oir cha'n 'eil ionad ann,
No cainnt, no uirigill air bith,
nach cual an guth gach am.

- 4 Chaidh 'm fuaim air feadh gach tìr' a-
am focal chaidh an cein [mach
Gu crìch na cruinne, chuir e annt'
buan-phàillìun àrd do'n ghrein :
- 5 Neach tha mar nuadh fhear-pòsta teachd
o sheòmhra fein amach,
Ta ait, mar ghaisgeach treun ag ruidh
a réis' gu togarach.
- 6 Ag dol amach o chrich nan speur,
m'an cuairt g'an crìch do ghnà :
'S nì 'm foluichear o theas na grein',
aon nì sa chruinne ta.
- 7 Is iomlan lagh Iehobhah mhoir ;
an t-anam iompoidh e :
Teistias an Tighearna ta dearbh :
an simplidh glic se nì.
- 8 Tha statuin fòs an Tighearn' ceart,
'g cur aoibhneis anns a' chridh,
Glan-aith'nta De ag soillseachadh,
nan sùl nach maith a chi.
- 9 Eagal an Tighearn' fìor-ghlan e,
buan-mhaireachduin do ghnà :
Fior agus cothromach air fad,
a bhreitheanais ata.
- 10 Is fearr ri 'n iarraidh iad na'n t-òr,
an t-òr a's fearr air bith :
Nì 's millse na a' mhill ata'd,
no cir mheala r'a h-ith.
- 11 Ag faghail radhaidh fòs, ata
t-oglach-sa uath' do ghnà,

'S nan coimhead cùramach gu dearbh
mòr-thuarasdal ata.

12 Co thuigeas uile sheachrain fein !
glan o luchd diomhair mi.

13 O pheacaibh dànadais air ais
cum tòglach fein, a Dhe ;

Na bitheadh ac' àrd-cheannas orm :
an sin biom treibh-dhireach,

Is fòs o'n pheacadh mhòr bìdh mi,
fior-ìonraic neo-chiontach.

14 O Dhia, mo neart 's mo shlànuighear,
an deagh-thoil gabh uam fein,

Na smaointe ta am chridh' a stigh,
is briathra glan mo bheil.

SALM XX.

Gu freagradh Dia thu ann an là
do thriobloid, is do phein !

Gu deanadh ainm Dhe Iacob fòs
sior-choimhead ort ad fheum :

2 Gu cuireadh chugad comaradh
tràth, as a theampull naomh :

Is deanadh e do neartachadh
a Sion fein gu caomh ?

3 Cuimhnicheadh e gu gràs-mhor dhuit
t-uil' ofrala gu grad,

Is gabhadh e gu taitneach uait
t-iobarta loisgt' air fad.

4 Do reir deagh-ruin do chridhe fein
tiùbhradh e dhuit gu maith ;

Còilionadh e gach comhairle
ta ann ad chridh' a stigh.

5 Nì sinne aoibhneas ann ad shlàint',
is ann an ainm ar Dia,

Suas togaidh sinn ar brataichean :
Dia dheònach t-uile mhiann !

6 'Nis 's fìosrach mi gu teasaire e
an ti do ungadh leis :

Is le neart-saoruidh deas-laimh De,
o neamh g'un eisdear ris.

7 Tha cuid ag earb's a carbadaibh,
is cuid a h-eachaibh àrd ;

Ach ainm an Tighearna ar Dia
cuimhnichidh sinn 's gach àit.

8 Dh' islicheadh iadsan, 's thuit iad sìos :
ach dh' eirich sinne s' sheas.

9 Dhia, fòir ; is eisdeadh ruinn an Rìgh,
trà nì sinn gearan ris.

SALM XXI.

AM meud do neartsa, Dhe nan dùl,
bidh aoibhneas air an Rìgh :
Is ann ad shlàinte thròcairich
sòlas cia mòr do ni ?

2 Làn-mhiann is rùn a chridhe fein
do bhuilich thusa air :

Aon achuinge do iarr a bheul,
cha d' rinn thu air a cleth.

3 Oir beannuchadh a' mhaithes mhòir
sin thug thu dha gu moch :

Is chuir thu coron àrd m'a cheann,
do'n òr a's deirge dreach.

4 Do iarr e ortsa beatha bhuan,
sin thug thu dha gu fìor :

Is thug thu sìneadh saoghail dha,
a chum bhi beo gu sior.

5 Do thaobh na slàinte thug thu dha,
is mòr a ghlòir gach am ;

Ard-onoir agus mòralachd
chuir thusa air a cheann.

6 Oir rinneadh leat ro-bheannuicht e
air-feadh gach re gu beachd :

Is rinn thu e làn-aoibhneach fòs
le d' ghnùis an tròcaireachd.

7 Oir ann an Dia Iehobhah mòr
earbaidh an Rìgh do ghnà :

Trid tròcair fòs an Tì a's aird',
cha ghluaisear e gu bràth.

8 Aimsidh do ghlac air t-uile nàmh :
air t-eascar do làmh dheas.

9 Mar àmbhuinn theinteich nì thu iad,
an aimsir t-fheirg' d'an sgrios' :

'Na chorruidh mhòir nì Dia gu fìor,
an slugadh sìos air fad,

Is nithear orta milleadh fòs
le teine mòr gu grad.

10 An toradh sgriosuidh tu o'n tìr,
's an sìol o-dhaoinibh as.

11 Oir chum iad chugad feall : is dhealbh
dò-bheart noch d'fheud' cur leis :

- 12 Is uime sin le d' shaighdibh gleust'
 air sreing ri 'n aghaidh sùd,
 Bheir orra pilleadh air an ais,
 's gu rachadh iad air cùl.
- 13 Arduich thu fein, ad chumhachdaibh,
 a Thighearna nam feart:
 Mar sin fìor-chanaidh sinn do chliu
 is molaidh sinn do neart.

SALM XXII.

- M**o Dhia, mo Dhia, com'threig thu mi?
 le-fhurtachd uam an cein;
 O bhriathraibh goirt mo bhùiridh àird,
 gun fhuasgladh orm am fheum?
- 2 Mo Dhia, cha d' thug thu freagradh
 san là'n do ghair mi ort, [dhomh
 An uair bu chòir dhomh tamh san
 cha'n'eil mi fein am thosd. [oidhch
- 3 Gidheadh tha thusa fìor-ghlan naomh,
 a Dhe, oscionn gach sgeil,
 Ad chomhnuidh anns an àros sin,
 am bheil cliu Israeil.
- 4 Asadsa rinn ar sinnsir bun;
 is shaor tha iad mar dh'earb.
- 5 Do glaodh iad riut, is shaoradh iad:
 dh'earb riut, gun aghaidh dhearg.
- 6 Ach mise fòs cha duin', ach cnuimh:
 gràin daoine, is tàir nan slògh,
- 7 Cùis crathaidh cinn, is casaidh beil,
 spòrs' do na chì mo dhòigh.

- 8 Ag ràdh, Do rinn e bun a Dia,
chum fuasgladh air'na fheum :
Nis deanadh e a theasairgin,
o thug e dha làn-spèis.
- 9 Ach 's tus' an ti do bhuin amach
a broinn mo mhàthar mi ;
Is tu bu bharant' dòchais dhomh,
'n tra bha mi air a' chich.
- 10 O'n bhroinn do thilgeadh ortsa mi,
air bhith dhomh òg is maoth ;
O thainig mi o'n bhroinn amach
is tu mo Dhia ro-chaomh.
- 11 A Dhe na biosa fada uam,
oir 's dlù dhomh triobloid theann,
'S gun agam neach do m' chuideachadh,
no urra chuireas leam.
- 12 Do chuartaich umam mòran tharbh,
mu m' thimchoill air gach laimh :
Dh'iadh umam tairbh ro-laidir bhorb
am Bàsan bha nan tàmh.
- 13 Gu fairsing dh'fhosgail iad am beul,
mar leòmhnan allta garg ;
A' tabhairt sithidh reubaidh orm,
le buireadh fiadhaich borb.
- 14 Mar uisge dhoirteadh mis' amach,
mo chnàmhan sgàint' o cheil :
Mo chridh' am chom an taobh a stigh,
air leaghadh ta mar cheir :
- 15 Air tiormachadh mar phota crè
ata mo neart, a Dhe ;

- Mo theang' air leantuin dlù ri m' ghial-
gu h-ùir bhàis thug thu mi.
- 16 Oir dh'iadh iad umam madraidh gharg,
bhuail umam thall 's a bhos
Mòr-bhuidheann luchd na h-aingidhe-
lot iad mo làmh 's mo chos, [achd
- 17 Mo chnàmhan-uile feudaidh mi
an àireamh aon seach aon :
Gu geur ata'd ag amharc orm,
ag dearcadh orm gach toabh.
- 18 Mo thruscan eattera do roinn,
croinn chiur iad air mo bhrot.
- 19 Ach fad om' chobhair, Dhia mo neart,
na fan, ach deifrich ort.
- 20 Do m'anam tàbhair fuasgladh deas
o'n chlaidhe sgaiteach gheur ;
Is m'aon-ghradh caomh gu saorar leat,
o neart nam madadh treun.
- 21 O bheul nan leòmhann laidir borb,
Dhe, fuasgail orm gun stad :
O adharcaibh nam buabhull treun ;
oir chual thu mi gu grad.
- 22 Do m'bhràthraibh cuiream t-ainms' an
san eireachd molam thu. [ceill
- 23 Shioll Iacoib, 's a luchd eagail De,
glòir thugaibh dha is cliu ;
Oirbhs', iarmad Israeil air fad,
biodh eagalsan gu mòr.
- 24 Oir tarcuis riamh cha d'rinn air bochd,
's nior ghabh e gràin d' a leon ?

Cha d'fholuich, s' cha do cheil a ghnùis
d'a threigsin ann a theinn ;

Trà rinn e glaoth is gearan ris,
thug eisdeachd dha gu binn.

25 'S ann ortsa bhios mo mholadh àrd
sa cho-thional, a Dhe :

Mo mhòidean iocam fòs ann lath'r,
na dream d'an eagal e.

26 Na daoine sin tha macanta
ithidh, is gheibh an sàth :

Na dh'iarras Da ard-mholaidh e ;
bhur cridh' bidh beo gu bràth.

27 Pìllidh ri Dia gach iomall tir',
is cuimhnichidh iad air :

Seadh sluagh nam fineachá gu leir
dhuit geill is urram bheir.

28 Arson gur le Iehobhah mòr
an rioghachd le còir cheairt :

'S am measg nam fineachan air fad
's leis uachdranachd is neart.

29 Na daoine reamhar anns gach tir,
ithidh, is geillidh dha :

Dha cromaidh sios na theid san uaigh,
cha chum neach anam beo.

30 Thig sliochd is seirbhis ni do Dhia,
dha measar iad mar linn.

31 Innsidh a cheart do'n àl ri teachd,
gu b'esan sud a rinn.

- I**s e Dia a 's buachaill dhomh,
cha bhi mi ann an di.
- 2 Bheir e fainear gu luidhinn sìos
air cluainibh glas le sìth :
Is fòs ri toabh nan aibhnichean
theid seachad sìos gu mall,
Tha e gach uair gam' threorachadh,
gu mìn reidh anns gach ball.
- 3 Tha 'g aiseag m'anma dhomh air ais :
's a' treòrachadh mo cheum
Air slighibh glan na fireantachd,
air sga dheagh-ainme fein.
- 4 Seadh fòs d'an gluaisinn eadhon trìd
ghlinn dorcha sgail' a' bhàis,
Aon olc no urchuid a theachd orm
ni h-eagal leam 's ni 'n càs ;
Arson gu bheil thu leam do ghnà,
do lorg, 's do bhata treun,
Ata'd a' tabhairt co-fhurtachd
is fuasglaidh dhomh am fheum.
- 5 Dhomh dheasuigh 's bord air beul mo
le h ola dh'ung mo cheann, [nàmh :
Cur thairis tha mo chopan fòs
ag meud an làin a t'ann.
- 6 Ach leanaidh maith is tròcair rium
an cian o bhios mi beo ;
Is comhnuigheam an àros De,
-ri fad mo re 's mo lò.

- S** LE Dia an talamh, is a làn :
 an domhan 's na bheil ann.
- 2 Oir shocruidh e air cuantaibh e,
 air sruthaibh leag gu teann.
- 3 Co e am fear a theid a suas
 gu tulaich naomha Dhe?
 Is co 'na ionad naomha san,
 a sheasas leis gu reidh ?
- 4 An ti'g am bheil na làmhàn glan,
 is cridhe neo-chiontach :
 Anam nior thug ri diomhanas,
 's nior lùgh mionn' ioganach.
- 5 An ti sin beannuchadh o Dhia
 gheibh e gu saibhir pailt,
 Is ionracas faraon o'n Dia
 's bun slàinte dha 'na airc.
- 6 'S i sin a' ghinealach 's an dream
 a dh'iarras e gu mòr ;
 Ta 'g'iarraidh t-aghaidh is do ghnùis
 o Iacob, mar is còir.
- 7 Togaibh a gheatachan, ur cinn,
 is eiribh suas gu h-ard,
 O dhorsa siorruidh ; Rìgh na glòir,
 gu tigeadh e g'a àit.
- 8 Co e sin fein Ard Rìgh na glòir' ?
 an Tighearn' laidir treun,
 Iehobhah neart-mhor cruaidh an cath,
 bheir buaidh amach dha fein.
- 9 Togaibh, a gheataghan, ur cinn,
 is eiribh suas gu h-ard,

- 9 O dhorsa siorruidh : Rìgh nà glòir?
gu tigeadh e g'a àit.
- 10 Co e sin fein Ard-Rìgh na glòir :
Iehobhah mòr nan slògh,
Se feign is Rìgh na glòir a t'ann,
gun choimeas idir dha.

SALM XXV.

- D**HIA, togam m'anam riutsa suas.
2 Mo Dhia, mo mhuinghin dheas,
Do m'ionnsuidh na leig aobhar nàir' ;
do m'eascar gàirdeachas.
- 3 Fo nàir' is mhasladh na leig neach
d'an gnà bhi feitheamh ort :
Ach nàire gu robh air an dream
a ni gun aobhar lochd.
- 4 Foillsich do ròdsa dhomh, a Dhe ;
ad shlighe teagaisg mi :
- 5 Is treoruich mi a t-fhirinn ghloin,
's mo theagasg dean, a Dhe :
Oir 's tu a's Tighearn ann gu dearbh,
's tu slàinte dhomh do ghnà,
Is ort ataim a' feitheamh fòs
le faighid mhòir gach la.
- 6 Cuimhnich, a Dhe, do thròcair chaomh,
do chaoimhneas làn do ghradh :
O chian nan cian a ta iad ann,
san aimsir fad o'n la.
- 7 Na cuimhnich peacaidh m'òige dhomh :
's na lochdan a rinn mi :

A reir do thròcair cuimhnuich orm,
air sgà do ghràis, a Dhe.

8 Is maith 's is dìreach Dia nan dùl :
is air an aobhar ùd

Do nithear leis na peacaich thruagh
a theagasg anns an ròd.

9 Treòruichidh e na daoine ciuin
am breitheanas gu ceart :

'S na daoine mìne teagaisgidh
'na shlighe Dia nam feart.

10 An tròcair is an fhirinn reidh
sud sligh' ar Dia sgach ball ;
Dhoibhsan a chumas gealladh ris,
's nach leig a theist air chall.

11 Sgà tainmsa, lagh mo chionta fòs,
oir tha sud mor, a Dhe.

12 Co 'm fear d'an eagal Dia ? San ròd
's ion-roghnuidh seòluidh e.

13 An seasgaireachd nì anam tàmh,
's le shliochd le ceart an tìr.

14 Tha rùn an Tighearn' ag an dream
d'an eagal e gu fìor :

Is nithear leis a chùmhnannt fòs
fhoillseachadh dhoibh gu ceart.

15 Ata mo shùile fein do ghnà
ri Tighearna nam feart :

Arson gu spionar leis mo chos
gu h-aith-ghearr as an rib.

16 Pill thugam, is dean tròcair orm :
am aonar taim, 's fo dhrip.

- 17 Tha teinn mo chridh' ag dol am meud :
saor mi o m'amhghar geur.
- 18 Feuch air mo phein, is m'an-shocair,
's mo pheacaidh lagh gu leir.
- 19 Mo naimhde guineach thoir fainear :
oir tha iad lion-mhor ann,
Fuath nimhneach agus mi-runach
tha aca dhomh gach am.
- 20 Dhia, coimhid m'anam, 's furtaich orm :
na leig fo nàire mi,
Mo dhochas uile leag mi ort,
arson gur tu mo Rìgh.
- 21 Nis deanadh ionracas is coir
mo dhion ; 's mi feitheamh ort.
- 22 Dhia, fuasgail air cloinn Iraeil,
o'n uile amhghar goirt.

SALM XXVI.

- T**HOIR ormsa breith, a Dhia nam dùl,
am neo-chiont ghluais mi fein :
O rinn mi dòchas maith a Dia,
cha sleamhnuich uam mo cheum.
- 2 Dhia, fionn mo chridh', is m'àirne fòs,
fidir is ceasnuich mi.
- 3 Oir dearcam air do chaoimhneas gràidh :
a t-fhirinn ghluais mi, Dhe.
- 4 Le cuideachd dhiomhain riamh nior
cha siubhlam le luchd-saibh.[shuidh;
- 5 Is beag orm co-thional an uile :
's cha suidh mi sìos le baoibh.

- 6 An neo-chionnt' glanaidh mi mo lamh,
is cuartuigh 'm t-altair, Dhe ;
- 7 Gu foillsichinn le moladh ard,
do mhiorbhuile gu leir.
- 3 Comhnuidh do theachs' is ionmhuin leam,
a Thighearn' is a Dhe,
Gnà-àite bunaidh t-onorach
is leam ro ionmhuin e.
- 9 Le peacachaibh, luchd-deanaimh uilc,
na cruinnich m'anam bochd,
Na cuir mo bheath' nan cuideachd sud
tha fuileachdach gu lochd.
- 10 'G am bheil an donas mòr nan glaic :
duais-bhratha nan laimh dheis.
- 11 Ach gluaiseams' ann am neo-chiont fein,
ad thròcair saorsa mis.
- 12 'Na seasamh ta mo chos gu beachd
air ionad comhnard reidh ;
Is ann an co-thional nan naomh,
beannuichead thusa, Dhe.

SALM XXVII.

- S**E Dia mo sholus, is mo shlàint',
co chuireas eagal orm ?
'S e neart mo bheatha Dia nan dùl,
co chuireas fait'gheas fùm ?
- 3 Mo naimhde, m'eas cairde, luchd-uilc,
tra thainig orm gu bras,
Gu gionach dh'itheadh m' fheola suas ;
fhuair tuisleadh, thuit gu cas.

- 3 Sluagh nàmhaid ge do theisdeadh mi,
ni h-eagal le mo chridh' :
Da'n eireadh cogadh m' aghaidh fòs,
as so mo bhun do ni.
- 4 Aon ni do mhiannuich mi o Dhia,
gu minic iarram e :
A bhith am chomhnuidh feadh mo la
an tigh's an àros De ;
A chum gu faicinn fein gu glan
maise Iehobhah mhòir,
Gu fiosruichinn's gu faighinn sgeul,
'n a theampull mar is còir.
- 5 Oir ni e m'fholach 'n am na h-airc
'na phubull : dion do ni
An diomhaireachd a phàilliuin dhomh,
air carraig cuiridh mi.
- 6 Oscionn mo naimhde ta fa m'chuairt,
nis togar suas mo cheann :
Glan-iobairt aoibhneis uime sin
g'a phubull bheirear leam :
Is seinnidh mi gu togarach,
seadh, canam fòs gu binn
Ceol agus moladh àrd do Dhia
air feadh mo rè 's mo linn.
- 7 Le guth mo bheil tra eigheam riut,
thòir eisdeachd dhomh, a Dhe :
Le iochd dean tròcair orm is fòir,
gu gràs-mhor freagair mi.
- 8 Iarr m' aghaidh, 'n uair a thuirt thu
an sin thuirt m'anam leat, [rium

T-aghaidh, 's do ghnùis, a Dhia nan
sin iarram fein gu h-ait. [gras,

- 9 Na folaich uam do ghnùis, am feirg
na dibir t-òglach fein :
'S tu chuidich leam : à Dhe mo shlaint',
na fàgsa mi 's na treig.
- 10 Trà threigeas m'athair mi gu tur,
's mo mhàthair fòs faraon,
Do ni an Tighearna an sin
mò thogail suas gu caoin.
- 11 Dhia, teagaisg dhomh do shlighe fein :
is treòruich mise, Dhe,
Fa chùis mo naimhde mi-runach,
air ceumaibh dìreach reidh.
- 12 Do mhi-run m'eas-cairde ro-gheur
na tabhair thairis dhomh :
Oir dh'eirich rium luchd-fianais bhreig,
is dream a bhrùchdas nimh.
- 13 Rachadh mo mhisneach uil' air cùl,
mur creidinn maitheas De,
Gu faicinn sin an tìr nam beo,
dom' fhuasgladh ann am fheum.
- 14 Fuirich gu faighidneach ri Dia,
glac thugad misneach mhòr,
Is bheir e spionnadh cridhe dhuit
fuirich ri Dia na glòir.

A DHIA, mo charraig, eigheam riut,
ad thosd na biosa uam :

Eagal le d' thosd, gur cosmhail mi
riusan theid sìos do'n uaigh.

2 Guth m' achuinge, trà eigheam riut,
eisd thus' an sin, a Dhe :

Trà thogas mi mo lamhan suas
gu d' theampull naomha fein.

3 Le luchd na uilec 's na h-ea-corach
na tarruing mi gu bràth ;

Ri 'n coimhearsnach a labhras sith,
ach olc nan cridhe ta.

4 A reir an oibre, thabhair dhoibh,
do reir an rùin chum lochd :

Is diol-sa riu droch ghnìomh an làmh,
amhluidh mar thoill iad ort.

5 Do bhrì nach tuig iad oibre Dhe,
no gnìomh a laimhe fòs,

Do nì e milleadh orr' is claidh',
's cha dean an togail suas.

6 Arson guth m' achuinge gu d'eisd,
mòr-bheannuicht gu robh Dia.

7 Do chuir mo chridh' a dhòchas ann,
's e Dia mo neart 's mo sgia.

Ataim ag faghail cuideach' uaidh':
mar sin le dochas ait

Mo chridh' tha làn, 's le m'oran binn
sior-mholam e gu pailt.

8 Se Dia is neart, 's is treise dhoibh,
oir tha e fein gu deas

Na neart, 's 'n a spionnadh slainte dlu
do'n tì do ungadh leis.

- 9 Dhia furtaich air do phobull caomh,
is beannuich t-oighreachd fein,
Dhoibh thabhair beath', is teachdan tìr,
tog iad am feasd, a Dhe.

SALM XXIX.

- T**HUGAIBH a laochraidh laidir threun,
do Thighearna nam feart,
Thugaibh do'n Tighearn' ud faraon
glòir, urram, agus neart.
- 2 A ghlòir a's cubhaidh fòs d'a ainm,
thugaibh do'n Dia ro-threun :
Sleuchdaibh do'n Tighearna faraon
am mais' a naomhachd fein.
- 3 Tha guth Dhe air na h-uisgeachaibh :
is fòs nì Dia na gloir
Ard thairneanach, is suidhidh e
air uisgibh laidir mòr.
- 4 Tha guth an Tighearna gu beachd
mòr-chumhachdach is treun :
Tha guth an Tighearna faraon
làn mòralachd ann fein.
- 5 Bristidh an Tighearna le ghuth
na Seudair a ta fas :
Ie bristear Seudair Lebanoin
le ghuth-san aig a chruas.
- 6 Do bheir e orra leum gu clist'
amhluidh mar ghamhuin bò :
Sliabh Shirion is Lebanoin
mar bhuabhull meargant' òg.

- 7 Sgaoilidh guth Dhe an dealanach ;
 8 am fasach crathaidh e :
 Seadh fasach Chadeis mar an ceudn'
 's e Dia a chrathas e.
- 9 Bheir guth Dhe fòs air aighibh àllt'
 grad-sgarachdain ra'n laogh ;
 Is laomaidh sud na coillte diù,
 ag rùsgadh bharr nan craobh :
 Is ann a theampull naomha-san,
 cuiridh gach neach an ceill
 Glòir agus onoir mhòr ar Dia ;
 'g a mholadh-san d'a reir.
- 10 Tha Dia 'n a chomhnuidh air an tuil
 's 'na shuidh' am feasd' na Rìgh,
- 11 Bheir Dia da phobull neart : is bheir
 dhoibh beannuchadh le sìth.

SALM XXX.

- D**HIA, molam thu, oir thog thu mi,
 gàir' m'eas-cair cha d'rinn diom.
- 2 A Dhia mo Thighearn', ghlaodh mi riut,
 is shlanuich thusa mi.
- 3 Do thogadh m' anam leatsa, Dhe,
 glan as an uaigh anios :
 Is ghleidh thu mi gu sàbhailt' beo,
 do'n t-slochd nach rachuinnsios.
- 4 Do'n Tighearn' àrd gu ceòl-mhor binn
 seinnibh, a naomh-shluagh fein,
 Ri cuimhneach' air a naomhachd-san
 sgaoilibh a chliu an cein.

- A** SÀD SÀ, Dhe, ni mise bun;
 nair' orm na leig am feasd :
 Dean fuasgladh dhomh a' t-ionracas
 o thrioblaid is o cheist.
- 2 Do chluas do m'ionnsuidh crom anuas,
 is furtaich orm gu dian :
 Ad charraig tuinnidh' biosa dhomh,
 tigh-tearmuinn chum mo dhion.
- 3 O's tu a's carraig dhileas dhomh,
 's mo dhaighneach laidir treun,
 Is uime sin sgà t-ainme, Dhe,
 treòruich, is stiur mo cheum.
- 4 Saor as an rib a dh'fholuich iad
 buin mis' amach, a Dhe :
 Arson gur tus' an ti amhàin
 a's neart 's a's treòir dhomh fein.
- 5 Ad laimhs' amhàin, a Dhia nan dùl,
 mo spiorad tiomnam suas :
 A Dhia na firinn is mo Thriath,
 's tu dh'fhuasgail air mo chruas.
- 6 Is fuath leam iad a bheir fanear
 na breuga diomhanach:
 Ach dòchas ann an Dia nan gràs
 chuir mi gu muinghineach.
- 7 Ad thròcair biom gu h-aoibhneach ait :
 oir thug thu, Dhe, fainear
 Mo thrioblaid ; 's m'anam ann an teinn,
 bha thusa fiosrach air.
- 8 Cha d' rinneadh leat mo dhruidheadh
 an laimh an nàmhaid threin : [suas

An aite fairsing shocruich thu
mo chasan is mo cheum.

9 O ta mi, Dhe, an trioblaid mhòir,
dean tròcair orm gu cas :

Mo shùile, m'anam, is mo bholg
le bròn air seargadh as.

10 Oir chlaoidheadh m'anam as le bròn,
's mo bhliadhnai' fòs le caoidh :

Do bhrì mo lochd chaidh as do m' neart
mo chnàmhan air an claidh.

11 Mar aobhar fanoid tha mi fòs
do m' eas-cairdibh gu leir,

Gu sonraichte do m' choimhearsnaibh
mar mhasladh tha mi fein.

Is do luchd m'eòlais fòs ataim
am aobhar geilt is fuath :

Gach neach a chi mi air an t-sràid,
a' teicheadh uam gu luath.

12 Mar dhuine marbh air dol a cuimhn' ;
mar shoitheach briste mi.

13 Oir chualas toibheim mòrain dhaoin ;
eagal gach taobh do bhi :

Am aghaidh 'n uair a chruinnich iad,
dhealbh iad mo bheatha sgrios.

14 Ach dhiotsa, Dhe, do rinn mi bun ;
is tu mo Dhia, deir mis'.

15 Tha m'aimsirean ad laimhsa, Dhe,
orm furtaich agus fòir

O laimh mo naimhdean, is o'n dream
ta leanmhuin orm an tòir.

- 6 Do ghnùis is t-aghaidh dealraicheadh
air t-òglach dileas fein :
Air sgà do ghràsa carthannach,
mo shaoradh dean gu treun.
- 7 Na leig fo nàire mhaslaidh mi,
a Dhia, oir ghairm mi ort :
Ach nàire biodh air luchd an uilc ;
biodh iad san uaigh 'nan tosd.
- 8 Cuir beil nam breug, a Dhe, 'nan tàmh
labhras gu h-àrdanach,
'N aghaidh nam firean spreigeadh cruaidh
gu spèideil tailceasach.
- 9 Cia meud do mhaith a thaisg thu dhoibh
d'an eagal thu faraon ;
'S a rinn thu do na dh'earbas riut,
am fianais chloinn nan daoine !
- 10 O àilghios dhaoine ni thu 'n dion,
fo dhiomhaireach do ghnùis ;
'S am pàillion fòs o strì nan teang',
ni didein dhoibh 'nan cùis.
- 11 Dia gu ma beannuichte gu bràth
oir dh'fhoillsich e dhomh fein
A chaoimhneas càirdeil iongantach,
an cathair laidir threin.
- 12 Thubhairt mi 'n dheifir, Scaitht' ataim
o bheachd do shùl amach :
Ach chual thu 'n uair a ghlaodh mi riut,
guth m'asluigh ghearanaich.
- 13 Gràdhuichibh Dia, O naoimh, air fad :
oir Dia do'n treibh-dhireach

Do ni sàr-dhion, is diol' gu pailt
do'n uaibhreach àilghiosach.

- 24 Sibhse a chuir an Dia nan gràs
ur dòchas mar is còir,
Bibh misneachail, is cuiridh e
neart ann ur cridh' is treòir.

SALM XXXII.

- 'S BEANNUICHT an duine sin a fhuair
'na pheaca maitheanas,
A fhuair le tròcair folach air
a chiont' is eas-aontas.
- 2 'S beannuicht an ti nach agair Dia
'n a sheachranaibh ni's mò,
Is ann a spiorad fòs nach bheil
claon-chealgaireachd no gò.
- 3 Ag fantain dhomh gu fad am thàmh,
luidh air mo chnàmhaibh aois ;
Is b'amhluidh sin gach la mo chor,
le dol do m'bhùireadh suas.
- 4 Oir ormsa bha do làmh gu trom,
air feadh gach oidhch' is la :
Mo bhrì gu tart an t-samhrai' theith
air atharracha' ta.
- 5 Làn-fhoillsich mi mó pheaca dhuit,
nìor cheil mi m'aingidheachd :
Nim' aideachadh (thuirt mi) do Dhia,
is mhaith thu cron mo lochd.
- 6 So fà mu'n guidh riut gach aon naomh
san am am faighear thu :

Gu dearbh an tuil nam uisgeach mòr,
cha ruig ad air gu dlù.

7 Tha thusa t-ionad foluich dhomh,
ni coimhead orm o theinn ;

Is nithear leat mo chuartuchadh
le h-oran saorsa binn.

8 Fìor-theagaisgeam is seolam dhuit
am bealach is an t-iùl,

San d'thigeadh dhuitsa triall gu ceart ;
sin seolam dhuit le m'shùil.

9 Na bibh mar mhuilidh, no mar each,
na h-ainmhidhean gun chiall :

Ri'n cuirear, chum nach d'thig iad ort,
teann-sparrag sreìn 'nan gial.

10 Is lion-mhor bròn aig luchd an uilec :
ach neach d'am barant' Dia,

Ta thròcair dol m'a thimchioll-san
d'a dhidein mar nì sgia.

11 A dhaoine treibh-dhireach, an Dia
bibh aoibhneach agus ait :

Is deanaibh gairdeachas, gach neach
's am bheil an cridhe ceart.

SALM XXXIII.

1) SIBHSE ta 'nur fireanaibh

biodh aiteas oirbh an Dia :

Oir 's cubhaidh do na daoine còir
bhi tabhairt cliu do'n Triath.

2 Air clairsich thugaibh moladh dha ;
is air an t-saltair ghrinn,

Air inneal ciuil nan teuda deich
seinnibh do Dhia gu binn.

- 3 Is canaibh dha-san oran nuadh :
àrd-seinnibh fonn gun stad.
- 4 Oir's ceart a reachd ; am firinn fòs
ta oibre deant'air fad :
- 5 Is ionmhuin lesan còir is ceart :
lion maitheas De gach tir.
- 6 Rinn focal De na neamh', 's an sluagh
rinn guth a bheil gu leir.
- 7 Mar thorr ata e carnadh suas,
uisge na fairge mòir :
A' coimhead fòs na doimhne suas,
gu dileas an tigh-stòir.
- 8 Nis roimh an Tighearna gu mòr
biodh eagal air gach tir ;
Is air na dh'àiticheas an saogh'I
biodh ogluidheachd gu-leir.
- 9 Oir labhair Dia, is rinneadh e :
dh'orduich, is chuir air chois.
- 10 Chuir comhairle nan sluagh air cùl :
is innleachd dhaoin' air ais.
- 11 Tha comhairle Iehobhah mhòir
gu seasach buan am feasd ;
Smuaintean a chridhe mar an ceudn'
o linn gu linn gun cheist.
- 12 'S beannuicht am fine sin 'g am bheil,
mar Dhia Iehobhah treun :
'S am pobull fòs do roghnuich e
mar oighreachd bhuan dha fein.

- 3 Air chloinn nan daoine seallaidh Dia,
o neamh nan speur anuas.
- 4 'S leir dh'a gach neach sa chruinne-che :
o ionad comhnuidh shuas.
- 5 An cridh' air aon-dòigh chumadh leis
thug e fanear an gnìomh.
- 6 Cha tearruin Rìgh le meud a shluaig :
do'n laoch neart mòr cha dion.
- 7 An t-each an comhrag diomhain e,
a dheanamh furtachd leis ;
No dheanamh fuasglaidh ri am feim,
ge mòr a lùgh 's a threis'.
- 8 Feuch sùilean De gu furachair
air a luchd eagail fein.
Is air an droing sin as a ghràs
nì muinighin gu treun :
- 9 An anam chum a dhìon o'n bhàs,
's o'n ghort an cumail beo.
- 10 Ar n-anam feithibh e air Dia :
ar neart, 's ar sgia gach lò.
- 11 Oir ann-san nì ar cridh' a stigh
ùr ghàirdeachas gun dì :
Is cuiridh sinn na ainm ro-naomh
ar muinighin gu sior.
- 12 Do thròcair gu robh oirn' gu caomh,
a Thighearna, gach la,
Do reir mar chuir sinn annad fein
ar dòchas treun do ghnà,

- I**EHOBHAH beannuicheam gu h-ard
 gach aimsir is gach trà :
- A chliu 's a mholadh ann am bheul
 gu h-iom-raiteach do ghnà.
- 2 Is anns an Tighearna ro-threun
 ni m'anam uail is gloir :
 Trà chluinneas sud na daoine sèimh
 ni'd gairdeachas ro-mhor.
- 3 Ardaichibh leamsa Dia nam feart,
 molamaid ainm le cheil'.
- 4 Dh'iarr mise Dia, chual e, is bhuin
 mi as gach gàbhadh geur.
- 5 Dh'amhairc iad air, is dhealruth iad
 gun nàire air an gruaidh.
- 6 Do ghlaodh am bochd, is dh'eisd ris Dia,
 is dh'fhuasgail as gach truaigh.
- 7 Ta aingeal De ag campuchadh
 mu'n dream d'an eagal e,
 D'am fuasgladh is d'an teasairgin
 o'n trioblaidibh gu leir.
- 8 O blaisibh agus faicibh so,
 gur maith 's gur milis Dia :
 Am fear sin beannuicht e gu beachd
 a dh'earbas as an Triath.
- 9 Fìor eagal De, biodh oirbh, a naòimh :
 oir uireasbhuidh no di,
 Ni bheil air a luchd eagail-san,
 fìor-chràbhadh dha do ni.
- 10 Bidh easbhuidh air na leomhnaibh òg,
 is acras air gach leth ;

- Ach air an dream a dh'iarras Dia
cha cheilear aon ni maith.
- 11 Thigibh, a chlann, is eisdibh rium :
dhuibh seolam eagal De.
- 12 Co'm-fear le'm b'aill bhi fada beo,
chum maith gu faiceadh e?
- 13 Coimhid do theanga fein o'n olc,
's o labhairt ceilg do bheul.
- 14 Seachainn an t-olc, is dean am maith :
iarr siochaint, 's lean gu geur.
- 15 Tha sùile De air fireanaibh'
's a chluas ri'n glaodh gu fìor.
- 16 Tha gnùis De'n aghaidh daoì, a chum
an cuimhn' a sgrios a tìr.
- 17 Do ghlaodh na fireana ri Dia,
is dh'eisd e riu gu grad.
Thug furtachd agus fuasgladh dhoibh
o'n amhgharaibh air fad.
- 18 Do'n mhuintir 'g am bheil chridhe brùit,
ro-dhlù tha Dia gun cheist :
Nì esan furtachd fòs do'n dream
'g am bheil an spiorad brist',
- 19 Is lion-mhor trioblòid agus teinn
thig air an fhìrean chòir.
Ach asd air fad nì Dia nan gras
a theasairgin fadheòidh.
- 20 A chnàmhan uile coimh'didh e :
cha'n 'eil a h-aon diubh brist'.
- 21 Ach marbhaidh olc an duine daoì,
is claidhear e gun cheist :

Is luchd an fharmaid, tha toirt fuath
do dhaoineibh còir is ceart,
Mòr-chiontach fàgar iad 'nan lochd,
di-mhilltear iad gu beachd.

- 22 Anam a mhuinntir fein gu leir
saor-fhuasglaidh Dia gach am,
Cha mhillear idir neach dhiubh sud
chuireas an dòchas ann.

SALM XXXV.

- T**AGAIR a Dhia, ri luchd mo s-thri ;
cuir troid air luchd mo chath',
Glac fein do thargaid, is do sgia,
eirich, dean coghnadh maith.
- 3 Glac fòs do shleagh, 's air luchd mo
am bealach druid gu teann : [thòir
Ri m'anam abair fein mar so,
Is mi do choghnadh ann.
- 4 Trom nàir is masladh gu robh dhoibh
ta 'g iarraidh m'anma bhoichd :
Is pilleadh iad le h-amhluadh geur,
ta smuainteach' chugam lèchd.
- 5 Biodh iad mar mhuillnein dol le gaoith
biodh aingeal Dhe 'nan toir.
- 6 Biodh aingeal De 'g an ruith gu teann,
dorch' sleamhuinn biodh an ròd.
- 7 Oir eangach dh'fholuich iad san dìg,
gun aobhar no cion-fa ;
Sin chladbaich iad gun chùis air bìth,
chum m'anam chur an sàs.

- 8 Gun fhios, gu d'thigeadh dòrainn air,
is glacar e san lìon
A dh'fholuich e: san dòghrain cheudn'
tuiteadh e fein gu dian.
- 9 Ni m'anam gairdeachas an Dia:
's na fhurtachd sòlas mòr.
- 10 Is their mo chnàmhan uile, Dhe,
cia choi'-meas riuts' is còir;
Ni teasairgin do'n duine bhochd
o'n neach ta air ro threun,
An t-ainnis is am bochd o'n tì
le'm b'àill a chlaoidh gu leir?
- 11 Luchd fianais bhreige dh'eirich rium,
is chuir iad as mo leth
Na nithe sin, gu h-eucorach,
dach b'fhiosrach mi am bith.
- 12 Olc dhiel iad rium an eiric maith
chum m'anam chur fo leòn.
- 13 Ach mis', air bhith dhoibh sud gu tin
ghabh umam culaidh bhròin:
M'anam le trasgadh dh'ùmbhuich mi,
's phill m'urnaigh ann am chrìos.
- 14 Mar charaid, bràth'r, no fear-caoi màth'r
gu brònach crom ghluais mis'.
- 15 Ach chruinnich iad, is bha iad ait,
air bhith dhomh ann an teinn:
Gun fhios dhomh, chruinnich prascan
gun tàmh mo reubadh rinn. [grand'
- 16 Le cealgairibh gu fanoideach,
'nam feist' rinn spòrsa dhiom,

Do chasadh leo am fiacra rium,
ri magadh orm gu dian.

17 Cia fhad is leir dhuit so, a Dhe?
saor m'anam fein gu cas

O 'm milleadh san : mo sheircin fòs,
tearruinn o leomhnuidh bras.

18 Làn-bhuidheachas do bheiream dhuit
am measg an tionail mhòir ;
'S am measg an t-sluaigh trà 's lion-mhor
àrd-mholam thu le glòir. [iad

19 Mo naimhde ta gun aobhar rium'
nior robh ac' aoibhneas dhiom :
Do'n dream a thug dhomh fuath gun
am chaogadh sùl na biom. [chùis,

20 Oir ann an sith cha'n eil an tlachd,
ach ann am beartaibh claon,
An aghaidh dhaoine ciuin na tir,
g'am buaireadh air gach taobh.

21 Gu fairsing dh'fhosgail iad am beul,
is rium, Ha, ha, a deir,
Do chi a nis ar sùil an ni
bu mhiannach lein teachd air.

22 Ach chunnaic thusa so, a Dhia,
na bi ad thosd am fheum :
A Thighearn' is a Dhia nam feart,
na fuirich uam an cèin.

23 Tog ort, is mosgail chum mo cheairt,
fa m' chùis, mo Dhia, 's mo Rìgh.

24 Dhia, dean a reir do cheartaibh breith,
is dhoibh nior b'aoibhneas mi.

- 25 Nan cridh' na h-abradh iad riu fein,
 Aha, se sùd ar miann :
 Is fòs na h-abradh iad a choidhch',
 do shluig sinn e gu dian.
- 26 Biodh orra nàir', is tairngear iad
 gu h-ambluadh mòr le cheil',
 Ata gu suilbhir is gu h-ait,
 ri faicinn m'amhghair gheir:
 Is biodh iad air an sgeaduchadh
 le masladh is le nàir',
 Tha 'g iarraidh urraim mhòir dhoibh
 am aghaidhsa gun tàmh. [fein
- 27 Biodh aoibhneas orra, 's gàirdeachas,
 a sheasas dhomh mo choir :
 Is abradh iad, Mòr-chliu gu robh
 do Thighearna na gloir,
 Ta gabhail tlachd do shonas buan
 a sheirbhisich do ghnà.
- 28 Is air do cheartas thig mo bheul',
 is air do chliu gach trà.

SALM XXXVI.

- D**EIR easaontas an droch-dhuin' so
 am chridh' is ann am chliabh,
 Fìor-eagal De am beachd a shùl
 cha 'n 'eil, is cha robh riamh.
- 2 Oir ni e brionnal baoth ris fein
 do reir mar thaitneas ris;
 A chionta gus am foillsichear
 mar aobhar fuath d'a sgrios.

- 3 Fìor-chluaintearachd is eucoir mhòr,
sud cainnt a bheil gu tric :
Do sguir e fòs o dheanamh maith,
is leig e dheth bhi glic.
- 4 Aìmhleas 'n a leabuidh tha e dealbh ;
san t-slighe nach bheil maith
'Ga shuidheachadh's 'ga shocruch' fein ;
ni h-oillteil leis beart shaith.
- 5 Do thròcair tha sna neamhaibh shuas,
a Thighearn' is a Dhe :
Gu ruig na neòil is àird' nan speur
lan- ruigidh t-fhirinn reidh.
- 6 Do cheartas mar na sleibhtibh àrd ;
do bhreith mar dhoimhneachd mhòir
Air duine 's ainmhidh ni thu, Dhe,
deagh-choimhead agus fòir.
- 7 O Dhia ; is priseil onorach
do chaoimhneas gradhach caoin ;
Fò sgàil do sge' ni uime sin,
làn-dòchas clann nan daoìn' ;
- 8 Le saill do theach is t'àrois phailt
sàsuichear iad gu mòr ;
As t-abhainn lan do shòlasaibh
deoch bheir thu dhoibh r'a h-òl.
- 9 Tobar na beatha ta gu dearbh
agads' a Dhia nan dul ;
Is ann ad sholus dealrach glan,
chi sinne solus iuil.
- 10 Maireadh do chaoimhneas gràidh, a Dh
d'on dream chuir eòlas ort :

Is búanaich t-ionracas faraon
do luchd a' chridhe cheairt.

- 11 Na leig do chois an ardain bhuirb
am aghaidh teachd, a Dhe,
Is lamh an droch-dhuinn' aingidh fòs
gu brath na tulgadh mi.
- 12 An sin do thuit luchd-deanaimh uilc;
is leagadh iad asios,
Ag diobhail spionnaidh agus lùith,
cha 'd thig iad tuille nios.

SALM XXXVII.

- L**ASAN no campar na biodh ort
mu dhaoinibh aingidh olc,
Is na gabh farmad ris an dream
a bhios a' deanamh lochd.
- 2 Oir amhluidh mar is dual do'n fheur
glan-sgathar iad gu grad,
Is amhluidh mar na lusa maoth
crion-seargaidh iad air fad.
 - 3 Cuirsa do dhòchas ann an Dia,
is deanar maitheas leat,
Mar sin sior-mheallaidh tu an tìr,
's beathuichear thu gu beachd.
 - 4 Gabh tlachd an Dia, is bheir e dhuit
làn-rùn do chridh' a choidhch'.
 - 5 Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia;
earb ris, is bheir gu crìch.
 - 6 Foillsichidh e do chòir 's do cheart,
mar sholus glàn nan trà,

Is amhluidh mar àrd-mheadhon-laoi
do bhreitheanas do ghnà.

- 7 Gu sàmhach fan ri Dia nan dùl,
is feith le faighid leis;
An ti 'n a shligh' a shoirbhicheas,
na gabhsa farmad ris;

Fa chùis an fhir a bheir gu buil
a dhroch-bheart innleachdach.

- 8 Leig corruich dhiot, treig fearg: chum
na biosa frionasach. [uile

- 9 Oir droch-dhaoin' is luchd deanamh uil
glan-sgathar as gu leir:

Ach lion 'g am bheil an sùil ri Dia,
buan-mhealaidh iad an tir.

- 10 Oir feithsa gu fòil re h-uair bhig,
's an droch-dhuin' ni 'm bi ann:

'S 'na ionad fòs, ma bheir fanear,
cha bhí e fein no chlann.

- 11 Ach meallaidh daoine sèimh am feasd
am fearann is an tir:

Làn-sholas bheirear dhoibh faraon,
an saibhireachd na sìth.

- 12 Tha 'n t-aingidh cumadh lochd do'n t-sac
's a' casadh fhiacra ris.

- 13 Ni Dia air fanoid: o's da s' leir
gur dlù air la a sgrios.

- 14 Na h-aingidh nochdaidh iad an lann,
is chuir am bogh air ghleus,
A leagadh aim-beartach is bochd,
's a mharbhadh luchd deagh bheus.

- 5 An claidhe theid nan cridhe fein,
theid air am bogha claoi'.
- 6 'S fearr beagan aig an duine chòir,
na saibhreas mòr nan daoì.
- 7 Oir gairdeana nan droch-dhaoine
mion-bhrisfear air an cruas;
Ach daoine coir is fireanaich
ni Dia an cumail suas.
- 8 Air aimsiribh nam fireanach
is fiosrach Dia gun cheist:
An oighreachd is am bunadh fòs,
doibh 's maireannach am feasd.
- 9 Cha chuirear iad gu ruidheadh gruaidh
's an aimsir ghàbhuidh olc:
Oir gheibh iad uil' an sàth gu leòr
an làithibh gainne 's gort.
- 10 Ach sgriosar droch-dhaoìn', naimhde Dhe
bidh iad mar shaill nan uan:
Lan-mhilltear iad is theid dhoibh as
mar dheataich nach 'eil buan.
- 1 An iasachd gabhaidh daoine daoì,
's cha diol a ris air ais;
Am firean tha e tròcaireach,
is nithear pailteas leis.
- 2 Oir meud 's a fhuair a bheannachdsan,
sior-mheallaidh iad an tìr:
'S an dream a gheibh a mhallachd-san
lom sgriosar iad gu leir.
- 3 Tha Dia ag stiuradh ceumana
an duine naomha choir

Is tha e gabhail tlachd is toil
d'a shlighe-san gu mòr.

24 D'an tarladh dha gu tuiteadh e,
cha tilgear uil e sìos:

Oir tha an Tighearna le laimh
'g a chumail suas a rìs.

25 Bha mise òg, 's a nis an aois ;
is riamh cha'n fhaca mi
'N a dhìobrachan an duine còir,
no shliochd ag iarraidh bidh.

26 Sior thruacant' e, is coinghiollach :
beannuicht' a shliochd ata.

27 Seachainn an t-olc, is dean am maith,
is comhnuidh gabh gu bràth.

28 Is toigh le Dia ceàrt bhreitheanas,
a naoimh cha treig e choidhch',
Sior choimhdear iad : ach sgathar sìos
droch shliochd nan daoine daoib.

29 Meallaidh na fireana an tìr ;
buan chomhnuidh ni iad innt'.

30 Thig beul an t-saob air gliocas glan,
a theang' air rogha cainnt.

31 Tha lagh a Dhia a stigh na cridh :
cha sleamhnuich uaidh' a cheum.

32 Tha'n droch-dhuin' feitheamh air an
d'a mharbhadh is d'a theum. [t-saob

33 Cha 'n fhag an Tighearn' e 'na laimh,
a dheanamh air droch-bheairt,
Cho'n fhàgar ris e an am binn
tra chuirear e fo cheairt.

- 34 Feith thus' air Dia, is gluais 'n a ròd,
is arduichear leis thu,
An tir gu meall thu, is droch-dhaoin'
'g am milleadh chi do shùil.
- 35 An duine malluicht chunnaic mi
an neart, 's an inbhe mhòir,
'Ga sgaoileadh fein amach mar chraoibh,
ag fàs gu dosrach ùr.
- 36 Ach chaidh e seach, is feuch cha robh;
dh'iarr, is cha d'fhuaras e.
- 37 Amhairc is feuch gur sith is crìoch
do'n duine dhireach reidh.
- 38 Ach sgriosar luchd an eas-aontais,
is theid dhoibh as faraon:
Di-mhilltear agus sgathar sìos
crìoch dheireannach droch-dhaoin',
- 39 Ach furtachd fhior nam firean fòs,
thig sin o Dhia nan dùl:
Is anns an aimsir thrioblaidich,
's e 's barant' air an cùl.
- 40 Thig treis' ir furtachd chuc' o Dhia,
le fuasgladh an deagh-am;
Saorar leis iad o dhaoinibh olc,
o chuir iad muinghin ann.

SALM XXXVIII.

- O Thighearn', ann ad chorroich mhòir
na cronuich mi gu garg,
Na dean mo smachdachadh gu gear,
an uair a lasas t-fhearg.

- 2 Oir tha do-shaighde guineach geur
sàitht' annam fein gu dlù:
Is orm a ta do làmh gu trom,
gam leagail anns an ùir.
- 3 Cha'n eil maoin fallaineachd am fheòil,
arson do chorruidh gheir:
Am chnàmhaibh cha'n'eil tàmh na fois,
arson mo pheacaidh fein.
- 4 Oir chaidh mo pheacaidh os mo chionn:
ta'd orm nan eire thruim.
- 5 Mo chreuchda ta ro-lèbhta, 's breun,
mo ghòruich 's coireach rium.
- 6 Tha mi gu cràiteach, ea-slan, crom,
a' triall gach la le bron.
- 7 Mo leasraidh làn do ghalar grànd':
gun fhallaneachd am fheòil.
- 8 Taim lag is brùit': ag bùireadh fòs
trid mi-shuaimhneas mo chridh'.
- 9 Ad lath'r, a Dhe, tha m'uile mhiann:
ni'm foluicht' ort mo chaoidh.
- 10 Mo chridhe ta sior-phloscartaich,
mo neart dh'fhac mi gu glan:
An taic ri fradharc geur mo shùl,
sin agam fòs cha d'fhan.
- 11 Tha luchd mo ghaoil 's mo chairde caomh
ag seasamh fad o m'bheum,
Mo'choimhearsnaich is luchd mo phàirt
ag teicheadh uam an cein.
- 12 Sealg orm ata luchd iarraidh m' anm'
luchd iarraidh m'uile a ghnà;

Ag labhairt nithe aimh-leasach,
's a' smuainteach ceilg gach la.

13 Ach mise, amhuil bodhar mi
nach cluinneadh guth no sgeul ;
Is cosmhuil mi ri duine balbh
gun chomas fosglaidh beil.

14 Mar sin mar dhuine mi nach cluinn,
gun achasan 'na bheul.

15 Oir dh'earb mi riut, a Dhe, mo Thriath :
Dhia, freagraidh tus' am fheum.

16 Oir (thuirt mi) Chum nach maoidheadh
thoir freagra dhomh gu cas ; [iad,
A chum nach dean iad gairdeachas
tra shleamhnaicheas mo chas.

17 Oir's dlù chum claonaidh mi, 's mo
am fhianais tha do ghnà. [bhròn

18 Mo lochd do innseam, is fo m'chiont',
mòr aimheal orm ata.

19 Ach 's lionmhoire na gruag mo chinn
mo naimhde gun chion-fà ;
Seadh 's lionmhoir' iad na m' fhiultei-
gun aobhar, air gach laimh. [nibh

20 'S iad sin a's naimhde dhomh gu fìor,
luchd-diolaidh maith le h-olc :
Arson gu bheil mi leanmhuin air
an nì ta maith gun lochd.

21 Na treig mi Thighearna : mo Dhia
na biosa uam an cein.

22 Dhia, greas a chum mo chuideachaidh,
's tu mo shlàinte fein.

- T**HUBHAIRT mi, bheir mi fein fanear
mo shlighe ; 's ni mi fòs
Mo theang' a choimhead mar le sreìn,
air bhith do'n daoì am choir.
- 2 Dh'fhan mi gu tosdach balbh am thàmh
o'n ni sin fein bu mhaith,
Mhosgail mo th-ìoblaid is mo bhròn
annam gu mòr a stigh.
- 3 Air bhith dhomh smuainteach' tric mar
do ghabh mo chridhe teas. [so,
Do las an teine : is mar so
le m'theangaidh labhair mis.
- 4 Thoir fios, a Dhe, dhomh air mo chrich,
tomhas mo la ciòd e :
Gu faighinn eòlas agus fios
cia h-anfhann gearr mo re.
- 5 Feuch rinn thu mar leud bois' mo laith ;
mar neo-ni agad m'aois :
Gach neach d'a fheabhas, e gu fìor
's ni diomhonach gun phrìs.
- 6 An samhluigh' breig' a' siùbhal fòs
gach duine ta gu dearbh :
Gun suaimhneas ta'd gam buaireadh fein
an diomhanas gun fairbh' :
Ag torradh nithe, 's cur le cheil'
mor-bheartais air gach dòigh,
Gun fhios co 'n toighre chruinnicheas,
no mheallas iad fa-dheoidh.
- 7 Cìod 'nis ri 'm feitheam fein' a Dhe ?
mo dhochas dhìot do nìom.

- 8 Saor mi o m'uile lochd ; 's na dean
ball-maslaidh an-daoin' dhiom.
- 9 Dh'fhan mi am thosd, gun fhosgladh beil,
o's leatsa rinneadh e.
- 10 Tog dhiom do bhuille, Dhe : le beum
do laimhsa chlaoidheadh mi.
- 11 Tra chronuichear leat neach m'a lochd,
mar chnuimh theid as d'a shnuadh.
Gu dimhin fein 's fìor-dhiomhanas
gach duin' air bith do'n t-sluagh.
- 12 Dhia, eisd ri m'urnaigh', is ri m'ghlaoth,
ri m'dheoir ad thosd' na bi,
Oir coigreach agad, is fear-cuairt,
mar m'aithribh uile mi.
- 13 Dhia coigil agus caomhain mi,
gu faighinn neart ri m' bheo,
Mun d'theid mi thart' ag dol do'n eug,
's nach bithinn ann ni 's mò.

SALM XL.

- DH'FHEITH** mi le faighid mhaith ri Dia,
chrom chugam, dh'eisd mo ghuth.
- 2 Is thug e a slochd uamhuinn mi
a clàbar criadha tiugh,
Air carraig chomhnaird chuir mo chas,
mo cheum do shocruich e.
- 3 Is oran nuadh do chuir am bheul,
gu b'e sud moladh Dhe :
Chi mòran e, 's fo eagal bidh,
is earbaidh iad a Dia.

- 4 'S beannuicht an duine singu dearbh
ni dòchas as an Triath,
Is nach gabh tlachd no toil air bith
do luchd an àrdain mhòir,
No fòs do'n droing a theid a thaoibh
gu ceilg, le saobhadh glòir.
- 5 Is lion-mhòr t-oibre iongantach,
a Thighearn' is a Dhe,
'S do smuaintean oirn': ni àirmhear iad
an ordugh dhuit gu reidh:
N'an cuirinn iad an ceill gu mion,
no fòs na 'n innsinn iad,
An àireamh rachadh thar mo neart,
ag lion-mhoireachd is meud.
- 6 Ofrail-ni miann no iobairt leat,
dh' fhosgail thu fein mo chluas:
Lochd-iobairt agus iobairt loisgt'
cha d' iarr thu dhuit chur suas.
- 7 An sin a dubhairt mise, feuch,
a nis ata mi teachd:
An ròl' an leabhair ormsa fòs
sud sgriobhta tha gu beachd:
- 8 'S e sud mo thlachd 's mo mhiann, a Dhe,
do thoil gu deanta leam:
Do reachd gu dearbh ata gu buan
am chridh' a stigh, 's am chom.
- 9 Air t-fhireantachd sa choinne mhòir,
a Dhe, do rinn mi sgeul:
Oir feuch, a Dhe, mar 's aithne dhuit,
nìor chaisg mi fein mo bheul.

- 10 T-fhirinn am chridhe cha do cheil,
do dhilseachd chuir mi'n ceill; [caomh
Do shlàint', 's do chaoimhneas cinnteach
o 'n t-sluagh nior cheil mi fein.
- 11 Do thròcair chaomh na cumsa uam,
a Thighearna gu bràth,
Do chaoimhneas gradhach, t-fhirinn fòs
do m' choimhead fein do ghnà.
- 12 Oir is do-àireamh iad na h-uile
ta 'g iadhadh orm mu 'n cuairt,
Do ghlac mo pheacaidh mi co theann
's nach feud mi sealtuinn suas.
O's lion-mhoir' iad no falt mo chinn,
do threig mo chridhe mi.
- 13 Dhia, gu ma toil leat furtachd orm,
grad-chuidich leam, a Dhe.
- 14 Biodh nàir' is amhluadh dhoibh faraon
do m'anam dh'iarras claoidh :
Ruaig orr air ais, is ruidheadh gruaidh,
le 'm b'àill mo chur gu di.
- 15 Gun àird gun àiteach' gu robh iad
mar thuarasdal d' an nàir',
A thubhairt rium gu fanoideach,
Aha, aha, le gàir'.
- 16 Aoibhneas is aidhear do gach neach,
ga d'iarraidh fein a ta :
Is abradh iad le'r toigh do shlàint',
Dia gu ma mòr do ghnà.
- 17 Ach mis' ge h-ainnis bochd ataim
do smuaintich orm an Triath

M'fhear cobhair thu, 's mo shlàntighear;
maille na dean, a Dhia.

SALM XLI.

- 'S BEANNUICHT an'duine bheir gu glic
fainear an duine bochd,
An uair a thrioblaid is a theinn
bheir Dia e saor o'n olc.
- 2 Ni Dia a bhion, 's a chumail beo,
is beannuicht e san tir:
Gu toil a naimhde mi-runach
na tabhair e gu sior.
- 3 Air leab' a thinneis iarganaich
bheir Dia dha neart is treoir:
A leaba ni thu dha air fad
ri h-am a thinneis mhoir.
- 4 Thubhairt mi, Deansa trocair orm,
a Thighearna 's a Dhe:
Is leighis m'anam ea-slan bochd,
oir t-aghaidh pheacuich mi.
- 5 Tha 'n dream sin a's fìor-naimhde dhomh
ag labhairt orm le beum:
O c' uin a sgriosar ainmsan as,
's a theid e sìos do'n eug.
- 6 Ma thig e m'amharc, labhraidh e
caint dhoimhanach le bheul:
Ta cridh' ag torradh nimh' a stigh'
's a muigh ag deanamh sgeil.
- 7 'Sior-chogarsaich an chuais a cheil'
luchd m' fhuath a ta air fad:

- A' smuainteachadh 's a' cumadh lochd
am aghaidh fein gun stad.
- 8 Droch thinneas (deir iad) tha gu dlù
ag leantuin ris r'a bheo :
Nis air bhith dha 'na luidh' gu tinn,
cha 'n eirich e ni 's mò.
- 9 Am fear bu charaid dileas domh,
ri 'n earbuinn gach ni b'aill,
'S a chealaich m'aran air mo bhòrd,
am aghaidh thog e shàil.
- 10 Ach thusa, Dhe, dean tròcair orm,
is tog mi rìs an àird,
Gu tugain codhail chuimseach dhoibh,
is comain cheart gun dàil.
- 11 Trid so is fiosrach mi gu beachd
gur ionmhuin leatsa mi :
Ar-son nach d'thug mo naimhde buaidh,
's nach d'rinneadh leo mo chlaoi'.
- 12 Ach mise, ann am ionracas
's tu sheasas mi do ghnà :
Am fianais fòs do ghnùis, a Dhe,
ga m' shocruchadh gu bràth.
- 13 Iehobhah, Dia cloinn Israeil,
beannuicht gu robh e fein,
O aois gu h-aois gu suthain-sior,
Amen agus Amen.

SALM XLII.

MAR thogras fiadh na sruthain uisg'
le bùireadh àrd gu geur,

- Mar sin tha m'anam ploscartaich
ag eigheach riuts', a Dhe.
- 2 Tha tart air m'anam 'n geall air Dia,
's ann air an Dia ta beo:
O c'uin a bheirear mi na lath'r,
an laithair Dhia na glòir'!
- 3 Gach la is oidhch' is iad mo dheòir
is cuibhrionn domh 's is biadh:
An uair a deir iad rium do ghnà,
ca bheil anis do Dhia?
- 4 Tha m'anam air a dhòrtadh mach
tra chuimhnicheam gach ni;
Oir chaidh mi leis a' chuideachd mhòir,
dol leo gu teampull De:
Seadh chaidh mi leo le gàirdeachas,
is mòladh fòs le cheil',
'S ann leis a' chuideachd sin a bha
ag coimhead làithe feill'.
- 5 O m'anam! com' a leagadh thu
le diobhail misnich sios?
Is com' am bheil thu 'n taobh stigh dhìom
fo thrioblòid is fo sgios?
Cuir dòchas daingean ann an Dia,
oir fathasd' molam e.
Arson na furtachd is na slàint'
thig dhomh o eudan reidh.
- 6 Thuit m'anam annam sios, a Dhe,
ghrad chuimhnich mi 'n sin ort
O thalamh Iordain, Hermoin àird,
o Mhisar fòs nan cnoc.

- 7 Le fuaimneach t-fheadan uisg', a Dhe
ta doimhn' air dhoimhne gairm :
Do shùmaineadh, 's do thonn an àrd
dol tharam tha le toirm.
- 8 Orduichidh Dia d'a ghràsaibh dhomh
a choimhneas anns an lo :
San oidhche nì mi guidhe 's ceòl
ri Dia a chum mi beo.
- 9 Mo charraig, com' a threig thu mi ?
ri Dia a deiream fein :
Is com' am bheil mi triall fa bhròn
bhri' fòirneart m'eas-cair thrèin ?
- 10 Mar lann am chnàmhaibh, m'eas-cairde
toirt toibheim dhomh ata :
'Nuair their iad rium gu fanoideach,
ca bheil do Dhia ? gach la.
- 11 O m'anam com'a leagadh thu,
le diobhail misnich sìos ?
Is com'am bheil thu 'n taobh stigh dhiom
fo aimheal is fo sgios :
Cuir dòchas daingean ann an Dia ;
oir molam e do ghnà,
O se as slàinte do mo ghnùis,
is se mo Dhia gu bràth.

SALM XLIII.

NUM cothrom rium, as tagair fein
mo chùis, o'n fhineach olc,
O'n eucorach, 's o fhear na ceilg,
Dhe, saorsa mi o'n lochd.

- 2 C'arson a thilg thu mise uait?
's gur tu mo Dhia 's mo threòir;
C'arson bhrì fòirneart m'eas-cairde,
an siubhlam fein fo bhròn?
- 3 Dhia, t-fhirinn is do sholus glan
leig chugam sud amach:
Do m'sheoladh chum do thulaich naomh',
's mo thabhairt chum do theach.
- 4 'N sin racham ionnsuidh altair Dhe,
an Dia sin m' aoibhneis mhoir.
Air clàrsaich bhinn do mholam thu,
O Dhia, mo Dhia na glòir:
- 5 O m'anam, com' a leagadh thu
le diobhail misnich sìos?
Is com' am bheil thu 'n taobh stigh dhiom
fo aimheal is fo sgios?
Cuir dochas daingean ann an Dia;
oir molam e do ghnà,
O se as slainte do mo ghnùis,
's gur e mo Dhia gu bràth.

SALM XLIV.

LE'R cluasaibh chuala sinn, a Dhe,
ar sinnsir chuir an ceill
Na gnìomhara do rinneadh leat
nan aimsir, fad o chein.

- 2 Le d' laimh mar thilg thu mach na slòigh,
is iadsan chuir nan àit:
Mar rinn thu air na cinnich claoidh,
'gan tilgeadh as do lath'r.

- 3 Oir sealbh san tìr cha d'fhuair do shluagh
le'n claidhe no le'n loinn,
Ni mò a rinn an gàirdean fein
an teasairgin nan teinn: [bhuaidh,
Ach deas-lamh Dhia thug dhoibh a
do ghàirdean neart-mhor treun,
Is solus glan do ghnùis, a chionn
gu'd thug thu dhoibhsan speis.
- 4 O's tusa fein, a Dhia nam feart,
mo Thighearn' is mo Rìgh:
Furtachd do Iacob orduich uait,
is fuasgail air gun dì.
- 5 'S ann trid do neartsa leagar sìos
na h-uile 's naimhde dhùinn:
Trid t-ainmsa saltraidh sinn gu làr
an dream a dh'eireas ruinn.
- 6 Oir as mo bhogh' cha dean mi bun,
cha'n fhurtachd dhomh mo lann.
- 7 Ach's tusa nàraich luchd ar fuath,
o'r naimhdibh chuidich lein.
- 8 Air feadh an laoi 's ann ann an Dia
a ni sinn uail is glòir:
Is t-ainmsa fòs air feadh gach linn
ard-mholaidh sinn gu mòr.
- 9 Ach rinn thu nis ar tilgeadh dhìot,
is nàraich thusa sinn:
'S amach le'r n-armailtibh 's le'r feachd
cha'n 'eil thu fein dol leinn.
- 10 Gu teicheadh chuir thu sinn air ais
o'n nàmhaid gheur la chath:

Is luchd ar mi-ruin tha dhoibh fein
a' deanamh creich is sgath'.

11 Mar chaoirich thug thu sinn nar biadh,
measg fhineach sgaoileadh sinn'.

12 Reic thu do phobull fein gun fhiach,
's gun mheud air maoin d'an ceann.

31 Do rinn thu toibheim dhinn gu truagh
d'ar coimhearsnaibh gu leir;
Ball-abhachd do na bheil m'an cuairt,
's ball-magaidh mar an ceudn'.

14 Am measg nan Geintileach air fad
gnà-fhocal rinn thu dhinn:
'S am measg a' phobull anns gach ait
'n ar n-aobhar crathaidh cinn.

15 Tha m' amhluadh is mo mhasladh geur
am fhianais fein do ghnà,
Rinn nàir is ruidheadh fòs mo ghruaidh
m'fholach gu truagh gach la.

16 'S e sin mo chor thaobh guth an fhir
a chaineas mi gu h-olc,
'S a spreigeas mi: 's a thaobh an nàimh,
's an diaghaltaich gu lochd.

17 Sud uile ge do thainig oirn,
nior dhearmaid sinne thu;
Cha d'rinn sinn breug no briseadh claon
'n aghaidh do chunnraidh dhlù.

18 Cha d'aom ar n-aigheadh uaitse riamh,
ar cridh' cha deach air cùl:
O d'shlighe cha do chlaon ar cos,
's cha deach' air seachran iuil.

- 19 Is ge do phronn thu sinn gu mion
mar uabheistean an sas,
Is ge do dh'fholuich thusa sinn
le sgail'is dùbhar bàis.
- 20 Ma 's e gur leig sinn as ar cuimhn'
ainm uasal àrd ar Dia,
No gu dia eile coimheach breig'
ar lamh ma shin sinn riamh :
- 21 Nach rannsuich Dia so fein amach ?
oir, aige te lan-fhios
Air diomhaireachd a' chridhe stigh
gach car a t'ann is cleas.
- 22 Oir, air do shonsa mharbhadh sinn
air feadh an la gu leir,
'S mar chaoirich tha sin air ar meas,
a chasgaireadh gu geur.
- 23 Mosgail, c'arson an coidleadh tu ?
Dhia, fairich as do shuain,
Gu bràth na tilgse sin amach,
na triallsa fada uainn.
- 24 Giod uim' am foluich thu do ghnùis ?
ciod uim' an dearmaid thu
Ar n-amhghar, is ar n-eigin mhòr
air iadhadh oirn gu dlù ?
- 25 Oir chrom ar n-anam sìos do 'n uir,
ar brù ri talamh theann.
- 26 Ad thredair eirich, cuidich leinn
is furtaich oirn san am.

- D**EAGH aobhar orain naoimh is ciùil
 ag deachdadh ta mo chridh':
 Is labhram air na nithibh sin
 do rinn mi fein m'an Rìgh:
 Mar phean an laimh fir-sgriobhaidh
 a chuireas sìos gu luath, [dheis,
 Is amhluidh sin, mo theanga ta
 air t-onoir àird ag luadh.
- 2 Is maisich' thu na clann nan daoim':
 gras dhoirteadh ann ad bheul:
 Is air an aobhar sin rinn Dia
 do bheannachadh gach ial.
- 3 Deasuich do chlàidhe air do leis,
 o thus' a ghaisgeich mhòir:
 Le d' chumhachd is le d' mhòralachd,
 le greadhnachas is glòir.
- 4 Bhri firinn, suairceis, agus ceart,
 marcùich gu buadhach àrd,
 Is nithe uath-mhor teagaisgidh
 do dheas-lamh dhuit 's gach àit.
- 5 Rachadh do shaighde geur gu cridh'
 gach eas-caraid an Rìgh:
 Trid sin am phobull tuitidh fùd,
 is nithear leat an claidh.
- 6 Gu suthain is gu sìorruidh ta
 do chathair àrd, a Dhe:
 Slat shuaicheantais do Rìoghachd mhòir
 is slat ro chothrom i.
- 7 O's ionmhuin leatsa còir is ceart,
 is thug thu fuadh do'n olc,

Os-cionn do chompanach chuir Dia,
do Dhias' òl aoibhneas ort.

8 Do'n Alos, Mhirr, is Chasia
o t-eudach boladh theid :

Leo sud do chuir iad aoibhneas ort,
o d' lùchairt geal mar dheud.

9 Am measg do mnathan ònorach
'ta Nigheana nan Righ :

'S an òr na h-Ophir air do dheis
do bhan-riogh seasaidh i.

10 A nighean eisd is amhairc fòs,
is cromsa sìos do chluas :

Tigh t-athair, is do mhuintir fein
na cuimhnich as so suas.

11 Gabhaidh mar sin an Righ làn-toil
do d'aille thlachd-mhoir fein ;

O's e do Thighearn' is do Thriath,
thoir urram dh'a is geill.

12 Thig Nighean Tiruis chugad fòs,
le tiolaca gu tric,

'S na daoine saibhir tha nam measg
ag aslugh' grais is iochd.

13 Nighean an Righ gu dearbh a stigh,
tha uile làn do ghlòir :

Tha culaidh eudaich uimpe fòs
air oibreachadh le h-òr.

14 Am brot do obair ghreis lè snàithd
bheirear i gus an Righ :

Thig chugad luchd a coimheadachd,
's a maighdeana 'na deigh.

- 15 Theid iad gu cùirt an Rìgh a steach,
ait, aoibhneach bheirear iad.
- 16 Ar-son do shinnsir bidh do chlann,
mar phrionnsuidh anns gach àit.
- 17 Tainm glòr-mhor do gach linn a thig,
air chuimhne cuiridh mi:
Is amhluidh bheir am pobull duit
àrd-mholadh feadh gach re.

SALM XLVI.

- 'S E Dia is tearmunn dùinn gu beachd,
ar spionnadh e 's ar treis
An aimsir carraid agus teinn
ar cobhair e ro-dheas.
- 2 Mar sin ge d' ghluist' an talamh trom,
ni n-aobhar eagail duinn:
Ge d' thilgteadh fòs na sleibhte mòr
am builsguin fairg' is tuinn.
- 3 Na h-uisgeacha le beaucaich bhùirb,
ge d' rachadh thar a cheil':
Le 'n ataireachd ge d' bhiodh air chrith
na beanntaidh àrd gu leir.
- 4 Ta abhann ann, le sruithaibh seimh,
ni cathair Dhia ro ait;
Fior-aite naomh' an ti a's àird'
am bheil fìor-chomhnuidh aig'.
- 5 Tha Dia 'na meadhon innt' a stigh;
mar sin cha ghluaisear i;
Oir cuideachadh is coghnadh lè,
's e Dia gu moch a nì.

- 6 Na sloigh ghabh boile agus ghluais
na Rioghachda gu cas :
Air cur do Dhia a ghuth amach,
do leagh an talamh as.
- 7 Leinne tha Dia nan sluagh do ghnà :
Dia Iacob 's tearmunn dùinn.
- 8 Thigibh, is feuchaibh oibre De,
gach sgrios air talamh rinn.
- 9 Gu h-ìomail fòs an domhain mhòir
an cogadh ni e chosg :
Am bogha bhrìst, an t-sleagh do ghearr
an carbad cogaidh loisg.
- 10 Bibh sàmhach, s' tuigibh gur mi Dia :
àrduichear mi gu fìor
Am measg nan sluagh, biom onorach
air feadh gach uile thir'.
- 11 Tha Dia nan sluagh ri coghnadh leinn,
's an comhnuidh air ar crann :
Se Dia ud Iacob 's tearmunn duinn,
d'ar furtaich anns gach am.

SALM XLVII.

- B**UAILIBH ùr basan, uile shloigh,
ta chomhnuidh anns gach àit ;
Le guth 's le gairdeachas do Dhia
suas togaibh iolach àrd :
- 2 Oir Dia re-àrd is uamhunn e ;
Rìgh mòr os-cionn gach tìr'.
Am phobull cuiridh e fa'r smachd
fa'r cois na slòigh gu leir.

- 4 Mar oighreachd, morachd Iacob ud,
(d'an d' thug e gradh) dhuinn thagh,
5 Chaidh Dia le buaidh-chairm ard a suas,
le trompaid 's fuaimneach blad. .
6 Seinnibh do Dhia, sein moladh : seinn
d'ar Rìgh, seinn moladh binn.
7 O's Rìgh Dia mòr os-cionn gach tìr',
seinn dha gu h-eòlach grinn.
8 Tha Dia 'na shuidh' 'na chathair naomh,
se's Rìgh air finibh ann.
9 Prionnsuidh nan sluagh do chruinnich iad
pobull De Abraham ;
Ar-son gur le Iehobhah 'mhàin
sgia dhidein do gach tìr :
Se fein is àird' 's is urramaich,
's dha dlighear moladh fìor.

SALM XLVIII.

- I**s mòr Iehobhah Dia nam feart,
an cathair àird ar Dia.
Is air sliabh àir a naomhachd fein,
ion-mholta choidheh' an Triath.
2 Beinn Shìoin 's breagh' suidheachadh
aoibhneas gach fearainn i,
Is dlù dhi air an taobh mu thuath,
tha chathair an Aird-Rìgh.
3 Aithnichear Dia na luchairtibh,
mar thearmunn anns gach àir.
4 Oir feuch, trà bha na Rìghre crùinn,
le cheile ghabh iad thart.

- 5 Chunniac iad sud, is b'ìoghna leo,
le cabhaig dheifrich as.
- 6 Ghlac eagal iad an sin, is pian,
mar mhuabì ri saoth'r gu cas.
- 7 Cabhlach Tharsis le gaoith an ear,
min bhristear, leat gu luath.
- 8 Mar chuala 's amhluidh chunnaic sinn
am baile Rìgh nan sluagh,
Am bail' ar Dia: 's e Dia gu bràth
ni daingean e le neart.
- 9 Ad theampull, air do chaoimhneas caomh,
Dhia smuaintich sinn gu ceart.
- 10 Mar t-ainm, is amhluidh sin do chliu,
gu crìch na talmhain ta:
Do dheas-lamh làn do fhìreanteachd,
Dhia, anns gach beart do ghnà.
- 11 Beinn Shìoin gu ma h-aoibhìn i,
is Nighean Iudah ait,
Ar-son do bhreitheanais, a Dhe,
ta cothromach is ceart.
- 12 Sìubhlaibh mu thimchioll Shìoin naomh',
mu'n cuairt di air gach taobh:
Airmhibh a baideala gu dlù,
's a turaite gach aon.
- 13 Thugaibh fainear a bàbhuin bhreagh',
's a castail àrd le beachd;
Chum sin gu cuireadh sibh an ceill
do'n àl ata ri teachd.
- 14 Oir 's e an Dia so fein ar Dia
gu sìorruidh is gu bràth:

'Se fòs a stiuras sinn gu ceart
gu h-uair is am ar bàis.

SALM XLIX.

EISDIEHSE so gàch uile shluagh,
na bheil sa chruinne-che :

- 2 Is cluinnibh eadar mhòr is bheag,
ma's bochd no beartach e.
- 3 Air tuigse smuaintichidh mo chridh',
air gliocas thig mo bheul.
- 4 Aomaidh mo chluas gu parablaibh :
nochdam caint dhorch' air teud.
- 5 Droch laithean com' am b'eagal leam
gu cuirinn iad an suim,
Mòr-aingidheachd is lochd mo shàl
trà' dh'iadh iad orm gu cruinn?
- 6 Na daoine sin nan saibhreas mòr
ta deanamh dòigh is treis',
Is ann an lion-mhoireachd an stòir
ata ro-bhostail leis.
- 7 A bhràth'r cha'n fhuasgail neach dhiubh
a gàbhadh no a pein, [sud
A thabhairt éric as do Dhia
ni fheudar leis 'na fheum :
- 8 (Oir saòrs' an anma 's priseil e,
sguiridh e 'm feasd gu beachd :)
- 9 Gu maireadh e gu siorruidh beo,
's nach faiceadh truailidheachd.
- 10 Oir chi e fòs na daoine glic,
's an dream air dhiobhail ceill,

'S na h-umaidh', fàgail tòic do chàch
is faghail bàis iad fein.

- 1 'S e 'n smuainteachadh gu mair an tigh,
's an comhnuidh feadh gach re,
Ag tabhairt air am fearrann ainm
do reir an ainme fein.

- 2 Gidheadh, an duin' an onoir mhòir,
cha mhair e ann gu buan :
Ach amhluidh mar an t-ainmhidh truagh,
chum bàis a shiubhlas uainn'.

- 3 An slighe sùd ge gorach i,
taitnidh an caint r'an sliochd.

- 4 Mar chaoirich dol san uaigh ata'd,
nam biadh do'n bhàs gun iochd :

Na fireanaich gheibh os an ceann
àrd-uachdranàchd gu moch,
'S nan comhnuidh seargaidh anns uaigh
an àilleachd is an dreach.

- 5 Bheir Dia do m'anam fuasgladh saor
o chumhachd bais is uaigh,
Oir gabhaidh e mi chuige fein,
ga m'theasairgin le buaidh.

- 6 An uair a nithear saibhir neach
na glacadh faitchios thu ;
'S an t-am a chinneas gloir a theach
na cuireadh sud ort tnù.

- 7 Oir 'n uair a shiubhlas e do'n eug
aon seud cha toir e leis :
'S an uair a theid e sìos do'n uaigh,
a ghlòir cha lean i ris.

- 18 Seadh anam fein ge d'bheannuich e
am feadh a bha e beo.
'S thusa, ma nì thu maith dhuit fein,
o dhaoine gheibh thu glòir.
- 19 Gu h-àl a shinnsir siubhlaidh e,
solus cha'n fhaic gu bràth.
- 20 An duin' an onoir, 's e gun chiall,
mar ainmhidh e gheibh bàs.

SALM L.

- L**ABHAIR an Dia Iehobhah treun,
an talamh ghairm gu leir,
O'n àird an ear gu h-àird an iar,
o eiridh gu luidh' grein.
- 2 A Sion àrd, a's foirfe mais',
co dhealruich Dia nam feart.
- 3 Oir thig ar Dia, 's cha bhi 'n a thosd,
ach labhruidh e le neart:
Theid teine millteach ro' a ghnùis,
ag lasadh suas gu garg;
'S m'a thimchioll-san gu doinionnach,
bidh e 'na chaoiribh dearg'.
- 4 Air talamh, is air neamh nan neul,
ard-ghairmidh e gu treun,
Gu tugadh e ceart-bhreitheanas
air uile phobull fein.
- 5 "Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh
is tionailibh an dream
A rinn gu dileas is gu dlù
le h-iobairt, cùmhnant leam."

- 6 A cheart-san, do nì neamh nan neul
a chur an ceil 'na am :
Or se Iehobbah fein gu beachd
is aon àrd bhreitheamh ann.
- 7 Mo phobull Isra'l, eisdibh rium,
is labhraidh mi gu ceart :
A' taghaidh togam fianais fhior,
's mi Dia, do Dhia gu beachd.
- 8 Ma t-ofrailibh nì agram thu,
no fòs ma t-iobairt loisgt,
Arson nach d'thug thu iad do ghnà
's nach d'fhuaras iad gun fhois.
- 9 Oir as do thigh cha ghabhainn uait
mor iobairt biorach bò ;
'S cha ghabhainn gabhar fhirionn fòs
mar ofrail as do chrò.
- 10 Gach ainmhidh beo d'am bheil an coil'
is leamsa sin gu leir,
'S na h-uile spreidh air mhìle enoc
'ta 'g ionaltradh air feur.
- 11 An eunlaith 's aithne dhomh air fad
ta 'g itealaich feadh bheann :
'S leam gach fiadh-bheathach uile fòs
feadh gharbhlaich agus ghleann.
- 12 Geur-ocras d'am biodh orm no gort,
cha chuirinn duits' an ceil,
O's leam an domhan ma'n iadh grian,
is na bheil ann gu leir.
- 13 Fuil ghabhar 'n e gu 'n òlainn uait ?
fèil tharbh an ithinn i ?

- 14 Ioc iobairt bhuidheachais do Dhia,
's do mhòidean do'n Ard-Rìgh.
- 15 Ann la do thrioblaid is do theinn,
gair orm an sin gu ceart :
Ort fuasglam, is bheir thusa glòir
do m'ainms' a chuidich leat.
- 16 Ach ris an droch-dhuin' labhruidh Dia,
mo statuin chur ann ceill
Cha bhuineadh dhuit, no ghabhail fòs
mo chùmhnaint ann ad bheul.
- 17 Do 'm achasan o thug thu fuath,
's an speis riamh e nìor chuir ;
Ach thilg mo bhriathran air do chùl,
'g an diùltadh uam gu tur.
- 18 Tra chunnaic thu an gadaich dàn,
dh'aontuich thu leis na olc,
S le luchd an adhaltrais a rìs
b' fhear-comuinn thu nan lochd.
- 19 Do theanga thug thu chumadh breig,
chum uile thug thu do bheul.
- 20 Do d' bhrathair, shuidh thu thabhair
's do mhac do mhàthar beum. [guth,
- 21 Na nithes' uile rinneadh leat,
is dh'fhanas dhiot am thosd :
Is shaoil thu mar ata thu fein
gu b' amhluidh mi gach achd :
Ach cronuicheam do pheacaidh dhuit,
a' t-amharc cuiream iad :
A chum gu faiceadh do dha shùil
nach folchar ormsa beud.

- 22 O sibhs' a dhream nach cuimhnich Dia,
 nis tuigibh so 'na am ;
 Mun dean mi liodairt oirbh gu cas,
 gun neach d'ar furtachd ann.
- 23 An ti bheir iobairt molaidh uaidh,
 se sin bheir dhomhsa glòir :
 Oir nochdam slainte Dhe do'n fhear
 a ghluaiseas mar is còir,

SALM LI.

- D**EAN tròcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs
 gu h-ìochd-mhòr saorsa mis',
 Reir lion-mhoireachd do thròcair chaoimh
 glan as m'uil, eas-aontas.
- 2 Gu h-ìomlan ionnuil mi o m' lochd,
 glan mi o m' chiont' ad ghradh.
- 3 Oir tha mi 'g aidmheach m'eas-aontais.
 's leir dhomh mo lochd do ghnà.
- 4 A t-aghaidh, t-aghaidh fein amhàin,
 do pheacuich mi gu trom,
 Is ann a t-fhianais fein, a Dhe,
 an t-olc so rinneadh leam :
 Do chum air labhairt duit amach
 gu biodh tu cothromach,
 'S gu biodh tu glan tra bheir thu breith,
 is ceart neo-eacorach.
- 5 Am peacaidh, feuch, do dhealbhadh mi,
 is ann an cionta fòs
 Do ghabh mo mhàthair mi 'n-a broinn
 trà ghineadh mi o thùs.

- 6 An taobh a stigh do'n chridhe, feuch
an fhirinn 's ionmhuin leat :
San ionad fholuicht' bheir thu orm
gu tuig mi gliocas ceart.
- 7 Le hisop deunsa mise glan,
is bitheam glan gu beachd ;
Dean m'ionnlad fòs, mar sinn bidh mi
ni 's gile dhuit na sneachd'.
- 8 Guth subhachais thoir orm gu cluinn,
is fonn an aoibhneis ait,
Mar sin ni gairdeachas gu mòr
na cnàmha bhriseadh leat.
- 9 O m'pheacadh is o m'eas-aontas
foluich do ghnàis, a Dhe ;
Mo sheachrain is m'uil' ea-ceir fòs
glan thusa uam gu reidh.
- 10 Dhia, cruthaich amam cridhe glan ;
ath-nuadhaich spiorad ceart.
- 11 Na tilg o d'shealladh mi ; 's na buin
do spiorad naomha leat.
- 12 Is aisig dhomh ùr-ghairdeachas
do shlàinte chairdeil fein :
Is deansa fòs mo chumail suas,
le d' spiorad saor gu treun.
- 13 'N sin teagaisgeam do shlighe, Dhe,
do'n dream a bhrìst do reachd,
A chum le h-aithreachas gu pill
na peacaich thruagh gu beachd.
- 14 O chionta fala saorsa mi,
O Dhia, a Dhe mo shlàint' :

Seinnidh gu h-ard-air t-fhireantachd
mo theanga anns gach àit,

15 Mo bhillidh, ta air druideadh suas,
fosgail, a Dhe nan gras;

An sin do mholadh le mo bheul
cuiream an ceill gu h-ard.

16 Oir iobairtean cha'n iarrar leat,
no bheirinn duit gach re:

Ann ofrail losgte fòs air bith
cha 'n 'eil do thlachd, a Dhe.

17 An spiorad briste tuirseach trom,
sud iobairt Dhe nan dùl:

Ricridhe briste brùite, Dhia,
gu brath cha chuir thu cùl.

18 Ad dheagh ghean deansa maith, a Dhia
air Sion do chnoc fein:

Balla Ierusalem gu luath,
tog suas le d'laimh gu treun.

19 N' sin taitnidh iobairt cheartais leat,
ofrail, 's làn ofrail loisgt:

'N sin bheiréar colpaich dhuitsa suas,
air t-altair naomh, gun fhois.

SALM LII.

Ciod uime 'n dean thu ghaisgeich threïn
uail as an olc gu mòr?

Mairidh am feasd gun cheann gun chri-
deagh-mhàitheas Rìgh na glòir'. [och,

2 Do theang' a' dealbh an aimh-leis chlaoin;
chum ceilg' mar ealtuin gheir.

- 3 Is annsa leat an t-òlc na maith,
is breug na briathra fìor.
- 4 A theanga chealgach, 's ionnmhiun leat
gach facal millteach òlc.
- 5 Nì Dia gu sìorruidh mar an ceudn'
làn-sgrìos a tharruing ort,
Glan-sgathar thu, is as do theach
grad spionar thu gu tur,
A talamh is a tìr nam beo
buainear do fhreumh a bun.
- 6 Sud chì am firean, gabhaidh fiamh,
is nì se gàire fòs,
- 7 Feuch, so am fear nach d'earb a Dia
mar dhaighneach is mar thrèòir;
Ach ann an lion-mhoireachd a stòir
a dhòchas chuir gu treun,
'Na shaibhreas is 'n a òlc gu beachd
do neartuich se e fein.
- 8 Ach 's amhuil ùr-chrann ola mis'
an àros Deo do ghna:
Mo dhochas cuiridh mi na ghlas,
ri fad mo re 's mo la.
- 9 Gù sìorruidh suthain molam thu,
bhri sud gu d' rinneadh leat:
Feitheam air t-ainms', oir ta se maith
an làth'r do naomh gu beachd.

NA chridhe deir an t-amadan,
cha 'n 'eil ann Dia air bith.

Ta'd truaillidh, 's gràineil fòs an lochd :
cha 'n 'eil an neach ni maith.

2 Dh' amhairc an Tighearna o neamh
air chloinn nan daoine nuas,
A dh' fheuchain an robh tuigs' aig neach,
a dh' iarradh Dia nan gràs.

3 An t-iomlan diubh chaidh air an ais,
ro-sholach iad gu leir :
Cha 'n 'eil aon neach a' deanamh maith,
cha 'n 'eil fiu aoin fo speur'.

4 'M bheil tuigs' air bith aig droch-dhaoine?
ta 'g itheadh suas gu dian,
Mo phobuilsa mar aran blasd',
's nach 'eil a' gairm ar Dia.

5 An sin do ghabh iad eagal mor,
gun aobhar eagail ann :
Sgaoil Dia a chnàmha-san o cheil'
chuir seisdeadh ort gu teann,
Is mar an ceudna chuir thu iad
gu ruidheadh gruaidh is nàir',
Do bhri gu d' chuitich riutha Dia
trom-tharcuis agus tàir.

6 O sud mo ghuidh' is m' achuinge
gu d' thugadh Dia nam feart

Cobhair d' a phobull Israel
a Sion fein le heart !

An tra bheir Dia air ais o bhruid
a phobull fein le cheil',

Air Iacob bithidh aobhneas mòr,
's aiteas air Israel.

TRID t-ainmsa, teasaig mise, Dhe,
cum cothrom rium le d'neart.

2 Eisd m'urnaigh, thoir fanear, a Dhe,
briathra mo bheil gu ceart.

3 Oir dh'eirich coigrich rium a suas,
luchd-fòirneart tha gu dian
An tòir air m'anam; 's cha do chuir
iad Dia fa'n comhair riamh.

4 Ach feuch, 's e Dia m'fhear-cuideachaidh
gu m'sheasamh anns gach cruas;
Bithidh Iehobhah leis an droing
a chumas m'anam suas.

5 Aimhleas do m'naimhdibh diolaidh Dia:
a't-fhirinn dean an sgath.

6 Gu toileach bheiream iobairt dhuit:
Dhe molam t-ainm, ta maith.

7 Oir rinn e saors' is fuasgladh dhomh
o m'uile theinn gu treun:
Ionas gu faca mi mo mhiann
air m'eas-cairdibh gu leir.

SALM LV.

R'I m'urnaigh eisd: 's om' ghuidhe, Dhe,
na foluich thus' thu fein.

2 Thoir aire's freagrachd dhomh, ta caoidh
le bròn 's le buireadh geur.

3 Arson guth m'eas-cairde gu leir,
is fòirneart fos nan daoibh:

Oir aingeachd thilg iad orm, am feing
dhomh thug iad fuath gun di.

Mo chrìdh' am chom tha cràiteach goirt :
thuit ùamhunn orm a' bhais.

5 Crìth, oillt, is uamhunn thainig orm,
ga m' shlugadh is mi 'n sàs.

6 'N sin thuirt mi, 'Struagh gun agam fein
sgia calmain su dol as !

Theichinn air falbh ag itealaich,
is gheibhinn tàmh is fois.

7 Feuch, rachainn fòs air ànradh fad,
chum tàimh am fasaich chruaidh ;

8 Is dheanainn deifir gu dol as
o dhoininn ghairbh na gaoith.

9 Dhia, sgrios an teang', is sgaoil : oir chiom
foirneart sa bhail' is strì.

10 Ta'd dol m'a bhallaibh oidhch' is la :
ta ainm-leas ann is caoidh.

11 Aingeachd ro-mhòr is olc ata
'n a mheadhon sud gun cheist :
Seadh feall rà shràidibh agus cealg
a' dealuchadh cha 'n 'eil.

12 Cha b'e mo nàmh thug masladh dhomh,
oir dh'fhuilginn sud gu reidh :
Cha b'e fear m'fhuath a dh'eirich rium,
oir dhionainn naith mi fein.

13 Ach thusa, fear bu choimpir dhomh,
fear m'eòlais, is fear m'iuil.

14 Bu bhlast' ar comhairl', dol de càch
gu h-àros Dhia nan dùl.

15 Sealbh gabhaidh orr' am bàs gu grad,
's gu h-ifrinn theid iad beo :

- Oir aingeachd tha nan comhnuidh ghnà,
's nam builsgéan gach aon lò.
- 16 Ach mise, glaothaidh suas ri Dia,
saoruidh Iehobhah mi.
- 17 Glòadh àrd, is urnaigh nì mi ris,
moch, feasgar, 's meadhon-laoi:
Is eisdidh e gu grad ri m'ghlaoth:
- 18 m'anam 's e shaor an sìth,
O'n chath 's o'n chomhrag dh'eirich rium:
is mòram leam ri strì.
- 19 Cluinnidh an Dia 'ta laidir beo,
's bheir dorainn orra 's pian;
Seadh fòs an Dia air mairrion ta,
's a bha o chian nan cian.
Is air an aobhar fòs nach bheil
caochladh air bith nan staid,
Eagal an Thighearn' uime sin
do thilg iad dhiubh air fad.
- 20 A làmh do shin nan aghaidh sud
a bha an sìochaint leis:
A chùmhnannt is a nasgadh dlù,
gu fealltach orra bhris.
- 21 Bu shleamhna briathra bheil na 'n t-ìm,
ach cogadh cruidd na rùn:
Bu bhuig' a chaint na òla thla,
's i ghnà mar chlaidhe' ruisgt'.
- 22 Ach tilgsa t-uallach trom air Dia,
se nì do chumail suas:
Cha leig e 'm feasd do'n fhirean chòir,
o shocair fein gu gluais.

- 3 Ach thus', a Thighearna nam feart,
ad chorruidh cheirt gu geur,
Ann slochd d'am milleadh tilgidh tu
an aitim ùd gu leir:
Na daoine sligheach fuileachdach
cha mhair iad leth an laith, :
Ach annad cuiridh mise, Dhe,
mo dhòchas fein gu bràth.

SALM LVI.

- DRMSA dean iochd, a Dhia nan gràs,
mun sluig mo nàmh mi suas;
Esan a tha gam shàruchadh
gach la le cogadh cruaidh.
- 2 Seadh b'aill le m'eascairdibh gun iochd
mo shlugadh suas gach là;
' S ro-lionmhor iad tha cogadh rium
gun aobhar no cion fa.
- 3 An laithibh m'eagail earbam riut,
O thus' a Rìgh a's aird',
- 4 Is t-fhocal molaidh mi, mo Dhia,
mo dhochas thu gu bràth.
Cha ghabh mi gealtach uime sin,
's am feasd ni h-eàgal leam
Na dh'fheadas feòil a dheanamh orm
do lochd, le iomairt theann.
- 5 Mo bhriathra ta'd a' fiaradh fòs
gach la mar's toileach leo :
Chum doilgheis agus dochair dhomh,
ta'n smuainte-san gach lò,

- 6 Tha iad le cheil' a' cruinneachadh,
is iad 'g am folach fein,
A' feitheamh m'anma, air bhith dhoibh
ro-fhurachair mu m' cheum.
- 7 Gu saor an d' theid iad as mar sin
le'n eucòir mhòir gun tàmh?
A' t-fheirgse leag an sluath asios,
a Thighearna le d' laimh.
- 8 Mo sheachrain air an aireamh leat,
ad shoireadh taig mo dheòir:
Nach 'eil iad ann ad leabhar shios,
ar chuimhne sgriobht' gach uair?
- 9 Mo naimbde pillidh air an ais,
trà ghaiream ort gu teann:
Is aithne dhomhsa so gu beachd,
oir tha Iehobhabh leam.
- 10 An Dia, a bhriathar molaidh mi:
molam, an Dia, a reachd.
- 11 An Dia do chuireadh leam gu treun
mo dhòchas fein gu beachd,
Is air an aobhar ud, a Dhe,
ni h-eagal idir leam
Na dh'fheudas duin' a dheanamh orm,
nach bheil dbeth fein ach fann.
- 12 Do mhòide ta iad ormsa, Dhe:
is iocam dhuitsa cliu.
- 13 Oir m'anam bochd gu saor o'n bhàs,
gu gràs-mhòr dh'fhuasgail thu:
Nach fuasgail thu mo chasa fòs
gun tuisleadh dhoibh ni 's mo?

Gu gluaisinn ann am fianais De
an solus dhaoine beo.

SALM LVII.

DEAN tròcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs,
dean tròcair orm gach re,

Oir, annadsa tha m'anam truagh
a' cur a dhòigh gu leir :

Is gabhaidh mi fo sgàil do sge'
mo thearmunn is mo neart,

Gu ruig an uair sinn ans an d'theid
na h-uile ud uile thart'.

2 Eighidh mi ris an Dia a's aird';
ri Dia ta laidir treun,

A chuireas leam gach cùis gu crìch,
mar chi e ormsa feum.

3 Cuiridh e neart o neamh, do m' dhion
o bheum an fhir le'm b'àill

Mo shlugadh : cuiridh Dia amach,
fhirinn 's a ghràs gun dàil.

4 Tha m'anam bochd an comhnuidh fòs
am builsgean leòmhan garg,

Am measg na droing' am luidh' ataim
air lasadh ta le feirg :

Daoine, 'g'am bheil am fiacra fòs
mar shleagh s' mar shaighde geur ;

Mar chlaidheamh guineach, 's amhluidh
an teanga-san gu leir. [sin

5 Dhia tog thu fein os-cionn nan neamh
os-cionn gach tìr do ghlòir.

- 6 Arson mo cheuma ghleus iad lion
chrom m'anam sìos gu làr :
Slochd romham thochail iad, is thuit
iad fein san t-slochd a rinn.
- 7 'S gleusta mo chridhe, 's gleust', a Dhe
dhuit canam moladh binn.
- 8 Mosgail mo ghlòir, 's a shaltair fòs,
a chlarsach dùisg an aird :
Air madain mosglam fein gu moch,
is seinneam ceòl gu h-àrd.
- 9 Dhia, measg a' phobuill, molam thu ;
dhuit seinneam measg an t-sluaigh.
- 10 Oir t-fhirinn is do thròcair mhòr,
gu neamh nan neul chaidh suas.
- 11 Arduichear thusa, Dhia nam feart,
os-cion ard-neamh nan speur :
Is togar suas do ghlòir gu h-àrd,
os-cion gach tìr gu leir.

SALM LVIII.

- A**N labhair sibhs, a cho-thionnail,
an fhirinn cheart neo-chlaon?
'S an tabhair sibh gu cothromach,
breith cheart, a chlann nan daoine'?
- 2 Is ann ur cridhe ta sibh dealbh'
mor aingidheachd gun tàmh :
'S air talamh tha sibh tomhas fòs,
foreign chruaidh ur làmh.
- 3 Luchd-uile, o thig iad as a' bhroinn,
siubhlaidh air slighe fhiar :

- 'N trà bheirear iad, air seachran theid
a' labhairt bhreug gach ial.
- 4 An nimh mar nimh na nathrach ta:
mar nathair dhruid a cluas;
- 5 Ri guth nan draoidh' tha eagnaigh seòlt',
nach eisd is fòs nach gluais.
- 6 Am fiacra brist, a Dhe, nam beul:
a Thighearn' laidir threin,
Pronn fiacra agus tuisg ro-mhòr
nan leòmhann òg gu leir.
- 7 Gu leaghadh iad, ag sìleadh sìos
mar uisge ruidh le gleann:
'S a shaighde brist, trà chuireas e
a bhogh' air lagh gu teann.
- 8 Mar sheil' cheig bhios a' leaghadh as,
rachadh iad as gu dian;
Mar thorraicheas an-abuich mnà
na faiceadh iad a ghrian.
- 9 Mu'm mothaich seadh' ur coireachan
o choille chrionaich teas,
Ni Dia, 's iad beo, na chorruidh gheir
le cuairt-ghaoith dhéin an sgrios.
- 10 Bidh aoibhneas air an fhirean chòir,
tra chi e 'n dioghaltas:
Is ann am fuil luchd-aingidheachd,
nighidh e fòs a chas.
- 11 Their duine 'n sin, gu bheil gun cheist
deagh-dhuais ag daoine còir;
'S gu bheil air talamh fòs, gu beachd,
'na bhreitheamh Dia na glòir.

- T**EASAIRG, is saoir mi, o mo Dhia,
o m' nàimhdeibh dh'èireas rium.
- 2 O luchd an uilc ta fuileachdach,
dion mis', is cuidich leam.
- 3 Feach n' aghaidh m'anma luidh am fà
is chruinnich daoine treun :
Ni h-ann, a Dhia, arson mo lochd,
no croinn a rinn mi fein.
- 4 Ag ruidh tha iad, gun chron am thaobh,
's gu h-ullamh dol air ghleus :
Chum teachd do m'fhurtachd mosgail trà,
is thoir fainear am beus.
- 5 O Dhe nan sluagh, Dhe Israeil,
mosgail 's gu fiosruicht' leat
Na Cinnich : 's na dean iochd air neach
gu h-aingidh bhrìst do reachd.
- 6 Air teachd do'n fheasgar pillidh iad :
a'donnalaich gu h-àrd
Mar choin, m'an bhail' a' cuartachadh,
is amhluidh sin tha iad.
- 7 Feuch, brùchdaidh iad amach le'm beul :
nam bilibh claidhe geur :
Co chluinneas sinn, no bheir fainear ?
se sud is cainnt dhoibh fein.
- 8 Ach thusa, Dhia Iehobhah mhòir
ni gàire fanoid riu ;
Is mar bhall-magaidh bithidh fòs
na Cinnich ann ad shuil.
- 9 Arson gu mòr 's gur maith do neart,
sior-fheitheams' ort a ghnà,

Do bhri gu bheil dhomh Dia nan dùl,
'na dhidian dlù gu bràth.

0 Bith Dia o'n d'thig mo thròcair chaomh,
dol romham air gach ceum :

'S e Dia bheir dhomh air m' eas-cairdibh
mo rùn gu faic mi fein.

1 Mum bi mo phobull di-chuimhneach,
na marbh an àitim ùd :

O Dhia ar sgia' sgaoil iad le d' neart,
is leag gu h-ìosal fùd.

2 Fa lochd an teang', is càint am beil,
nan àrdan glacar iad :

Fa chùis nam mallachd, is nam breug
a labhair iad os àird'.

3 Sgrios iad a' t-fheirg, sgrios iad gu tur,
is theid iad as gu dian ;

Is tuigidh 'n sin gach uile thir,
Rìgh Iacob gur e Dia.

4 'S air teachd dò'n fheasgar pilleadh iad,
a' donnalaich gu h-àrd

Mar choin, m'an bhail' a' cuartuchadh,
is amhluidh bitheadh iad.

5 Ag iarraidh beath' gu seachranach,
's gu luaineach ann an teinn ;

A deanamh gearain anns an oidhch',
mur' bi an sàth nam broinn.

6 Ach mise molar leam do neart ;

gu moch a' seinn do ghràis,

Ar-sòn gur tu mo thearmunn treun,
's mo dhaighneach fein sgach càs.

- 17 'S tu fein mo neart, dhuit canam fonn,
 's e Dia mo dhidian threun:
 'S e 'n Dia sin fein rinn tròcair orm,
 's a chuidich leam am fheum.

SALM LX.

- D**HIA naomha, thilg thu sinne uait,
 dh' fhuadaich thu sinn air fad,
 Oir bha thu ruinn an corruich gheir,
 pill ruinn thu fein gu grad.
- 2 Chuir thus' an talamh trom air chrith;
 is fòs do bhrìst thu e:
 Slànuich a bhrìsteachd, oir gu beachd
 air creanachadh tha e.
- 3 Do thaisbein thusa nithe cruaidh
 do'n t-sluagh a 's leat le còir:
 Fion buaireasach chuir uamhunn oirn'
 thug thusa dhuinn r'a òl.
- 4 Ach thug thu bratach àrd, a Dhe,
 do'n droing d'an eagal thu:
 A chum gu sgoailteadh sud amach,
 bhri firinn, duit le cliù.
- 5 O dhaorsa chum gu saorar leat
 do phobull ionmhuin fein:
 'Eisd rium, is slànuich mi gu grad
 le d' dheas-laimh laidir threin.
- 6 'Na naomhachd labhair Dia nam feart,
 bidh aoibhneas orm nach gann:
 Air Sechem ni mi roinn gu ceart,
 gleann Sucot toimhsear leam.

- 7 'S leam Gilead le dlighe chèirt,
 Manasseh's leam gu beachd,
 'S i treabh Ephràim neart mo chinn,
 bheir Iudah 'mach mo reachd.
- 8 Bidh Moab dhomh 'na thrailfom'smachd,
 's Edom fo dhaorsa chruaidh;
 Is amhluidh ni mi caithream binn,
 thar Palestin le buaidh.
- 9 Co bheir do' n' chaithir dhaingein mi?
 's gu Edom bheir gu ceart?
- 10 Nach tusa, Dhia, le 'r threigeadh sinn?
 's nach deachaidh 'mach le 'r feachd?
- 11 O thrioblaid thabhair coghnadh dhuinn:
 oir 's diomhain furtachd dhaoin'.
- 12 Trid Dhia ni sinne treubhantas,
 's e shaltras naimhde fuidhn'.

SALM LXI.

- R**I glaoth mo ghearain eisd, a Dhe,
 is m' urnaigh thoir fainear.
- 2 O iomall talmhain eigheam riut,
 's mo chridhe trom fo small:
 Dhia, treoruich chum na cairge mi
 a 's airde na mi fein.
- 3 Bu tearmunnn thu, 's bu chaisteal dhomh
 o m' eas-cairdibh gu leir.
- 4 Ad phubull naomha ni mi tàmh
 gach aimsir is gach trà:
 Mo dhòigh fo dhùbhar sgàil do sge
 cuiridh mi fein gu bràth.

- 5 Oir chuala tu, mo mhòide naomh,
 's an gealladh a thug mi :
 Oighreachd na muintir thug thu dhomh
 d'an eagal t-ainm, a Dhe.
- 6 Buan shaoghal agus aimsir chian
 bheir thusa, Dhia, do'n Rìgh :
 Mar iomad ginealach is linn,
 a bhliadhnai-san 's tu ni.
- 7 Mairidh e buan am fianais De
 gu bunaiteach 's gu bràth :
 Tròcair is firinn deasaich dha
 d'a choimheadsan gach trà.
- 8 Mar sin gu sìorruith seinneam cliu
 do t-ainm ro uasal àrd,
 'S mo mhòide naomha diolam riut,
 o la gu la gu bràth.

SALM LXII.

- L**E faighidin tha m'anam bochd
 feitheamh air Dia gu beachd :
 'S ann uaidh' tha furtachd agus fòir
 orm air gach taobh a' teachd.
- 2 Se 'mhàin is carraig dhidein dhomh
 is m'fhurtachd e ro-dheas :
 Mo thearmunn dileas e faraon,
 gu mor cha ghluaisear mis',
- 3 Cia fhad a dhealbhar àimh-leas leibh ?
 làn-mharbhar sibh gu beachd,
 Mar bhall' air chrith, 's mar ghàrra'
 tha leagadh oirbh a' teachd. [dh'aom

- 4 O onoir aird d'am thilgeadh sìos
tha 'n comhairlean a' ruith,
Si 's miann leo breug: beannachd nam
ach mallachd an taobh 'stigh. [beul,
- 5 O m'anam feith gu faighidneach
ri Dia amhàin mar chleachd:
Oir annsan tha mo mhuinghin threun,
's mo dhòchas fein gu beachd.
- 6 'Se 'mhàin is carraig dhileas dhomh,
's e 'mhàin mo shlàinte dheas:
Mo thearmunn daingean e faraon,
mar sin cha ghluaisear mis':
- 7 Mo shlàinte ta 's mo ghlòir an Dia,
ris earbam fein do ghnà:
Carraig mo neart, 'mo thearmunn treun
's e Dia, gu buan 's gu bràth'.
- 8 O phobuill, cuiribh ann an Dia
ur dòchas anns gach am,
'N a fhianais doirtibh 'mach 'ur cridh'
's e Dia, ar tearmunn ann.
- 9 'S ni diomhain daoine beag gu fìor,
tha daoine mòr nam breig:
Air meidh ri 'n tomhas, 's ea-truim' iad
na diomhanas gu leir.
- 10 Na h-earb a fòirneart, 's na dean uaill
a reabuinn no droch-bheairt,
Na socruich fòs do chridh' air stòr,
tra chinneas saibhreas leat.
- 1 Do labhair Dia aon uair amach:
sud chualas uair no dha,

Gur leis an Dia ta cumhachdach
treis' agus neart gach la.

12 Tròcair, a Thighearn', buinidh dhuit
is gràsa mòr faraon:

Oir bheir thu reir a ghnìomhara,
a luigheachd do gach aon.

SALM LXIII.

O Dhia, is tu mo Dhia, gu moch
do iarram thu gach la:

Ro-thart-mhor ata m'anam bochd,
an geall ort fein do ghnà;

Tha miann, is ciocras mòr air m' fheoil
an geall ort fein gach am,

An tìr ro thirim thart-mhoir theith
gun uisg air bith bhi ann:

2 Do chumhaichd chum gu faiceadh mi
's do ghlòir ata ro-chaomh;

A reir mar chunncas roimhe thu,
le cliu a' t-àros naomh.

3 Arson gur fearr na beatha fòs
do chaoimhneas gradhach caoin:

Ard mholadh dhuit h-iomadh cliu
mo bhlidh bheir faraon.

4 Mar sin an cian a bhitheam beo
beannuicheadh thu do ghnà:

Is ann ad naomh-ainm togam suas
mo làmhnan riut gach trà.

5 Sàsuichear m'anam mar le smior,
's le saill ro-rheamhar reidh,

Is bheir mo bheul 's mo bhilidh dhuit
àrd-mholadh ait, a Dhe.

6 'N trà ni mi air mo leabaidh fòs
do chuimhneachadh le tlachd,
'S an am na faire smuainteach' ort,
ag dol do 'n oidhche thart'.

7 Arson gur tu b'fhear coghnaidh leam,
a Thighearn' is a Dhe ;
Bidh aoibhneas agus aiteas orm,
fo dhùbhar sgail do sge'.

8 Ta m'anam leantainn ort gu dlù:
do dheas-lamh chum mi suas.

6 Luchd iarraidh m'anama bho chd d'a sgrios,
theid iad asios do 'n uaigh.

10 Le faobhar claidheimh agus arm
sios tuitidh iad gu làr:
Mar chuibhrionn do na sionnachaidh
do nithear iad le tàir.

11 Ach aoibhneach bidh an Rìgh an Dia,
na lughas e gun bheud
Ni iadsan uail : ach druidear beul
gach ti a labhras breug.

SALM LXIV.

TRA dheanam ùrnaigh riut, a Dhe,
thoir eisdeachd dhomh gu luath :

O eagal namhaid coimhid fòs
gu tearruint' m'anam truagh.

2 O chomhairl' dhìomhair dhaoine daoibh,
o ionnsaidh ghairbh faraon

Luchd deanamh uile is aingidheachd,
cuir folach orm gu caoin.

- 3 An teanga fein do gheuraich iad
mar chlaidhe guineach geur;
Tha 'm bogh' air lagh, 's an saighde deas
siad briathra searbh am beil:
- 4 Gu caitheadh iad an diomhaireachd
an neach sin foirfe ta:
Gu h-obann ta'd ga chaitheamh fòs
gun eagal is gun sgà.
- 5 Ag gabhail misneich ta'd san olc,
's a' labhairt tric le cheil'
Mu leagadh lion an uaignidheas,
ag radh, Co 'n ti d' an leir?'
- 6 Gach olc do rannsuich iad amach
seadh rinn iad sgrùdadh mion,
An run a stigh 's ro-dhombhain e,
's an cridhe ta mar sin.
- 7 Ach saighead caithidh orra Dia,
bhios guineach agus geur,
Grad-bhuailear agus lotar iad,
'g an gortuchadh gu leir.
- 8 Mar sin do bheir iad orra fein
toradh an teang' gu grad:
Gach uile neach d'an leir an dòigh,
teichidh iad uath' am fad.
- 9 Mor-eagal bithidh air gach neach
is nochduidh obair Dhe:
Oir bheirear leo gu glic fainear
an gnìomh ud do rinn e.

- 11 Ni 'm firean aoibhneas mòr an Dia,
 a' cur a dhòchais ann:
 'S gach neach 'g am bheil an cridhe ceart
 ni gairdeachas nach gann.

SALM LXV.

- T**HA ann an Sion feitheamh ort
 moladh, a Dhe, gun dì:
 'S ann duit a dhiolar fòs gu pailt
 a' mhòid mar gheallair i.
- 2 O thus' a dh'eisdeas ùrnaigh ghlan
 's ann chugad thig gach aon.
- 3 Mo sheachrain tha an uachdar orm:
 glan thus' ar peacaidh uainn.
- 4 'S beannuicht an duine sin a choidhch'
 a thaghar leatsa, Dhe,
 'S a bheir thu fòs am fagus dhuit;
 comhnuidh ad chùirt gheibh e.
 Sàsuichear sinn le maitheas mòr
 do theach, 's do theampuill naomh'.
- 5 Le nithibh uabhasach, bheir dhuinn
 ad cheartas freagra caomh,
 A Dhia àr slàinte, 's tu gu dearbh
 làn dòchas crìch gach tìr',
 'S na bheil san fhairge fada uainn,
 an-dochas 's tu do shior.
- 6 Le neart-san shocruidh sleibhte mòr,
 e criosluight, lòn le treis'.
 'Se chaisgeas fuaimneach mara ' tinn,
 is coistrì dhaoine leis.

- 8 Na daoine ta an comhnuidh thall,
's na tìribh fad' amach,
'Na uamhunn orra ta gu mòr
do chomhar' miorbhuileach:
Thusa tha toirt air dol amach
na maidne gach aon la,
'S air dol an fhearsgair mar an ceudn'
bhi aoibhinn àit do ghnè.
- 9 An talamh tha thu fiosrachadh,
's 'ga uisgeachadh gu reidh:
Le abhainn De ta làn do'n uisg',
trom beartach ni thu e.
Dhuinn arbhar tha thu deasachadh,
le d'fhreasdal maith mar sin;
- 10 'S ag uisgeachadh le pailteas mòr
nan iomairean gu mion:
Sgriobán an fhearinn leagta sìos,
le frois ni thusa tais,
A chinneas agus fhochann fòs,
beannaichidh tu le mais'.
- 11 M'an bhliadhnaidh coron tha thu cur
le d' mhaithreas fein, a Dhe,
'Tha saill ag sìleadh anns gach àit,
o d' cheumanaibh gu reidh.
- 12 Air cluanaibh glas an fhàsuich luim
nuas silidh iad gu mion;
Na tulaich bheag', gach taobh ata
làn aoibhneis agus gean.
- 13 Na cluaineann air an sgeudachadh
le trèudaibh ans gach àit,

Na glinn le h-arbhar folaichte,
'seinn iolaich ait is gàir.

SALM LXVI.

- 1** **ROGAIBH** gach uile thir gu h-àrd,
iolach do Dhia nan dùl.
- 2** D'a ainm rò uasal seinnibh glòir,
ag tabhairt dhosan cliu.
- 3** Abruidh ri Dia, cia h-uabhasach
gach beart do nithear leat?
Oir geillidh dhuit do naimhde borb,
arson gur mòr do neart.
- 4** Sleachdaidh gach uile thalamh dhuit,
ag iomradh ort gu binn:
Do t-ainm ro-uasal iongantach
ni'd moladh mòr do sheinn.
- 5** Thigibh an so is amhaircibh
air oibribh De gu geur:
Ta uabhasach 'na ghnìomharaibh
air chloinn nan daoine' gu leir.
- 6** Mar thalamh tioram rinn e 'n cuan:
is trid nan sruth, bu luath
D'an cois chaidh daoine, nuair a bha
sinn annsan ait le buaidh.
- 7** Le treun-neart riaghluidh e a choidhch';
na sloigh da shuilibh 's leir:
'S na h-ardaicheadh luchd-easantais
gu h-amaideach iad fein.
- 8** O dhaoine, beannuichibh ar Dia
àrd-mholaibh e gun chlos.

- 9 Se chum ar n-anam beo, se bheir
nach caruichear ar cos.
- 10 Mar airgiod leaghta ghlan thu sinn :
's tu dh'fhidir sinn, a Dhe.
- 11 Chuir umainn lion : ar leasraidh chair
fo dhòrainn is fo phein.
- 12 Thug thu air dhaoineibh marcachd oirn',
trid teine's uisge chaidh,
A ris gu h-ionad saibhir reidh,
's tu fein thug sin le buaidh.
- 13 Racham do d' thigh le ofraíl loisgt' :
dhuit coilionam mo mhòid,
- 14 A ghealladh leam le fosgladh beil,
trà bha mi 'n eigin mhòir.
- 15 Do'n fheudail reamhair, iobairt loisgt'
le tùis is saill nan reith' ;
Ofraíl nam bò, 's nan gabhar fòs
sud bheiream dhuit fa leith.
- 16 Thigibh, is eisdibh so, gach neach
air am bheil eagal De,
Gach maith do rinn air m'anam bochd
sud airiseam gu reidh.
- 17 Do ghlaodh mi ris gu h-àrd le m'bheul
le m' theangaidh dh'àrdnich' e.
- 18 Am cridh' ma bheir mi speis do'n olc,
cha 'n eisd an Tighearn' mi.
- 19 Gu dearbh dh'eisd Dia rium : thug fain-
guth m'urnaigh Rìgh nan dùl. [ear
- 20 Moladh do Dhia, nìor chèil a ghràs,
's mo ghuidh' nìor chuir air cùl.

- 1 **U** deanadh Dia mòr-thròcair oirn',
 's ar beannachadh do ghnà :
 Is togadh e gu gràs-mhor oirn,
 dealradh a ghnùis gu bràth.
- 2 Chum fios do shlighe bhi gu fìor
 's gach uile thìr air bith ;
 Is iomradh air do chobhair chaoimh
 'measg fineacha fa leith.
- 3 Moladh am pobull thusa, Dhe :
 moladh gach pobull thu.
- 4 Biodh gairdeachas air fineachaibh,
 gu h-ait a' seinn do chliu :
 Oir ceart-bhreith bheir thu air an t-sluagh,
 riaghlaidh air thalamh iad.
- 5 Moladh gach pobull thusa, Dhe :
 moladh iad thu's gach àit.
- 6 'N sin bheir gach talamh is gach fonn
 deagh-thoradh trom gu pàilt :
 Is cuiridh Dia ar Tighearn' oirn'
 a bheannachadh gun airc.
- 7 Ni Dia ar beannachadh gun cheist,
 's bidh eagal-san gu fìor
 Air gach aon neach a dh'àiticheas
 fad iomaill crìch gach tìr'.

SALM LXVIII.

EIREADH ar Dia, is sgaoilear leis
 an dream a's naimhde dha,
 'S an àitim sin thug dhasan fuath,
 teicheadh o ghnùis gu bràth.

- 2 Mar sgapar deatach, fuadaich iad :
mar leaghas teine ceir,
Mar sin gu sgriosar droch dhaoìn' as
a fianais De gu leir.
- 3 Ach gairdeachas air daoine còir,
is aoibhneas gu robh ac'
Am fianais Dhe, le luaighear mhòir,
's iad suilbhir agus ait.
- 4 Seinnibh do Dhia, sior-mholaibh ainm :
àrduichibh Dia a ta
Marcachd air neamh, trid ainmsan IAH,
bibh ait 'n a làth'r a ghnà.
- 5 Do dhilleachdain is athair Dia :
do bhain-treàchtaibh gun neart
An tigh a naomhachd tha e ghnà
'na bhreitheamh dìreach ceart.
- 6 Suidhichidh Dia an teaghlaichibh
an dream tha uaigneach truagh :
Is saoruidh e gu tròcaireach
na bheil fo chuibhreach cruaidh ;
Ach meud 's a bhios gu h-ea-corach
ri ceannairc is ri lochd,
Nì iadsan comhnuidh bhunaiteach
am fearann tioram bochd.
- 7 Air ceann do shluaigh tra dh'imich thu,
a Dhe, san fhasaich chruaidh.
- 8 Chriothnaich an talamh, shil an speur,
an lathair Dhe nan sluagh.
Sliabh Shinai fein tha daingean àrd
chriothnaich is luaisg gu mor

An làthair Dhia, Dia Israeil.
ta urramach an glòir.

9 Do shil thu, Thighearna, gu pailt
frasan anuas gun di' ;

Leo shuidhich agus dh'fhurtaich thu
air t-oighreachd, is i sgìth.

10 Bha fòs do cho-thional 's do shluagh
nan comhnuidh innt' : a Dhe,
Do d' mhaithreas rinn thu deasuchadh
do d' dhaoineibh bochda fein.

11 An Tighearna ta laidir treun
leig e a ghuth amach,
'S a chuideachd sin a dh'fhoillsich e
bu lion-mhor iomarcach.

12 Rìghrean nan armailte 's nam feachd
an sin le deifir theich :
'S na mnai a dh'fhuirich aig on tigh,
bha iad a' roinn na creich.

13 'Measg phota luidh sibh, ach bidh sibh
mar sgiath nan calman luath,
Fòluicht' le h-airgiod, is an cleit'
le h-òr a's deirge snuadh.

14 Tra sgaoil Dia uile-chumhachdach
na rìghrean innt'a steach,
Bhi i 'n sin geal mar Shalmon àrd,
's i uile làn do shneachd.

15 An sliabh ud, Dhe, is cosmhuil e
ri Bàsan 'measg nam beann,
Mar Bhàsan mòr is amhluidh e
gu h-àrd a thog a cheann.

- 16 C'arson a leum sibh, bheanntaidh àrd?
's e so àrd-thulach De,
Am mainn leis tàmh, is bithidh e
'n a chomhnuidh ann gach rè.
- 17 Tha carbaid Dhe nam fichead mìl;
mìlte do ainglibh treun :
'Na theampull naomh' tha Dia nam measg
ionann 's ' a Shinaì fein.
- 18 Is chaidh thu suas air ionad àrd,
thug bruid am braighdeanas,
Do dhaoineibh fhuair thu tiolaca
le'n dean thu toirbheartas :
'S ann cheana fòs do'n mhuintir ud
ro-cheannairceach ata,
Do chum gu m' biodh Iehobhah Dia
na chomhnuidh leo do ghnà.
- 19 Dia gu ma beannuicht gu robh e,
tha dòrtadh oirn' gach lo
A thiolaca, 's e Dia ar slàint'
an Dia a chum sin beo.
- 20 Is leinn an Dia ta laidir treun,
ni cobhair anns gach càs :
Do Dhia Iehobhah buinidh fòs
làn-teasairgin o'n bhàs.
- 21 Ach ceann a naimhde bristidh Dia :
is claigeann greannach cruaidh
An fhir a dh'ìmicheas gu dàn'
'na chionta fein gach uair.
- 22 Deir Dia, bheir mise air an ais
mo shluagh o Bhàsan àrd,

- 'S o dhoimhneachd fairge bheir mi ris,
anios iad le mor-bhàigh.
- 3 Chum ann am fuil do nàimhde dian
do chas gu deanta dearg.
'S gu t-umta fòs nam fuil-san fein
teanga do mhadradh garg.
- 4 Do thriall-sa chunnaic iad, a Dhe,
a Thighearna ro-chaoimh,
'S e triall mo Tighearna 's mo Rìgh
's ann anns an àros naomh'.
- 5 Luchd-orain dh'imich iad air thùs,
luchd inneal ciuil a rìs :
Nam measg a' bualadh tàbuir fòs
na maighdeana gu mìn.
- 6 Deanuibhse Dia a bheannachadh
'nar co-thional le cheil',
Eadhon Iehobhah Dia nam feart,
o thobar Israeil.
- Benjamin beag le'n triath an sud,
bha prionnsuidh Iudah ann,
Le'n comhairl' prionnsuidh Naphtali,
is prionnsuidh Shebulun.
- Do Dhia se dh'àirkin is dh'orduich dhuit
do neart agus do threòir :
An gnìomh a rinn thu air ar son,
neartuich, a Dhe na glòir'.
- Arson do theampuill naomh, a Dhe,
ta aig Ierusalem,
Do bheir na rìghre ta mu 'n cuairt
deagh thiolaca dhuit fein.

- 30 Thoir achasan do luchd nan sleagh,
's do chuideachd mhòir nan tarbh,
Do laoghaibh fòs a' phobuill ùd
thoir achasan gu garbh,
Le bonnaibh airgid gus an geill
iad sud gu leir do d'smachd :
Sgaoil thus' am pobull ùd, a Dhe,
a ghabh do chogadh tlachd.
- 31 Thig prionnsuidh mòr' o'n Eipht' amach,
's ni Ethiopia fòs
A làmh a shineadh 'mach gu luath
suas ri ard-Rìgh na glòir.
- 32 O Rìoghachdan an domhain mhoir,
seinnibh do Dhia gu grinn :
Do'n Dia a 's Rìgh 's is Tighearn' ann
seinnibhse moladh binn.
- 33 Do'n mharcach àrd air neamh nan neamh,
ta ann o'n aimsir chein :
Feuch, tha e cur amach a ghuth,
a ghuth ta làidir treun.
- 34 Sior-thugaibh neart do Dhia : oir tha
a ghlòir thar Israel,
'S a threis' ata sna neamhaibh àrd,
's an neulaibh tiugh nan speur.
- 35 O d' naomh-theach's uabhasach thu Dhe
Dia Israeil gu beachd
D'a phobull bheir sar-neart is treòir :
's beannuichte Dia nam feart.

- 0 Teasairg mise, Dhe mo neart,
oir dhoirt na tuilte orm,
Is thainig fòs air m'anam bochd
na h-uisgeacha le torm.
- 2 An làthaich dhomhain tha mi 'n sas,
gan àit an seasainn ann,
Le h-uisgibh domhain ghlacadh mi,
is sruth dol thar mo cheann.
- 3 'Taim sgèth le m' ghlaodhaich; agus tha
mo scornan loisgt' le tart:
Mo shùile ta air failneachadh,
feitheamh air Dia nam feart.
- 4 Is lionmhoire na falt mo chinn
mo naimbde gun chion-fa,
'S an dream thug dhomh gu h-eacorach
geur-fhuath gach uile là.
An sin an ni nach d'thug mi leam
dh'aisig mi uam gu beachd.
- 5 Dhia, 's fiosrach thu air m'amaideachd,
ni 'm foluicht' ort mo lochd.
- 6 Nàir' air mo sgà-sa, Dhe, na leig,
O Thighearna nan sluagh,
Air neach air bith do 'n àitim ud
tha feitheamh ort gach uair:
An dream sin, O Dhia Israeil,
ga d'iarruidh fein a ta,
Na leig gu bràth fo nàire iad,
no masladh air mo sgà.
- 7 Oir air do sgà-sa dh'fhuiling mis,
lionadh mo ghnùis le nàir.

- 8 Do m' bhràthraibh is fear coigreach m
coimheach ag cloinn mo mhàth'r.
- 9 Le eud do theachsa shluigeadh mi:
meud 's a bheir masladh dhuit,
'S ann orms' an spreigeadh sud gu leir
gu leth-tromach a thuit.
- 10 M'anam tra thraisg, 's a rinn mi gul,
'n sin mhasluich iad mo ghnìomh.
- 11 'S tra chuir mi umam eudach saic,
ball-magaidh rinn iad dhìom.
- 12 Dhoibhsan a shuidheas anns a' gheat',
's cùis chomhraidh mi-gach là;
'S do luchd na misg' ri àm am pòit'
am' oran tha mi ghnà.
- 13 Ach mise, Dhe, ni'm urnaigh riut
san uair a's taitneach leat;
Eisd rium, a Dhe, reir meud do ghràis
le d' chobhair fhior thoir neart.
- 14 O'n làthhaich saor mi, O mo Dhia!
chum fuidh nach rachuin sios:
O luchd mo mhi-ruin teasaig mi,
's o dhoimhneachd uisge nios.
- 15 Na rachadh tharam tuilteach uisg',
na sluigeadh doimhneachd mi,
An slochd na druideadh orm a bheul
gu h-iomlan chum mo chlaoi'.
- 16 Eisd rium, O Dhia, oir 's maith do ghràs
pill rium ad thròcair phailt.
- 17 Do ghnùis na ceil air t-òglach fein,
eisd rium gu luath, 's mi 'n airc.

- 18 Rì m'anam druid, is fuasgail e :
o m' namhaid dean mo dhion.
- 19 Mo mhasladh, m' eas-onoir, 's mo nair',
's mo naimhde, 's leir dhuit fein.
- 20 Le toibheim tha mo chridhe brist',
is mi gu h-iarganach :
Dh'iarr mi luchd-truais is co-fhurtachd,
is dhiubh cha d' fhuaras neach.
- 21 Seadh, thug iad domblas dhomh mar
's chaisg m'iota le fion geur. [bhiadh
- 22 Mar eangach dhoibh gu robh am bord :
's mar rib an-àgh gu leir.
- 23 Gun leirsinn biodh an sùilean dall,
's an leasraidh ghnà air chrith.
- 24 Doirt orra t-fhearg, 's le d'chorruich gheir
glac ad gach uair sam bith.
- 25 Mar fhàsaich luim gun àiteachadh
gu robh an tàmh 's an teach,
Is anns na pailliunaibh bu leo
comhnuidh na biodh aig neach.
- 26 Oir lean iad le dian-fhoireigneadh
an ti a bhuaileadh leat :
Is labhair iad chum doilgheis mhòir
do'n droing a rinn thu lot.
- 27 Cuir ciont' ri 'n aingeachd, is na leig
ad cheartas iad a steach.
- 28 A leabhar fòs nam beo gu tur
sgriosar iad sud amach,
Is maille ris na fireanaibh
a bhuineas duit gun cheist,

Is ann an aireamh dhaoine còir
na sgriobhar iad am feasd.

29 Ach mise ta gu h-ainnis bochd
is làn do bhròn faraon:

Togadh do shlàinte mi an àird,
a Dhe, gu gràs-mhor caoin.

30 Le h-oran binn sior-mholaidh mi
deagh-ainm mo Dhe gach là,
'S a chliusan fòs sior-thogar leam
le buidheachas gu h-àrd.

31 'S fearr leis an Tighearn' sud gu mòr
na damh ta adharcach,
No iobairt fòs a bheireadh neach
do bhiorach crebhanach.

32 Na daoine sèimh tra chi iad so,
bidh aoibhneach ait gu leòr;
Is bidh 'ur crìdhse beo gu bràth
ta 'g iarraidh Dhia na glòir'.

33 Ri bochdaibh eisdidh Dia, 's cha dean
tàir air a phriosunaich.

34 Neamh, muir, is tir, gu moladh e
's gach nì 'ta gluasadach.

35 Oir bailte Iudah togaidh Dia,
is saorar Sion leis,
A chum gu meal iad i gu buan,
'ga h-àiteachadh am feasd.

36 Do shliochd a sheirbhiseach gu sior
is sealbh ro-dhileas i;
'S an dream a thug d'a ainmsan gradh
sior-chomhnuidh innte nì.

- EHOBHAIH Dhia, do m' theasairgin,
 's do m' choghnadh, deifrich ort.
- 2 Biodh nair' is amhluadh air an dream
 ta' gearraidh m'anma bhochd :
 Pillear an dream ud air an ais,
 le 'm miann mo lechd a ghnà,
 Mor amhluadh gu robh orra sud,
 is ruidheadh gruaidh gach la.
- 3 Gu pillear iadsan air an ais
 mar thuarasdal d'an nair',
 An dream a deir gu fanoideach,
 Aha, aha, le tàir.
- 4 Aoibhneas is aidhear, do gach neach
 ga d'iarraidh fein ata :
 Is abradh iad le 'n toigh do shlàint',
 Dia gu ma mòr, do ghnà.
- 5 Ach mise ta gu h-ainnis bochd,
 do m'ionnsuidh greas, a Dhia :
 Mo chobhair thu, 's mo shlanuighear,
 maille na dean, mo Thriath.

SALM LXXI.

- 5 ANN riut ata mi 'g earbsa, Dhe,
 nair' orm am feasd na biodh.
- 2 Ad cheartas fòir; thoir orm-dol as :
 aom rium do chluas, saor mi.
- 3 Ad charruig comhnuidh biosa dhomh,
 d'an tathuicheam do shior :
 Mo chaisteal, is mo dhaighneach thu,
 thug àithne chum no dhion.

- 4 A laimh nan aingidh, O mo Dhia,
dean fuasgladh dhomh am chruas,
A laimh na muintir eacoraich
ta ain-iochd mhor gun truas.
- 5 Oir's tusa, Thighearna mo Dhia,
mo dhòchas ann am fheum :
O aois is amisir m'òige 'nuas,
mo mhuinghin thu ro-threun.
- 6 'S ann leatsa chumadh mise suas
o thain' geas as a' bhroinn ;
A bolg mo mhàthar bhuin thu mi,
sior mholam thu gu binn.
- 7 Mar aobhar iongantais, a Dhe,
ag mòran a ta mi ;
Ach's tusa 's tearmunn dileas domh,
's mo spionnadh mòr gun di.
- 8 Lionar mo bheul le d' mholadh-sa,
's le t-onoir fein gach lo.
- 9 Na tilg mi dhiot am aois ; 's na treig
trà dh'fhàilnicheas mo threòir.
- 10 Oir m'aghaidh meud 's is naimhde dhomh
labhair gu sgaiteach geur :
'S an dream ta brath air m'anam bochd,
ghabh comhairle le cheil'.
- 11 Ag ràdh, Threigeadh e tur le Dia,
leanaibh e' nis gu teann,
Is glacaibh, oir d'a theasairgin
cha'n 'eil neach idir ann.
- 12 A Dhe, na boisa fada uam,
fòir orm, mo Dhia, gu luath.

- 3 Biodh nàir is claidh air m'eas-cairdibh
 'g am bheil air m'anam fuath :
 Masladh is nàire folcheadh iad,
 tha 'g iarraidh m' uile gach lò.
- 4 Sior-earbam riuts, is seinnidh mi
 do chliu ni 's mò 's ni 's mò.
- 5 Labhraidh mo bheul air t-fhireantachd,
 's do shlàint' gach la gun sgios,
 An aireamh sud ag lion-mhoireachd
 cha'n fheudar leam chur sios.
- 6 Trid neart an Tighearna mo Dhia
 fòs gluaisidh mi do ghnà :
 Is ni mi sgeul air t-fhireantachd,
 t-fhireantachd fein amhàin.
- 7 O m'òige rinn thu teagasg dhomh,
 a Thighearn' is a Dhe :
 Is chuir mi t-oibre iongantach
 gu ruige so an ceill.
- 8 A nis air bhi dhomh aos-mhor lia,
 na treig mi, Dhia nam feart :
 Gu taisbeanainn do neart's do ghràs,
 do'n àl a t'ann, 's ri teachd.
- 9 'S ro-àrd do cheartas fein, a Dhia,
 is rinn thu bearta mòr :
 O Dhia, co e a's cosmhuil riut,
 no choimeas leat is còir ?
- 10 Trioblaid ro-mhòr is an-shocair
 's tu thaisbein dhomh, a Dhe :
 Ath-bheothaichidh, is bheir thu rìs
 o dhoimhneachd talmhainn mi.

- 21 Mo mhòrachd cuiridh tus' am meud,
's bheir sòlas air gach taobh.
- 22 Air saltair molam thu, mo Dhia,
seadh t-fhirinn ta ro-chaomh.
Is seinneam dhuit air chlàrsaich bhinn,
Dhia naomh ud Israeil.
- 23 Ma bheilidh ni mòr-ghàirdeachas.
tra sheinneam dhuit le m'bheul:
Bidh subhachas is aoibhneas mòr
air m'anam fein, a Dhe,
A shoaradh leat gu tròcaireach
o thrioblaidibh gu leir.
- 24 Is bidh mo theang' air t-fhireantachd
ag iomradh feadh an la:
Oir nàir' is amhluadh fhuair an dream
'g iarraidh mo lochd a ta.

SALM LXXII.

- D**HIA, thoir do bhreitheanas do'n Rìgh,
is t-fhireantachd d'a mhac.
- 2 Bheir esan ceart-bhreith air a shluagh,
's do d'bhochdaibh còir 'nan airc.
- 3 Na sleibhtean arda bheir amach
siochaint do'n t-sluagh gu pailt:
Is bheir na tulaich bheaga sìth,
le fireantachd gun airc.
- 4 Air dhaoineibh bochd a' phobuill fòs
bheir esan breith gu ceart,
Is clann nan ainnis saoraidh e,
min-bhrìstidh luchd ain-neant.

- 5 Am feadh bhios grian is gealach ann
freasdal do'n la's do'n oidhch',
Bidh t-eagal orrasan gu mòr,
o linn gu linn a choidhch'.
- 6 Mar uisge air an fhaiche bhuaint',
bheir orra rithis fàs :
Mar fhràsaibh uisge air an fhonn,
is amhluidh sin a ghràs.
- 7 R'a linn-san bidh na fireanaich
gu h-ur a' fas le blà' :
'S am feadh a bhios a' ghealach ann,
bidh sìochaint pailt do ghnà.
- 8 Bidh uachdranachd aig' mar an ceudn'
o thuinn gu tuinn gu sìor,
Is ruigidh sud o'n abhainn mhòir
gu iomall crìch gach tìr'.
- 9 Luchd-comhnuidh fòs na fàsaich chruaidh
'na fhianuis sleuchdaidh sìos ;
A naimhdean imlichidh an ùir,
tra thig iad dlù le cìs.
- 10 Rìgh Tharsis, is nan eileanan,
tiolacan bheir iad uath',
Bheir rìghrean Sheba, Seba fòs
tabhairtais dha gu luath.
- 1 Seadh, fòs 'n a fhianais sleuchdaibh sìos
gach Rìgh air thalamh ta :
'S gach ginealach air feadh gach tìr',
dha sèirbhis nì do ghnà.
- 2 An t-àinnis bochd gun chuideachadh,
saornidh tra eigheas ris.

- 13 'S nì acarachd ri truaghan bochd,
is dionar anam leis.
- 14 'S e theasairgeas an anam fòs
o fhoill 's o fhoirneart geur :
Is fòs na shùilibh-san gun cheist
's priseil am fuil gu leir.
- 15 Bithidh e beo gu mairrionach,
òr Sheba bheirear dha :
Gnà-urnaigh nithear air a shon,
is molar e gach la.
- 16 'S an talamh cuirear dorlach sìl
air bharr nan sliabh 's nam beann ;
Is bidh a thoradh trom air chrith
mar Lebanon nan crann.
An dream ata fa chathair mhòir
bidh toradh orra's bla'
Gu lion-mhor, mar is dual do'n fheur
air talamh fàs a ta.
- 17 Bidh ainm-san buan gu suthain sior,
co-mhairionn ris a' ghrein ;
Is annsan beannuichear gach slògh ;
's beannuichear leo e fein.
- 18 Beannuicht gu robh an Tighearn' Dia,
Dia Israeil do ghnà,
An ti amhain nì miorbhuile
le treis' is neart a lamh.
- 19 Beannuicht gu robh gu siorruidh buan
ainm glòrmhor uasal fein ;
Lionadh a ghlòir gach uile thir,
Amen, agus Amen !

- 1 U firinneach tha Dia ro mhaith
 do phobull Israeil,
 Do'n dream 'gam bheil an cridhe glan,
 tha Dia dhoibh maith d'a reir.
- 2 Ach air mo shon-sa, 's beag nach d'aom
 mo chasa uam gu grad ;
 Cha mhòr nach d'rinn mo cheuma fòs
 sleamhnachadh uam air fad.
- 3 Ri h-amadanaibh ghabh mi tnù,
 re faicinn soirbheis daoibh.
- 4 Oir cuibhrichean cha'n 'eil nam bàs ;
 neart laidir 's leo gun dì.
- 5 Mar dhaoibh eile cha 'n 'eil iad
 fo thrioblaid no fo leòn :
 'S cha 'n eil iad air an sàruchadh
 mar chàch le piantaibh mòr.
- 6 Ardan mar shlabhraidh uime sin
 'g an cuartachadh a ta ;
 Am fòirneart fein 'g an còmhachadh
 mar eudach thart' do ghnà.
- 7 An sùile sult-mhor tha le saill :
 an tòic chaidh thar am miann.
- 8 Is truailidh iad, 's air fòirneart geur
 labhraidh gu-aingidh dian.
- 9 An aghaidh neamh agus nan speur
 am beul thog iad asuas,
 Air feadh na talmhainn is na tìr'
 an teanga-san do ghluais.
- 10 Fa'n aobhar ud gu ruig e so
 a shluagh-san pillidh iad ;

Is faisgear dhoibh do'n uisg' amach
lan cupain a's leòr meud.

- 11 Is deir iad, cia mar 's leir do Dhia?
'm bheil tuigs' san Ti a's aird'?
- 12 Feuch, sud na daòì, tha soirbheachadh,
ag fàs nan stòr gach la.
- 13 Mo chridh' gu dearbh ghlan mi gun stà
's an neo-chiont' nigh mo làmh.
- 14 Oir buailt' is smachduichte ta mi
gach madain, 's feadh gach la.
- 15 Ma their mi, Labhraidh mi mar so ;
feuch, pheacaichinn gu beachd
An aghaidh sliochd is ginealaich
na cloinne 's ionmhuin leat.
- 16 Tra bhreathnuich mi gu tuiginn so,
bu chruaidh-cheist orm an gnìomh,
- 17 Ach chaidh mi steach do naomh-theachd
is thuig mi 'n sin an crìoch. [De
- 18 Gu dìmhìn chuir thu iad air fad
an àitibh sleamhain lom :
Is thilg thu iad asios d' an sgrios
le dìoghaltas gu trom.
- 19 Feuch cionnas thainig orra claoidh
am mionaid bhig na h-uair?
Oir tha iad air an sgrios gu tur
le oillt is eagal mòr.
- 20 Mar aisling 'nuair a dhùisgeas neach,
mar sin, a Dhia nan sluagh,
Rinn thusa dimeas air an dealbh,
air mosgladh dhoibh a 'n suain.

- 1 Mar so bha air mo chridhe cràdh,
's am àirnibh goimh ro-gheur.
- 2 Oir bha mi bàoth is ain-eolach ;
mar bhrùid ad lath'r, a Dhe.
- 3 Gidheadh, tha mise maille riut,
O Thighearna, do ghnà, ;
Is air mo dheas-laimh ghilac thu mi
ga m' chumail suas gach la.
- 4 Do nithear leat mo stiuradh fòs
le d' chomhairl' ann am fheum,
Is gabhaidh tu mi 'steach fadheoidh
a' t-àros glòr-mhor fein.
- 5 Co agam anns na neamhaibh shuas
ach thusa, Dhia nan dùl ?
Is cha 'n 'eil neach air talamh fòs
ach thus 'am bheil mo dhùil.
- 6 Mo chridh' is m' fheoil faraon ata
air fàilneachadh gun cheist :
Gidheadh 's e neart mo chridhe Dia
's mo chuibhrionn buan am feasd.
- 7 Oir feuch iad sin tha fada uait,
teir-sgriosar iad gu luath :
Is claidhear leat gach uile neach
a theid air seachran uait.
- 8 Ach dhomhsa 's maith teachd dhù do
dhearb mi a Dia mo neart, [Dhia
A chum gu foillsichinn gu sior
gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat.

C'ARSON a thilg thu sinne uait
an ann gu bràth, a Dhe?

C'arson ri caoiribh t-ionaltraidh
a las do chorruidh gheur?

2 Cuimhnich, a Dhe? do chothional
a cheannuidh thu o chein;

An oighreachd sin a shaoradh leat,
Sion do chomhnuidh fein.

3 Mun deanar fasach shiorruith dhi,
do chasa tog gu grad;

Feuch meud an uile a rinn do nàmh
ad theampull naomh' air fad.

Do naimhde rinn iad beucadh borb
'measg co-thionail do shluaigh:

Is chuir iad suas am bratacha
mar chomhar air am buaidh.

5 Bu chliuteach neach mar dheanta leis
a thuagh a thoghail suas,

Air chrannaibh àrda dosrach tiugh,
a chum an leaga' nuas.

6 Ach 'nis an obair shnaighte ghrinn,
le h-ordaibh 's tuaghaibh bhrìst:

7 Is chuir iad suas 'na lāsair dheirg
do theampull naomh' 'g a sgrios'.

Tigh comhnuidh naomha t-ainmsa, Dh
feuch, thruaill iad e le tàir,

'G a mhilleadh is 'g a leaga' sìos
co-ìosal ris an làr.

8 Nan cridhe labhair iad mar so,
sgriosamaid iad le cheil':

Gach Sinagog aig Dia san tìr
loisgeadh leo iad gu leir.

9 Ar comhara nì 'm faicear leinn,
Fàidh nì bheil idir ann,
Nì mò tha neach 'n ar measg co-gheur
d'an leir cia fad an t-am.

10 Cia fhad a bheir, O Dhia nan dùl,
nà naimhde toibheim uath' ?
An toir an nàmhaid beum am feasd
do t-ainmsa, Dhia nan sluagh ?

11 C'arson a phillear leis do làmh.
do dheas-lamh air a h-ais ?
O buin amach o d' bhrollach i,
chum fuasglaidh oirn' gu cas.

12 Oir Dia na glòir tha neart-mhor àrd
o chian is se mo Rìgh,
Am builsgein talmhain le mhor-neart,
ag oibreach' slàint' is sìth.

13 An fhairge sgoilteadh leat le d' neart,
is cinn ro-laidir chruaidh
Nan dragon bhristeadh leat san uisg',
a' thabhairt orra buaidh.

14 Cinn Lebhiàtain àghoir mhòir
's tu fein a bhrìst is phronn.
Is thug tu e mar bhiadh do'n t-sluagh
a bha san fhàsach lom.

15 'S tu sgoilt na tiobairt is an tuil
's tu thiormaich aibhne mòr.

16 'S tu dheasuich solus agus grian
is leat an oidhch' 's an lò.

- 17 Crioche na talmhain shocruich thu :
rinn thu an samhradh teith,
'S an geamhradh fòs do rinneadh leat,
nan aimsiribh fa leth.
- 18 Gu d' thug na naimhde toibheim uath'
cuir sud air chuimhn', a Dhe,
'S gu d' thug am pobull amaideach
do t-ainm ro-uasal beum.
- 19 Anam do chalmain na toir suas
do chuideachd mhòir nan daoibh :
Is co-thional do dheòra bochd
na dearmaid iad a choidhch',
- 20 Do chùmhnannt thoir fainear, a Dhe ;
oir àite dorch' na tìr'
Tha uile air an aiteachadh
le luchd an fhoirneart gheir :
- 21 Na pillear air an ais le nair'
na dh'fhuiling fòirneart goirt :
An dream ta ainneis aim-beartach
deanadh iad moladh ort.
- 22 Tog ort is eirich suas, a Dhe,
tagair do chùis gu treunn :
Cuimhnich mar tha an t-amadan
gach la toirt dhuitsa beum.
- 23 Na dearmaid guth na muinntir sin
nan naimhdibh dhuit ata :
Tha bruidhean dhaoibh a dh'eirich riut,
sior dhol am meud do ghna.

- B**UIDHEACHAS gu robh dhuitsa, Dhe,
 buidheachas duit do ghnà :
 Oir foillsichidh do mbhiorbhuile,
 gur fagus t-ainm gach la.
- 2 Tra gheibh mi is a ghlacar leam
 co-thional mòr na tir',
 Do ni mi dhoibh deagh bhreitheanas,
 gu cothromach 's gu fìor.
- 3 Sgaoileadh an duthaich, is an sluagh
 'ga h-àiteachadh ata ;
 Ach mise cumaidh suas gu treun
 posta na tir' do ghnà.
- 4 Thubhairt mi ris gach amadan,
 Na gluais gu h-amaideach :
 'S ri luchd an uilc, Na togaibh suas ;
 'ur n-adharc ardanach.
- 5 'Ur n-adharc fòs na togaibh suas :
 ri cainnt le muineal cruaidh.
- 6 Ni h-ann o'n ear, no 'n iar, no deas
 thig onoir mhòr no buaidh.
- 7 Ach 's breitheamh Dia : a leagas aon,
 's a thogas aon fa seach.
 Oir cup an laimh an Tighearn' ta
 do'n fhion a's deirge dreach :
- 8 Làn coi'-meisg tha e, dortidh Dia
 cuid as amach gu grad :
- 9 A dheasgnean fàisgidh daoine daoì,
 is òlaidh iad air fad.
- 10 Ach cuiridh mise fòs an ceill
 gu suthain is gu sior,

Do Dhia ud Iacob canar leam
ard-mholadh binn gū fior.

11. Uil' adharca nan daoine daoì,
sgathaidh mi sìos 's gach ài ;
Ach adharca nan saoi air fad
togar gu grad an àird.

SALM LXXVI.

AN Iudah aithnichear ar Dia ;
's mor ainm an Isra'l naomh.

- 2 An Sàlem tha a phàilliun fòs,
a thàmh an Sion caomh.

- 3 Saighdean a' bhogha bhrìst e' n sin,
an sgia 's an claidhe geur.

An comharg is an cath faraon;
bhrìsteadh iad leis gu treun.

- 4 Is mò do mhòralachd, a Dhe,
is mò gu mòr do ghloir

Na beanntaidh thog an cinn gu h-àrd
le cobhartach rò-mhor.

- 5 Làn-chreachadh luchd a' chridhe chalm,
is chaidil iad le suain,

Na fir a bha nan curaidh' mhòr
an làmh fòs cha d'fhuaire.

- 6 O thus' a's Dia do Iacob ann,
le d' achasan 's le d'neart,

An carbad-cogaidh is an t-each
nan suain do chuireadh leat,

- 7 'S dùis eagail thu, thu fein a Dhe
cia neach a chogas riut.

No ann ad shealladh sheasas suas
an uair bhios corruich ort ?

8 Thug thusa air do bhreitheanas
o neamh gun cualas e :

Bha air an talamh eagail mòr
's 'na thàmh ghrad-fhuirich e.

9 Trà dh'eirich Dia chum breitheanais,
a theasairgin san am

Gach uile dhuine ciuin is seimh
air talamh a bha ann.

10 Bheir fearg is corruich dhaoine 'n sin
àrd-mholadh dhuit gu beachd ;

Is fuigheall fos na feirge mòir
làn-chaisgidh tu le d' neart.

11 Geallaidh ur mòid gu togarach
d'ar Dia Iehobhah àrd ;

Is coi-lionaibh gu firinneach
na gheallar leibhse dha ;

Gach neach ata m'a thimchioll-san
thugadh iad dha 'na am,

Deagh-thabhairtais is tiolaca
do'n ti 's cuis eagail ann.

12 Is e ni spiorad phrionnsadh mòr
a sgathadh uath' le neart ;

Do righribh fòs a chruinne-che
's cuis eagail e gu beachd.

SALM LXXVII.

DH'EIGH mi ri Dia gu h-àrd le m' ghuth ;
dh'eigh mi le m' ghuth gu h-àrd ;

Is 'nuair a ghlaodh mi ris, ghrad-thug
sàr eisdeachd dhomh gun dàil.

2 An la mo thrioblaid dh'iarr mi Dia :
is shruth mo leòn gun sgur,
Re fad na h-oidhch' : is m'anam truagh
toilinntin dhiult gu tur.

3 Air Dia ghrad-chuimhnich mi an sin,
is mi an trioblaid gheir ;

Ris rinn mi gearan trom gun tàmh,
chlaoidheadh mo spiorad fein.

4 Chum thu mà shùil 'na faireachadh :
tha mi co-iarganach

Nach feud mi focal caint no sgeil
labhairt le m' bheul amach.

5 An sin air làithibh fad o chein
smuaintich mi fein le beachd ;

Is bliadhnaidh fòs na h-aimsir chein
am àire fein bha teachd.

6 Seadh chuimhnich mi mo cheol san oidhch
's rinn caint ri m'chridhe fein,

Is rinn mo spiorad fòs gun tamh,
le dicheall, sgrùdadh geur.

7 An tilg an Tighearn' uaith' gu bràth,
nach nochd e ghradh ni 's mò ?

8 'N do sguir gu tur a ghràs am feasd',
's a ghealladh fad gach lo ?

9 'N do dhearmaid Dia gu firinneach
bhi gràs-mhor caoin gu bràth ?

'N do dhruid e suas 'na chorruih mhòir
a thròcair chaomh 's a ghradh ?

- 10 Ach thuirt mi (tra thug mi fanear,)
 Is i so m' anfhainn mhor ;
 Cuimhnicheam bliadhnaidh laimhe deis
 an Ti a's àirde glòir.
- 11 Gniomhara De sior-mheòraicheam,
 mar rinneadh leis gach beart,
 Is t-iongantais ò'n aimsir chein
 sior-chuimhnicheam gu beachd.
- 12 Air t-oibridh uile mar an ceudn'
 smuaintichidh mi gu tric,
 Is air gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat
 sior-labbraidh mi gu glic.
- 13 Do shlighe ta san ionad naomh,
 O Thighearn' is a Dhe :
 Co 's coi-meas ann am meud ri Dia
 a ta 'n a Dhia dhuinn fein ?
- 14 'S tu 'n ti tha deanamh iongantais,
 a Thighearna nam feart,
 Is ann am measg a' phobuil fòs
 do thaisbein thu do neart.
- 15 Do shaoradh leat d'an teasairgin
 de phobull dileas fein,
 Clann Iacob agus Ioseph fòs,
 le d' ghairdean neart-mhòr treun.
- 16 Chunnaic na h-uisgeachan thu Dhe,
 chunnaic iad thu gu beachd :
 Is ghabh iad geilt ; air doimhneachd fòs
 bha mòran ogluidheachd.
- 17 An uisge dhoirt na neoil anuas,
 bu ro-mhor fuaim nan speur :

Is chaidh do shaighde corranach
amach gu sgaiteach geur.

18 Ard ghuth do thairneanaich san speur'
chualas, a Dhe, gu tric ;
An saoghal las le dealanaich,
ghrad-luaisg an talamh 's chlisg.

19 Do cheuma tha san doimhneachd mhoir.
do shlighe tha sa chuan :
Ach lorg do chois cha'n aithnich sinn,
tha sud am folach uainn.

20 Is amhluidh mar gu biodh ann treud,
do phobull stiuradh leat ;
Le deagh-laimh Mhaois is Aroin fòs,
'g an treòrachadh gu ceart.

SALM LXXVIII.

EISDIBHSE, O mo shluagh, ri m' reachd :
is cluinnibh guth mo bheil.

2 Am briathraibh filidh cuiridh mi
sean-fhocla dorch' an ceill.

3 Na chuala sinn o'r sinnsearaibh,
na dh'innseadh leo-san duinn,

4 Cha'n fhòlaich sinn o 'n ginealach
's cha cheil sinn air an cloinn.

Ach foillsichidh sinn moladh Dhe
do 'n àl a ta ri teachd ;

'S na miorbhuilean a rinneadh leis,
a chumhachd is a neart.

5 Oir lagh an Iacob dhaighnich e
is reachd an Israel,

A dh'orduich e d'ar 'n aithrichibh
d'an cloinn an cur an ceill.

Chum fios bhi aig an àl ri teachd,
a' chlann ata gun bhreth :

'S gun innseadh iad do'n linn nan deigh
na nithe ceudn' fa leth.

7 A chum gu cuireadh iadsan fòs
an dochas ann an Dia,

Gu cuimhnicheadh iad oibre Dhe
's gu deanadh iad a riar :

8 'S nach biodh iad mar an sinnsireachd,
làn ceannairc is droch-bheart,

Gun spiorad tairis annt' do Dhia
's an cridhe gun bhi ceart.

9 Clann Ephraim le armaibh gleust',
air bogh' bu chuimseach beachd,

Ach phill iad air an ais le geilt
an làithibh cath' is feachd.

10 Co-cheangal Dhe chuir iad air cùl,
da reachdsan dhiult iad geill ;

11 'S na miorbhuilean a nochd e dhoibh
air cuimhne cha do ghleidh.

12 Bearta ro-mhiorbhuileach gu dearbh
nochd e san doibh san Eipht ;

Air machair Shòain thaisbein e
a chumhachd mar an ceudn',

13 Sgoilt e an fhairge 's thug e shluagh
gu tearuinte d'a trid ;

An cuan na thorr sheas os an cionn
gun chomas ruith asios.

- 14 Stiur e le neul iad anns an la ;
 's le teine anns an oidhch',
 A dheanamh soluis doibh is iuil
 san t-slighe dhùldai dhoirch.
- 15 Sgoilt creag san fhàsaich, aiste deoch
 thug, mar a doimhneachd mhòir.
- 16 Bhuin sruth' a creagaibh, thug air uisg'
 ruith sìos mar thuil gu leòr.
- 17 San fhasaich pheacuich iad ni 's mò ;
 is bhrosnuich an t-Ard rìgh.
- 18 Nan cridhe chuir iad cathadh air ;
 d'am miann ag iarraidh bidh.
- 19 Labhair iad fòs an aghaidh Dhe ;
 is thubhairt iad gu dian.
 Am feud Dia anns an fhàsaich mhòir
 bòrd dheasuchadh d'ar miann ?
- 20 Feuch, bhuail e chreag, bhruchd uisge
 dh'eirich an tuil gu luath. [mach,
 Am feud e àran thabhairt fòs ?
 an deasuich feòil da sluagh ?
- 21 Air cluintinn so, ghabh corruich Dia ;
 ri Iacob teine las,
 Is dh'eirich fearg ro-dhoinionnach
 ri Israel gu cas :
- 22 Chionn nach do chreid iad ann an Dia,
 's nach d'earb iad' as a shlaint' ;
- 23 Ge d' fhosgail dorsa neamha fòs,
 's na neoil o'n aird gu d'dh'aithn.
- 24 Ge d'dhoirt e orra Manna nuas,
 ge d' fhuair iad coire nan speur.
- 25 Biadh aingeal dh'ith iad : thug e dhoibh
 do lòn an saith gu leir.

- 26 'San speur thug e air gaoith an ear
gu d'imich i gu treun :
Is thug e fòs le neart asteach
a ghaoth dheas mar an ceudn'.
- 27 Fòs dhoirt e orra 'nuas mar dhus
do fheoil an uile shàth ;
'S eoin iteagach bu lionmhoire
na gaineamh air an tràigh.
- 28 Do leig e sud nan camp anuas
m'an cuairt nan àite tàimh.
- 29 Seadh dh'ith iad uile 's shàsuicheadh ;
oir thug e dhoibh na b'aill.
- 30 Cha robh iad air an sgarachduin
o mhiann an cridhe fein ;
Ach air bhith acasan am biadh
'g a chagnadh dian nam beul,
- 31 A chuid sin dhiubh bha sultmhor treun,
ghlac Dia 'na fheirg is mharbh :
'S an òigridh thaght' an Israel
ghrad-bhuaileadh leis gu garbh.
- 32 Gidheadh an deigh gach gnìomh dhiubh
do pheacuich iad gu mor ; [sud
Is ge do rinn e miorbhuilean
nìor chreid iad mar bu choir.
- 33 An laithean chaith e, uime sin,
an diomhanas air fad.
Is bliadhnachan an aois gu leir
le carroid ghèir chaidh thart'.
- 34 An uair a mharbhadh leisan iad,
dh'iarr iad e'n sin gu dian,
Seadh phill iad, agus bha iad fòs
gu moch ag iarraidh Dhia.

- 35 Is chuimhnich iadsan gu b'è Dia
an carraig threun do ghnà :
Is gu b'è fòs an Dia a's àird'
b' fhear-saoruidh dhoibh gach là.
- 36 Ach rinn iad miodal ris le 'm beul,
le 'n teangaidh breug is gò.
- 37 Cha robh an cridhe ceart ; 's cha robh
'n a chumhnant dileas da.
- 38 Ach Dia, ro-iochd-mhor mhaith an lochd'
's an sgrios cha d' rinn gu geur ;
Bu tric a phill e chorruidh uath' ;
's a ghleidh e fhearg air fein.
- 39 Oir annta chuimhnich e nach robh
ach feòil theid as mar bhlàth,
Is osag ghaoith a gabhas seach,
's nach pill a rìs gu bràth.
- 40 Cia tric a chuir iad cathadh air
san fhàsaich thart-mhoir chruaidh :
San fhàsaich chuireadh corruich air
le eas-aontas an t-sluaigh ?
- 41 Seadh phill iad uile air an ais,
bhrosnuich iad Dia le cheil'
Chuir laithilt agus tomhas fòs,
air Ti naomh Israeil.
- 42 Dhi-chuimhnich iad, 's cha d'thug fainear
a ghairdean treun 's a làmh :
No 'n ta san d'thug e furtachd dhoibh
is fuasgladh deas o 'n nàmh :
- 43 Na fòs mar rinneadh anns an Eipht,
comhara Dhe nam feart :

Air machair Shaòin mar an ceudn'
a mhiorbhuile le neart.

- 14 An srutha chaochail e gu fuil,
's na h-ùilt nach feudta 'n òl.
- 15 Chuir losgainn chuc', is cuileagan;
's leo chlaoidheadh iad gu mòr.
- 16 An toradh thug e is am barr
do'n chaterpileir bheag;
Is saothair fòs an làmh air fad
fo ailghios locust leig.
- 17 Am fion-chrainn bhrìst e mar an ceudn'
le cloich-shneachd chruaidh 's gach ait;
Is amhluidh mhill le reodhadh teann
an cranna-fìgis ard.
- 18 Am feudail thug e thairis fòs
do'n chloich-shneachd sgaitich gheir;
'S le saighdibh teine-dealanaich
ghrad-chuir e as d'an treud.
- 19 Teas feirge, trioblaid, 's corruich mhòr,
orra thilg e gu grad,
Le ainglibh olc a chur nam measg
d'an claidh gu goirt air fad.
- 20 D'a chorruich rinn e bealach reidh:
an anam thug do'n bhas;
Am beatha thruagh thug thairis fòs
do ghalar-plàigh 's do'n chàs.
- 1 Throm-bhuaileadh leisan anns an Eipht
gach ceud-ghi a bha an:
Toiseach an neart's no pàilliunaibh
a bha aig gineil Ham.

- 52 Ach thug e 'mach a phobull caomh
mar chaoiribh as an tìr :
Is rinn mar threud san fhàsaich mhòir
an treòrachadh gu fìor.
- 53 Stiuradh leis iad gu tearuinte,
gun eagal is gun sgà :
Ach air an naimhdibh dh'aom an cuan,
's le fuathas uile bhàth.
- 54 Gu 'criochaibh ionaid naomha fein
thug e a phobull leis :
Gu ruig an cnoc so choisin e,
's a bhuadhuich a làmh dheas.
- 55 Thilg e na cinnich rompa mach,
's an oighreachd roinn le crann :
Do Isra'ì thug e'n àite sud
gu comhnuidh ghabhail ann.
- 56 Ach bhrosnuich agus ghreanaich iad
'an Dia a's airde glòir,
'N sìdir cha do choimhid iad
a naomh-reachd mar bu chòir :
- 57 Ach phill iad mar an sinnseara,
s' gu fealltach ghluais air fad :
Mar bhogha fiar chaidh iad a thoibh,
is chlaon iad uaith' gu grad.
- 58 Le 'n dealbhaibh, is le'n àitibh àrd
chuir iad air fearg is eud :
- 59 Dia thug fanear, 's bha corruich air,
is gràin ri Israel.
- 60 Ionus a phobull gu do threig
an Siloh chuir a lamh :

- 'S am pailliun fòs a shocruich e
measg dhaoine ghabhail taimh.
- 61 Gu bruid thug suas an neart, 's an gloir
gu laimh nan naimhde garg.
- 62 Do 'n chlaidhe thug e suas a shluagh :
ri oighreachd ghabh e fearg.
- 63 An teine loisg an òigridh ghleust' ;
pòsadh cha d'fhuair an òigh'n.
- 64 An sagairt thuit le claidhe geur :
's cha d'fheuch am bantraich bròn.
- 65 Ghrad-mhosgail Dia an sin, mar neach
ag eiridh as a shuain :
Mar churaidh 'n deigh bhi pòit air fion
tra ni e iolach chruaidh.
- 66 Nan deireadh bhuaileadh leis gu geur
a naimhde fein le tàir :
Is chuir e iad o sin amach
gu masladh buan is nair'.
- 67 Seadh pailliun Ioseph dhiultadh leis :
mar sin's treabh Ephraim fòs :
- 68 Ach thagh e Iudah, 's thug e gradh
do Shion ard gu mòr.
- 69 Thog esan fhàrdoch naomh an sud
mar lùchairt àrd ro-dheas :
Is mar an talamh socair teann
a dhaighnich e am feasd.
- 70 Fòs oglach Daibhidh thagh, is thug
o chrò nan caorach e :
- 71 'So leanntuinn fòs nan òisge trom
bha torrach air an spreidh ;

Is thug e dha gu'm bheathachadh
 Iacob a phobull naomh,
 Mar sin is gineal Israeil
 a b' oighreachd dha ro-chaomh.

- 72 Reir ionracais a chridhe fein
 bheathaich e iad gu beachd :
 Do reir deagh sheoltachd fòs a lamh,
 stiuradh leis iad gu ceart.

SALM LXXIX.

THAINIG, a Dhe, na fineachan
 a steach do d' oighreachd fein,
 Thruail iad do theampull naomh', is
 'na torr Ierusalem. [dh'fhag

- 2 Is thug iad cuirp do sheirbhiseach
 mar bhiadh do eoin nan speur :
 Is feoil do naomh mar chobhartach,
 do bheathaichibh an t-sleibh.
- 3 Mu thimchioll fòs Ierusalem
 dhoirt iad am fuil mar uisg' :
 Is cha robh neach da'n adhlacadh
 's d'an cur san uaigh an taisg.
- 4 Ball-fanoid agus maslaidh sinn
 d'ar coimhearsnachaidh fein :
 Cùis spòrs' is mhagaidh do gach neach
 ata m'ar cuairt gu leir.
- 5 Cia fhada bhitheas corruich ort,
 a Dhe, am bi gu bràth ?
 Is d'eud am bi a' losgadh ruinn
 mar lasair theith do ghnà ?

- 6 Doirt mach do chorruidh air na sloigh
aig nach 'eil eòlas ort,
Is air na rioghachdaibh nach gairm
air t-ainm, a Dhia nam feart.
- 7 Oir mhill iad Iacob, fhardoch fòs
'na fàsaich chuir iad sìos.
- 8 Na peacaidh fòs a rinneadh leinn
na cuimhnuich dhùinn a ris ;
Tioncadh gu luath do thrùacantas,
ruigeadh e oirn mu thrà :
Oir 's dìbli bochd a nis ar staid
a' tuiteam sìos gach la.
- 9 Dean coghnadh leinn, O Dhe ar slaint
air sgà glòir t-ainme fein ;
Sgà t-ainmsa saor sinn agus glan
ar peacaidh uainn gu leir.
- 10 Cio uime 'n abradh fhineacha,
ca bheil a nis an Dia ?
Measg fhineacha 'nar sealladh fein
aithnicheadh iad an Triath,
Le dioghaltas a ghabhail diubh :
oir dhoirteadh leo gun iochd
Fuil neo-chiontach do sheirbhiseach,
gu saibhir is gu tric.
- 11 Osnaidh a' phrìosunaich ad lath'r
thigeadh, a Dhe nam feart ;
'S an dream a dh'orduicheadh chum bàis
saorsa, reir meud do neart.
- 12 Riusan tha dhùinn nan coimhearsnaibh
'nam brollach diol am beum,

Gach masladh le'n do spreig iad thu,
seachd uaire pill riu fein.

- 13 Treud t-ionaltraidh, 's do phobull sinn,
molaidh sin thu do ghnà ;
Is cuiridh sinn an ceill do chliu
o linn gu linn gu bràth.

SALM LXXX.

EISD, aodhair Israeil, a stiur
Ioseph mar threud le d'laimh.

Thusa ta d' thamh measg Cherubim,
dealruich amach mu thrà.

- 2 An lathair Ephraim, 's Bhenjamin,
agus Mhanasseh fòs,
Dùisgsa do chumhachd ; agus thig
d'ar saoradh mar is nòs.

- 3 Pill sin a rìs, a Dhe nam feart :
tog oirne suas gu h-àrd
Deagh dhealradh glan do ghnùis a nis,
is saorar sin le d'ghras.

- 4 Cia fhad, a Thighearna nan sluagh,
a leanas corruich riut
Ri guidhe ghèir na muintir sin
a's phobull dileas duit ?

- 5 Oir bheathaich thu do shluagh gu leir
le aran deur is bròin :
Is tomhas saibhir thug thu dhoibh
do dheuraibh goirt r' an òl.

- 6 Is rinn thu sinn mar aobhar siri
d'ar coimhearsnachaibh fein :

- 'N ar n-aobhar spòrs' is abhacais
d'ar n-eas-cairdibh gu leir.
- 7 Pill sin a rìs, o Dhe nan slogh,
tog oirne suas gu h-àrd
Deagh dhealradh glan do ghnùis anis,
is saorar sin le d'ghras.
- 8 Thug thu fineamhuin as an Eipht :
na Cinnich thilg thu mach,
Is shuidhich thus, an fhineamh'n ud
nan ionad sud fa seach.
- 9 Reitich thu aite dhi ; is ghabh
i freumh gu daingean teann,
Le d' bheannachadh ; is lionadh le
an tir o cheann gu ceann.
- 10 Na cnoic ro-arda dh'fholuich i
le sgail' 's le dubhar fein :
A geugan bha a' cinneachdain
mar sheudair bhreagha reidh.
- 11 An dara taobh gu ruig an cuan
chuir i amach a mèir,
An taobh ud eil' a geugan shìn
gu ruig an abhann mhor.
- 12 A callaid cia mar bhriseadh leat !
ionus gu bheil gach neach
Theid seachad air an rathad mhòr,
ga spionadh leo fa seach.
- 13 Tha'n torc a thig o'n choill' amach
'g a fasachadh gu leir,
Tha beathaich allt' na machrach fòs
'ga slugadh suas le cheil'.

- 14 Pill, guidhmid ort, O Dia nan sluagh,
is seall o neamh anuas,
Feuch, agus fìoruich fein a nis
an fhineamh 'n sò le truas :
- 15 Am fion-lios fin a phlanntuich thu
le neart do laimhe deis' :
'S am meanglan ùd a neartuich thu
dhuit fein le lùth is treis.
- 16 Le lasair theine loisgeadh iad
is ghearradh iad anuas :
Làn mhilleadh agus sgriosadh iad
le achasan do ghnùis.
- 17 Le fear do dheas-laimh fein, a Dhe,
gu robh do lamh gu treun :
Le mac an duin' a rinneadh leat
a neartuchadh dhuit fein.
- 18 Mar sin cha phill sinn uait a rìs,
ath-bheothaich sinn gach lo,
Is gairidh sinn air t-ainm an sin
an cian a bhios sinn beo.
- 19 Pill sinn a rìs, a Dhia nam feart,
is foillsich fein gu h-àrd
Deagh dhealradh glan do ghnùis a nis,
is saorar sinn le d' ghràs.

SALM LXXXI.

SEINNIBH gu h-ard do Dhia ar neart ;
do Dhia Iacob gu binn,
2 Is glacaibh Salm, is tiompan fos :
saltair is clàrsach ghrinn.

- 3 An trompaid seidibh san rè nuadh,
air làithibh orduicht feill'.
- 4 Bu lagh sud ag Dia Iacob fòs ;
's bu reachd do Israel.
- 5 Do Ioseph dh'orduich sud mar theist,
air dol dha trid nach Eipht,
'S an cualas caint is uirigill
nach tuiginn as am beul.
- 6 O'n uallach shaor mi ghuala-san :
o obair chrè a làmh.
- 7 Oir ghair thu ann ad thrioblaid orm
is shaor mi thu gun dail.
An ionad diomhair tairneanaich
do fhreagair mi do ghlaodh :
Aig uisge coistri Mheribah
do dhearbh mi thu faraon.
- 8 Eisd, O mo shluagh, is bheir mi dhuit
deagh-fhianuis air gach tra,
Ma dh'eisdeas tu ri guth mo bheil,
O Israeil do ghnà.
- 9 Annad na biodh aon-uair air bith
dia eile coigreach breig',
Is do Dhia coimheach fòs air bith
na cromsa sìos 's na geill.
- 10 'S mise do Dhia Iehobhah treun,
thug thus' o'n Eipht' le neart,
Gu fairsing fosgail rium do bheul,
is lionam e gu pailt.
- 11 Gidheadh cha d' thug mo phobull fein
eisdeachd do ghuth mo bheil,

'S cha ghabhadh rium an aitim ud
à ghin o Israel.

12 Mar sin do mhiann an cridhe fein
thug mise thairis iad ;

'S chuir iad le'n comhairlibh neo-glic
an seacharain am meud.

13 O b'fhearr gu biodh mo phobull fein
a' tabhairt geill do m'reachd ;
Is fòs gu gluaiseadh Israel
am shligibh fein gu ceart !

14 An naimhde smachduichinn gu luath,
le buaidh 'g an leagadh sìos.
Is phillinn air a eas-cairdibh
mo làmh, da'n cur fo chìs.

15 Luchd-fuath an Tighearna mar sin,
bheireadh làn-umhlachd dha ;
Ach bhiodh an aimsir sud ro-bhuan
is mairreanach gu bràth.

16 Is bheireadh e d'am beathachadh
smior cruineachd fòs d'a shluagh :
Do làn-diol bheirinn duit faraon
do'n mhill o'n charraig chruaidh.

SALM LXXXII.

AN cothional nan treun ata
'n a sheasamh Dia nam feart :
Am measg nan Dè bheir esan breith
le cothrom is le ceàrt.

2 Cia fhad a bheir sibh breitheanas
gu h-eucorach 's gach cùis ;

- Toirt leth-bhreith air' na daoine daoì,
'gam meas a reir an gnùis?
- 3 Do dhaoine bochd 's do dhilleachdain
deanuibhse dìon le ceart:
Is cumaibh còir riu sud do ghnà
ta cràiteach bochd gun neart.
- 4 An t-ainnis lag's an deòradh truagh
sior-theasairgibh nam feum,
Deanuibh o laimh nan aingidh fòs
deagh-fhuasgla' dhoibh gu treun.
- 5 Eolas no tuigse cha'n 'eil ac'
a' triall san dorchaidh ta'd;
Tha bunaite na talmhain fòs
air gluasachd as an àit.
- 6 Is dè sibh (thubhairt mi) is mì,
do'n Tì a's àird' a t'ann: [dhaoìn?
- 7 Ach tuitidh, 's gheibh sibh bàs mar
's mar aon do phrionnsaibh fann.
- 8 Dhia, eirich, air an talamh dean
deagh bhreitheanas gu grad:
Oir gabhaidh tu mar oighreadh dhuit
na fineachan air fad.

SALM LXXXIII.

- NA bios ad thosd a nis, na bi
ad thàmh, O Dhia ar neart,
Na bi ad chomhnuidh nis 'nar feum,
Dhia chumhachdaich nam feart.
- 2 Oir feuch, ata do naimhde treun
ri strì 's ri buaireas ard;

- 'S an dream ud leis am fuathach thu
thog suas an cinn an aird.
- 3 Oir ghabh iad comhairl' innleachdach
'n aghaidh do mhuintir fein, [chaoimh
'N aghaidh do phobuill dhiomhaire
dhealbhadh leo sud droch-theum.
- 4 A deir iad, thigibh leinn, d'an sgrios
o bhi ni 's mò nan sluagh :
A chum nach biodh air Israel
iomradh gu bràth no luaidh.
- 5 Oir ghabh iad comhairle le cheil' ;
a't-aghaidh ceangal rinn.
- 6 Pailliun Edom, 's Ishmaelich,
Moab is Hagaren.
- 7 Gebal, Amon, is Amelec :
Palestin, 's muintir Thior.
- 8 Dhruid Asur leo : 's bu choghnadh iad
do ghineil Lot gu fìor.
- 9 Mar rinneadh leat air Midian,
's air Sisera le cheil' ;
Air Iabin aig sruth Chisoin cas
dean orra sud d'a reir :
- 10 Aig Endor mar a chaidh an claidh,
mar aolach air an làr.
- 11 Air Oreb mar rinn thu, 's air Seeb,
dean air an uaislibh tàir :
Mar Sheba fòs is Salmunna,
am prionnsaibh dean gu leir :
- 12 A thubhairt, glacamaid dhùinn fein
mar oighreachd àrois De.

- 13 Dean iad mar chiob nan lus, mo Dhia ;
mor mhol roì ghaoith nan gleann.
- 14 Mar chlaoidheas teine coillteach chrìon,
's mar loisgeas lasair beann :
- 15 Mar sin le d' dhoininn orra sud
dean thusa tòrachd dhian ;
Le t-iom-ghaoith, is le d' stoirm ro-
cuir orra geilt is fiamh. [mhòir
- 16 An eudan lion le masladh mòr,
's le ruidheadh-gruaidh gach rè,
Gu ruig an uair ann iarrar leo
t-aimn glòr-mhor fein, a Dhe.
- 7 Biodh amhluadh orra mar an ceudn',
is trioblaid mhòr a choidhch' :
Is glacadh nàire maslach iad,
d'am milleadh is d'an claidh.
- 8 Gu'n aithnich iad gur tusa mhain
d'an ainm Iehobhah treun,
Tha t-uachdaran os-cionn gach tìr'
san domhan mhor gu leir.

SALM LXXXIV.

- 1 CIA mor an airi' ghraidh do theach,
Iehobhah mhòir nan sluagh !
Cia taitneach dhomhsa t-àros naomh,
O Thighearna nam buadh !
- 2 Tha m'anam meat, ag meud a mhiann,
air cùirtibh Dhe gach lo :
Mo chridh' is m'fheòil ri scairteach
'n geall air an Dia ta beo. [chruai

- 3 Feuch fhuair an sud an gealbhonn beag
tigh comhnuidh maith 'na fheum,
'S an gòlan-gaoithe mar an ceudn'
do sholair nead dh'i fein.
Is taisgidh i an sin a h-eoin
's a h-àlach beag gun chli:
Ag t-altair fein, O Dhia nan sluagh,
mo Thighearn' is mo Righ.
- 4 'S beannuicht an dream an comhnuidh t'
a' t-àros naomh' a Dhe,
Oir bheir iad (mar is cubhaidh dhoibh
mòr-mholadh dhuit gach rè.
- 5 'S beannuicht an duine sin 'gam bheil
annads' a neart gach la:
An dream 'gam bheil nan cridhe 'stigh
do shlighe fein do ghnà.
- 6 An dream sin trid glinn Baca theid
ni tobair ann, nam feum:
Is lionuidh uisge thig anuas
na sluic gu ruig am beil.
- 7 Sior-ghluaisidh iad mar sin gun sgios,
a' dol o neart gu neart:
An Sion nochdar iad fadheoidh
an làthair Dhia nam feart.
- 8 O Dhia nan sluagh, cluinn m'urnaigh
Dhe Iacob, eisd gu grad. [fe
- 9 O Dhia ar sgia, feuch, 's amhaire air
gnùis t-ungaidh fein gun stad.
- 10 'S fearr la ad chùirt na mìle la:
b'fhearr leam bhi dorsaireachd

An àros De, na m' chomhnuidh fòs
am pàillium aingidheachd.

- 1 Oir 's grian, 's is sgia Iehobhah Dia
is e bheir gràs is glòir,
'S cha chum e maith air bith o'n dream
ghluaiseas gu dìreach còir.
- 2 O Thighearn' is a Dia nan sluagh,
is beannuicht e gun cheist
An duine sin, gu muinghineach,
d'an dòchas thu am feasd.

SALM LXXXV.

- 3 HA thusa gràs-mhor fabharach,
a Dhe, do d' dhùthaich fein :
Bruid Iacob thug thu air a h-ais
a ris le d' ghairdean treun.
- 2 Cionta do phobuill mhaith thu fein,
dh'fholuich thu'n uile lochd.
- 3 Chaisg thu do chorruidh uile, 's phrill
o'n lasan a bha ort.
- 4 Pill sin a rìs, a Dhia ar slàint,
is tog do lasan dhinn.
- 5 Am bi do chorruidh ruinn gu bràth ?
's an sìnear t-fhearg gach linn ?
- 6 Nach deanar leatsa, Dhia nan gràs,
a rìs ar tabhairt beo ;
Gu deanadh annad gàirdeachas
do phobull fein gach lo ?
- 7 Taisbein do thròcair dhùinn a nis,
a Thighearn' is a Dhe.

Is deonuich dhuinne t-fhurtachd fòs,
's do shlàinte fein gach rè.

8 'Nis eisdeam ris an nì deir Dia:

labhraidh e sìth gu beachd

R'a phobull naomh; 's na pilleadh iad
a rìs ri h-amaideachd.

9 Gu dearbh tha chobhair dlù do'n dream
d'an eagal e gu fìor;

Chum glòir a bhi 'n a comhnuidh fòs
gu bunaiteach 'nar tìr.

10 Tha tròcair agus fìrinn ghlan
air comhlachadh a cheil':

Tha ceartas agus sìochaint mhaith
ag pògadh beul ri beul.

11 Is fàsaidh as an talamh fòs
fìrinn anios gu pailt:

Is seallaidh ceart is fireantachd
o neamh anuas gun airc.

12 Is amhluidh bheir Iehobhah dhùinn
nì maith gu toirbheartach,

Is bheir ar fearann is ar fonn
deagh-thoradh trom amach.

13 Sior-ghluaisidh ceart is fireantachd
'n a fhianais san gu reidh:

Is sinn air sligh' a cheumana
gu dìreach stiuradh e.

SALM LXXXVI,

Aom rium do chluas is cluinn mi, Dhia,
oir tha mi ainnis truagh:

- 2 Dean thusa, chionn gu buin mi dhuit,
m'anam a dhion gu luath :
- 3 O's tu mo Dhia, saor t-òglach fein
tha 'g earbsa riut do ghnà.
- 3 Dean tròcair orm, a Dhia, le iochd :
fior gaiream ort gach la.
- 4 Dean anam tòglaich dhileis fein
fior-aoibhin agus ait :
Arson gu togam riut, a Dhe,
m'anam gu leir am airc.
- 5 Oir tha thu fein ro-mhàith, a Dhe,
lan iochd is acarthachd.
Is tha thu, do na ghairmeas ort,
pailt ann an tròcaireachd.
- 6 Eisd m'urnaigh, Dhia : is thoir fainear
guth gearanach mo chaoi.
- 7 An la mo thrioblaid gaiream ort :
oir freagraidh thusa mi.
- 8 Am measg nan Dè ni bheil, a Dhia,
aon neach a's cosmhuil riut :
No gnìomh air bith as cosmhuil ris
gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat.
- 9 Thig iad, gach fine rinneadh leat,
is sleuchduidh dhuit, a Dhe,
Is bheir iad glòir is moladh àrd
do t- ainmsa feadh gach rè.
- 10 Arson, a Dhe, gu bheil thu mòr,
's gu deantar oibre leat
Tha miorbhuileach ; 's tu fein amhàin
Dia chumhachdach nam feart.

- 11 Do shlighe teagaisg dhomh, a Dhia,
a t-fhirinn gluaisidh mi :
Chum eagal t-ainmsa gu biodh orm
mo chridhe druid riut fein.
- 12 Le m'uille chridhe molam thu,
O Thighearna mo Dhia :
Do t-ainm ro-uasal bheiream fòs
ard-ghlòir air feadh gach ial.
- 13 Oir 's mor do thròcair dhomhsa, Dhe,
is fòs o ifrinn shios
Fuasgladh thug thu do m'anam bochd
is thog tu e anios.
- 14 Luchd-ardain dh'eirich rium, a Dhe,
is cuidheachd làidir dhian,
Ag iarraidh m'anm', ach thusa Dhe,
nìor chuir iad rompa riamh.
- 15 Ach tha thu, Dhe, mo-throcaireach,
ro-ìochd-mhor anns gach càs ;
Chum feirge mall, ach saibhir pailt
am firinn is an gràs.
- 16 O pill rium, is dean trocair orm,
thoir neart do t-òglach fein,
Do mhac do bhan-òglaich faraon
dean fuasgladh ann a fheum.
- 17 Comhar'air mhaith nochd dhomhsa, Dhi,
luchd m'fhuath gu faiceadh e,
'S gu gabhadh naire, chionn gur tu
mo neart, is m'fhurtachd fein.

THA bhunaite 's na sleibhtibh naomh'.

2 'S ro-ionmhuineach le Dia
Geatachan Shioin, thar gach ait
a bha aig Iacob riamh.

3 Nithe ro-ghlòr-mhor innsear ort,
a chathair àluinn De

4 Rachab, is Babel cuimhnicheam,
do'n dream d'an aithne mi :

Gabh beach air Tirtus mar an ceudn',
is dùthaich Phalestin,

Maille ri Etiopia :

rugadh am fear-so 'n fin.

5 Mu thimchioll Shioin theirear so,
am fear-so rugadh fòs

'S am fear ud innt' ; an Ti a's àird'
socruichidh i air choir.

6 Tra sgrìobhas Dia le cuimhne mhaith,
na fineacha fa leth,

'N sin àirmhidh e gum b'ann an sud
bha 'm fear-so air a bhreth.

7 Luchd seinn nan oran bìdh an sud,
luchd inneil-ciùil d'an reir :

'S ann annad fein, a Dhia nan gràs,
tha 'm uile thobair fein.

SALM LXXXVIII.

IHOBHÀH Dhia mo Shlànnighear,
ort ghair mi dh'oidhch 's a la.

2 A' t-fhianais thigeadh m'ùrnaigh fòs ;
is eisd mo ghlaodh do ghnà.

- 3 Oir m'anam làn do thrioblaid tha :
's do'n uaigh mo breatha dhù.
- 4 Seadh mbeasadh mi mar neach theid sios
do'n t-slochd ; is mi gun lùth.
- 5 Saor tha mi measg nam marbh, is fòs
mar mharbh san uaigh gun deo,
A sgathadh sios le d' làimh gu beachd,
's nach cuimhnichear ni 's mò.
- 6 Chuir thu mi'n àitibh domhain, dorch',
san t-slochd a's isle t'ann.
- 7 Is chlaoidh thu mi le d' shumainnibh :
luidh ormsa t-fhearg gu teann.
- 8 Chuir thu luchd m'eolais fada uam :
's ro sgreataidh mise leo :
Mar neach am prìosun druidte mi,
nach faigh amach ni's mò.
- 9 Do bhri mo thrioblaid tha mo shùil
ri caoidh' is bròn do ghna:
Mo làmhan shìn mi riut, a Dhe,
is ghairm mi ort gach la.
- 10 Do mhiorbhuile do'n dream tha marbh,
a Dhe an taisbein thu ?
An eirich iad anios a rìs,
gu mol iad tu le cliu ?
- 11 Do thròcair is do chaoimhneas caomh
am foillsichear san uaigh
Air t-fhirinn ann an sgrios a' bhàis
le neach an toirear luaidh ?
- 12 Am bi maoin eolais anns an dorch'
air t-fheartaibh miorbhuileach ?

No 'm bi an tir na di-chuimhn' fios
no beachd air t-fhireantachd?

13 Ach riutsa ghlaodh mi, O mo Dhia:
gu moch theid m'urnaigh suas.

14 Dhia com' an tilg thu m'anam uait?
's an cum thu uam do ghnùis?

15 O m' oige tha mi air mo chràdh,
ro-dhlù do bhàs is uaigh;
Air dhomh bhi fulang t-uabhasan,
tha mi an imcheist chruaidh.

16 Oir dh'imich tharum t-fhearg gu trom;
chlaoidh t-urbhas mi do ghna;

17 Mar uisge chaidh iad timchioll orm,
ga m' chuartachadh gach la.

18 Mo charaid chuir thu uam am fad,
's am fear thug dhomsa gradh:
Lùchd m'eolais mar an ceudna tha
an dorchadas nan tamh.

SALM LXXXIX.

AIR trocair De sior-sheinnidh mi
is ni mi orra sgeul;

O àl gu h-àl gu mairionach
air t-fhirinn thig mo bheul.

2 Oir thubhairt mi, ga togar suas
do thròcair mhòr do shior.

Is t-fhirinn cheart sna neamhaibh àrd
socruichear leat gu fìor.

3 Co-cheangal rinneadh leam gu dearbh
ris-an a roghnaich mi:

- 'S do Dhaibhidh tha na oglach dhomh
mhionnuich mi fein gu fìor.
- 4 Socruichidh mi gu daingean buan
do ghinealach 's do shìol,
Do chathair rioghail togam suas
le h-onoir bhuan gu sìor.
- 5 Molaidh na neamha àrd gu binn
do miorbhuilean, a Dhe ;
Is t'fhirinn ann an co-thional,
do chloinne naomha fein.
- 6 Oir co sna neamha choi'-measar
ri Dia Iehobhah mòr ?
Is co ta measg nan cumhachdach
cosmhuil ri Dia na glòir ?
- 7 An cothional nan naomh gu beachd
's cùis eagail Dia gun cheist:
Ard-urram o gach neach mu'n cuairt
dha 's dleasanach am feasd.
- 8 O Thighearna 's a Dhia nan sluagh,
co 'n Triath sinn ann an neart
Is cosmhuil riut ? a t-fhirinn fòs
ga d' chuartuchadh gu beachd ?
- 9 Ard-onfha cuain is fairge mhòir
's tu chuireas iad fo reachd :
A sumainneadh tra dh'eireas suas,
caisgidh tu iad le smachd.
- 10 Mar dhuine buailte dol do'n eug
mhion-phronnadh Rahab leat :
Do naimhde sgaoil thu as a cheil'
le d' ghàirdean treun 's le d' neart.

- 11 Is leatsa, Dhe, na flaitheanais,
's an talamh tha fa'r bonn :
'S tu dhaighnich fòs an cruinne-ce,
le làn do thoradh trom.
- 12 An airde deas is tuath faraon,
do chruthaichheadh iad leat :
Sliabh Thaboir agus Hermion àrd
a' t-ainm bidh aoibhneach ait.
- 13 Tha agaid gàirdean cumhachdach :
ata do lamh ro-threun,
A Dhe, ata do dheas-lamh fòs
arduichte mar an ceudn'.
- 14 Mar àite tàimh do d'chathair rìgh
tha cothrom agus ceart :
Bidh tròcair agus firinn fòs
dol roimh do ghnuis gu beachd.
- 15 'S beannuicht an sluagh a thuigeas fòs
an fhuaim tha aoibhneach ait :
An solus glan do ghnùis, a Dhe,
sior-ghluaisidh iad gu ceart.
- 16 A' t-ainms' air feadh an la bidh iad
gu h-aoibhneach mar bu chòir :
Is ann a t-fhireantachd faraon
arduichear iad gu mòr.
- 17 Oir mais' is glòir an spionnaidh sud
is tus' amhain, a Dhe :
Ar n-adharc ann ad chaoimhneas caomh
arduichear leat gu treun.
- 18 Oir 's e Iehobhah Dia nam feart
a targaid is ar sgia ;

'S e 'n ti ro-naomh sin Israeil
ar n-Ard-Rìgh is ar Triath.

19 An sealladh anns an am sin fein',
labhair thu Dhe gu ceart

Ri d' dhuine naomh, agus mar so
thubhairt thu ris gu beachd ;

“ Leag mise 's chuir mi cuideachadh
air gaisgeach treun nam buadh,
Is dh'arduich mi gu mòr an neach
a thagh mi as an t-sluagh.

20 B'e Daibhidh neach a fhuarradh leam
mo sheirbhiseach ro-chaomh ;

'S e sin an neach a rinneadh leam
ungadh le m' òla naomh.

21 Is socruichear mo lamh do shior
gu dileas daingean leis ;

Is nì mo ghàirdean cumhachdach
a neartachadh le treis'.

22 Le mac an uilc cha chlaoidhear e:
à nàmh cha tog dheth cìs.

23 Bualidh mi eascairde na lath'r,
leagaidh mi nàmh asios.

24 Ach bidh mo thròcair maille ris
is m' fhirinn mar an ceudn' :

Is adharc-san am ainmsa fòs
bidh arduichte gu treun.

25 A neartsan theid gu ruig an cuan,
s gu sruithean buaidh theid leis.

26 Carraig mo shlàinte, (their e rium)
m' athair, mo Dhia, 's mo threis'.

Mo cheud-ghin deanam dheth faraon :
arduichte thar gach rìgh.

28 Mo chumhnant seasaidh daingean leis
dha coimhdeam gràs do shìor.

29 Is bheir mi air a shliochd gu mair
iad feadh gach linn gu bràth :

'S a chathair rioghail uasal ard
mar làithe neamh' do ghnà.

30 Ma's e's gu treig a chlann mo lagh,
's nach gluais iad an am reachd,

31 Gu truail iad m'aitheanta ro-naomh,
m'iarrtais nach cum gu ceart :

32 Fiosruichidh mi an sin gu beachd,
le slait, an eucoir chlaon ;
Am peacaidh fiosruicheam 's an lochd,
le sgiursa goirt faraon.

33 Gidheadh, gu tur mo chaoimhneas gràidh
cha bhuin mi uaith gun cheist :

Cha'n fhuiling mi gu breugaichear
mo ghealla' fìor am feasd.

34 Mo cho-cheangal cha bhristear leam,
no'n cunradh rinn mi ris,

'S am focal a chaidh as mo bheul
am feasd cha chaochail mis'.

35 Oir aon-uair mhionnuich mi mar so
's ann air mo naomhachd fein,

Do Dhaibhidh tha 'na òglach dhomh,
's am feasd cha dean mi breug.

36 Bithidh a shliochd 's a ghinealach
fìor-mhairionnach gach ial,

- 'S a chathair rioghail bithidh i
am fhianais mar 'a ghrian.
- 37 Is bithidh mar a' ghealach ghlan
gu daingean buan do shior :
'S mar fhianais anns na neamhaibh ard
bhios tairis agus fìor."
- 38 Ach thilg thu uait is threig gu tur,
is ghabh tu grain a nis ;
'S an ti dh' ung thu le t-ola naomh,
tha thu an corruich ris.
- 39 Co-cheangal t-òglaich dhileis fein
sgaoil thusa, Dhe, le tair ;
'S a choron uasal thruaillleadh leat,
'g a thilgeadh air an làr.
- 40 A ghàradh didein bhristeadh leat,
's a dhaighneach laidir leag.
- 41 Mar chobhartach e do luchd-ròid ;
d'a choimhearsnaibh mar sgeig.
- 42 Lamh dheas a nàmhaid thog thu suas :
uil' eas-caird' rinn thu ait.
- 43 Is phill thu faobhar arm, sa chath
cha d' thug thu dhasan neart.
- 44 Chaisg thu a ghloir ; 's a chathair rìgh
leag thusa sìos gu làr.
- 45 Is aimsir òige ghearradh leat ;
dh'fholuich thu e le nàir'.
- 46 Cia fhad a dh'fholcheas tu, a Dhe,
thu fein, a choidhch' nan cian ?
An loisg do chorruch fòs gu cas
mar theine lasrach dian ?

- Thabhair fàinear is cuimhnich fein
 giorrad mo rè 's mo lò:
 C'arson a rinn thu clann nan daoine
 mar dhiomhanas no cèo?
- Co e am fear am measg nam beo,
 am bàs nach faicear leir?
 No anam fein o laimh na h-uaigh
 an teasairg e le treig'?
- Ca bheil do chaoimhneas gràidh, a Dhe
 a thaisbein thu o thùs,
 A mhionnuich thu air t-fhirinn cheirt
 do Dhaibhidh chumail suas?
- Cuimhnich, a Thighearn, toibheim trom
 do sheirbhiseach gu leir:
 Is mar a ghiulain mis' am uchd
 masladh a phobuill threin.
- Le'n d' thug do naimhde masladh uath'
 gun chùis, a Dhia nam feart,
 Oir mhasluich iadsan ceumana
 an ti do ungadh leat.
- Mòr-bheannuicht agus cluiteach fòs
 gu riobh Iehobhah treun,
 Gu sìorruidh suthain fad gach ré.
 Amen, agus Amen.

SALM XC.

- S TU b'ionad comhnuidh dhùin gach linn,
 O Thighearna na glòir;
 2 Cian mun do ghineadh fòs na cruic
 's na sleibhte beag no mòr.

Cian mun do dhealbh thu'n talamh trom
no'n cruinne-ce le d'neart ;

O bhith-bhuantachd gu bith-bhuantachd
is tusa Dia gu beachd.

3 Gu neo-ni pillear leatsa rìs
an duine truagh d'a sgrios,
A deir thu fòs, O chlann nan daoin'
grad-phillidh air 'ur n-ais.

4 Oir mile bliadhn' ad shealladh fein,
mar an la 'n dè ata,
'N tra theid e seach : is amhluidh fòs
mar fhorair' oidhch' iad lath'r.

5 Dh' fhuadaich thu sios iad mar le sruth
mar chodal iad no suain :
Sa mhadainn bidh iad mar am fear
gu moch a dh'eireas suas.

6 Air madainn bristidh roimhe blàth,
is fàsaidh e gu h-ard :
Ri am an fheasgair gearrar e,
is seargaidh air an làr.

7 Oir chaitheadh sinn le d' chorrnich gheir
chlaoidh t-fheargsa sinn gu tur.

8 Ar peacaidh dhiomhair, is ar lochd
an sealladh t-eudain chuir.

9 Oir ann a t-fheirg ar n-uile làith'
tha teireachdain fa seach :

Is caithear leinn ar bliadhnaidh fòs,
mar sgeul a dh' innseadh neach.

10 'S iad làith' ar bliadhnaidh mar an ceud
tri fichead bliadhna's deich,

No, feudaiddh bith, le tuille neart
 ceith'r fichead bliadhn' da neach.
 Gidheadh cha'n 'eil nan spionnadh sud
 ach cràdh is cùradh geur:
 Oir sgathar sìos gu h-ealamh e,
 is siubhlaidh sinn gu leir.

- 1 Co aig am bheil deagh-thuigs' is fios
 air neart do chorruidh fein?
 Is amhluidh fòs mar t-eagal mòr,
 tha lasair t-fheirg da reir.
- 2 O teagaisg dhuinn, a Dhe nam feart,
 mar àirmhear leinn ar fàith';
 A chum ar cridh' a shocruchadh
 air gliocas ceart gach trà.
- 13 O Thighearna Iehobhah mhòir,
 pill fein a rìs; cia fhad'?
 Mu thimchioll staid do sheirbhiseach
 gabh aithreachais gu grad.
- 14 O dean ar sàsachadh gu moch
 le d' thròcair chaoimh, a Dhe,
 A chum gu biodhmaid aòibhneach ait,
 ri fad ar la's ar rè.
- 15 Dean subhach sin a reir nan la
 a chràdh thu sin gu goirt:
 Do reir nam bliadhna ud faraon
 am faca sinn an t-olc.
- 16 Taisbein do d' sheirbhisich da ghnìomh,
 faiceadh an clann do ghlòir.
- 17 Is bitheadh mais' ar Tighearn' Dia
 ag dealradh oirn' gu mòr.

Na gnìomhara a rinn ar làmh
 socruich iad dhainn, a Dhe :
 Na gnìomhara a rinneadh leinn
 dean daingean iad gu leir.

SALM XCI.

- A** N neach sin tha na thàmh gach uair
 an ionad uaigneach Dhe,
 Fo sgàil' an uile-chumhachdaich
 buan-chomhnuidh ni gach re.
- 2 Deireamsa nis mu thimchioll Dhia,
 mo thearmunn e, 's mo neart ;
 Mo dhaighneach : cuiream dochas ann
 mo Dhia, 's e Dia nam feart.
- 3 Gu dearbh o rib an eunadair
 is e ni fuasgladh ort,
 'S e ni do shaoradh mar an ceudn'
 o'n phlàigh tha gràneil goirt.
- 4 Le iteich ni e t-fholach fòs,
 bidh t-earbsa fuidh a sge' ;
 Is fhirinn bidh 'na targaid duit,
 mar sge' do d'dhion gach re:
- 5 Cha bhi ort ogluidheachd fa chùis
 an uabhais anns an oidhch' ;
 No fòs fa chùis na saighde bhios
 ag ruidh air feadh an laoi :
- 6 Cha bhi maoin eagail ort do'n phlàigh
 tha triall an dorchadas :
 No fòs fa chùis an uile a bhios
 mu mheadhon la ri sgrios.

- 7 Bidh mìle tuiteam sìos ri d' thaobh,
deich mìle fòs ri d' dheis;
Ach olc dhiubh sud cha d' thig ad chòir
no m' fagus duit am feasd.
- 8 Amhàin le d' shùilibh seallaidh tu'
is bheir fanear le beachd:
Droch-dhiol is tuarasdal nan daoibh
gun cheist do chithear leat.
- 9 A chionn gu d' roghnaich thusa Dia,
mar chomhnuidh dhuit gach am,
An Dia ud tha 'na thearmunn domh,
's e 'en Ti a's airde t'ann:
- 10 Aon olc cha 'n eirich dhuit: is plàigh
do t-fhardoich cha dh' thig dlù.
- 11 Oir àithne bheir d'a ainglibh, chum
ad ròd gu dìon iad thu.
- 12 Is togaidh iadsan thusa suas
gu h-ard air bharr am bos;
Eagal gu buailteadh leat oir cloich,
aon-uair air bith do chos.
- 13 Air leomhan is air naithir nimh'
gun dorainn saltrar leat:
Pronnaidh tu 'n dragon sìos le d' chois
's an leomhan òg le d' neart.
- 14 A chionn gur ionmhuin lesan mi'
sàr fhuasgladh bheir mi dha;
Air m'ainm a chionn gur eòlach e,
arduicheam e gach là.
- 15 Gairidh e orm, is freagram e:
'na thrioblaid bitheam leis,

Onoir is ùrram bheir mi dha,
is fuasglam air gu deas.

16 Le saoghal fada 's mairionnach
sàsuicheam e gu leòr:

Mo shlàinte dha-san mar an ceudn'
foillsichidh mi gu mòr.

SALM XCII.

BHI tabhairt buidheachais do Dhia
's ni sàr-mhaith maiseach e,

Bhi tabhairt cliu, O Thi a's aird,
dò t-ainmsa feadh gach re:

2 Do chaoimhneas anns a' mhadainn
bhi tric-a' cur an ceill; [mhoich,
'S air t-fhirinn tha neo-mhearachdach,
gach oidhch' bhi deanamh sgeil.

3 Air inneal ciuil nan teuda deich,
is air an t-saltair ghrinn;
'S air clàrsaich le guth fonnmhor àrd
a sheinneas ceol gu binn.

4 Oir trid do ghnìomharas', a Dhe,
rinn thu mi aoibhinn ait;
Is ann an oibre fòs do làmh
nim gàirdeachas gu pailt.

5 Toibre-sa, Dhe, cia iongantach!
do smuainte co da'n leir!

6 An t-amadan cha tuig e so,
's cha'n eòl do'n amhlair e.

7 Tra chinneas luchd na h-aingidheachd
anios mar chinneas fear,

Trà bhitheas fòs luchd deapaimh uile
a' fàs fo bhla gu leir.

Se sud is deireadh dhoibh fàdheoidh,
gu sgriosar iad am feasd.

8 Ach thusa, Dhe, gu siorruidh ta
ard-urramach gun cheist.

9 Oir feuch, do naimhde fein, a Dhe,
oir feuch, do naimhde fein,
Lan-sgriosar iad : iom-sgaoilear fòs
luchd-aingidheachd gu leir.

10 Ach m'adharc togaidh tusa suas
mar adharc buabhuill aird :
Le h-òla ghloinn neo-thruaillidh ùir
ungar mi ris le d' ghras.

11 Mo mhiann chi mi air m'eascairdibh,
is cluinnidh fòs mo chluas
A toill air luchd na h-aingidheachd
am aghaidh dh'eirich suas.

12 Bidh piseach air an fhirean choir
mar phailm-chrann ùrar glas ;
Mar Sheudar ard air Lebanon
a' fàs gu dìreach bras.

13 An dream tha air an suidheachadh
an tigh 's an àros De,
An cùirtibh greadhnach àrd ar Dia
sior-fhàsaidh iad gach re.

14 San am am bi iad aos-mhor liath
bheir iad mòr-mheas amach ;
Is bithidh sultmhor le deagh-bhlà
dhiubh sud gach uile neach.

15 A chum gu feuch iad gu bheil Dia
 ro-chothromach is ceart:
 Mo charraig e, 's cha'n 'eil ann fein
 aon eucoir no droch-bheart.

SALM XCIII.

Is Rìgh Dia, air a sgeuduchadh
 le mòralachd gach am;
 Ta air a sgeuduchadh le neart,
 is criosluichte gu teann.
 Shocrucheadh leis an cruinne-ce,
 nach gluaisear e a choidhch'.

2 Do chathair daingean ta o chian,
 's tu fein gun tùs gun chrìoch.

3 Na tuithean thog suas a Dhe,
 na tuithean thog an guth;
 Seadh thog na tuithe suas gu h-ard
 an tonna mor gu tiugh.

4 Is treis e Dia ta 'n comhnuidh shuas
 na fuaim nan uisge garbh:
 Is treise Dia na sumainneadh,
 is tonna cuain gu dearbh.

5 Ata do theistis is do reachd
 ro-dhaingean agus fìor:
 Tha naomhachd iomchuidh air do theach,
 a Dhe nam feart, gu sìor.

SALM XCIV.

O Dhia da'm buin ceart-dhioghaltas:
 Iehobhah neartmhoir threin,

- D'am buin amhàin ceart-dhioghaltas,
gu dealrach nochd thu fein.
- 2 O bhreitheimh cheirt na talmhain, dean
thu fein a thogail suas:
Is ioc ri luchd an uaibhreachais
ceart-luigheachd agus duais.
- 3 Cia fhad a ni luchd-aingidheachd,
cia fhad, a Dhia, a ni
Luchd aingidheachd ùr-ghairdeachas
le aoibhneas mor gun di?
- 4 Cia fhad a brùchdar briathra leo,
ag teachd air nithibh cruaidh?
'S a bhitheas luchd nah-aingidheachd
ri raiteachas is uail?
- 5 Bhrist iad do shluagh gu mion, a Dhe,
is t-oighreachd chlaidh gu goirt.
- 6 Bantracha, coigrich, 's dilleachdain,
gam marbhadh' is gam mort.
- 7 Deir iad gidheadh, cha leir do Dhia
is fòs ni mò a ni
Dia Iacoib sud a thòirt fainear,
's cha chuir am feasd am prìs.
- 8 O dhaoine brùideil 'measg an t-sluaigh,
'nis tuigibh agaibh fein,
Is amadain, cia fhad' a bhios
sibh gabhail chugaibh ceill'.
- 9 An neach a chuir air fallein cluas,
am bi gun chlaisteachd gheir?
An Ti a dhealbh an t-sùil faraon?
neach ann an fein is lair?

- 10 'N ti smachduicheas na fineachan,
an eadh nach cronuich e?
An ti bheir eolas do gach neach,
an neach gun eolas e?
- 11 Air smuaintibh dhaoin' is fiosrach Dia,
gur diomhaoin iad gu beachd.
- 12 Dhia 's beannuicht e d'an toir thu
is teagasg as do reachd. [smachd
- 13 Chum fois gu d'thugadh tusa dha
o làithibh amhghair olc,
Gu ruig an uair an cladhaichear
do dhaoine daoibh an slochd.
- 14 Oir Dia cha tilg e dheth am feasd
an sluagh d'an d'thug e speis :
'S ni mò na sin a threigear leis
an oighreachd a's leis fein.
- 15 Ach pillidh breitheanas a rìs
ri fireantachd air ais :
Is luchd a' chridhe threibh-dhirich
leanaidh 'nan deigh gu cas.
- 16 An aghaidh fòs luchd deanaimh uile
co dh' eireas leam an aird?
An aghaidh luchd na-haingidheachd
co sheasas air mo phàirt?
- 17 Mur bitheadh Dia Iehobhah leam
ga m' chuideachadh le buaidh,
'S beag nach robh m'anam bochd an
gu tosdach anns an uaigh. [tàmh,
- 18 Tra thubhairt mi, ata mo chos
air sleamhnachdham uam sìos :

Do throcair chaomh-sa 'n sin, a Dhe,
chum suas mi, agus dhion.

19 Air bhith do m' smuainte muladach
is lionmhor ann am chom,
Do cho-fhurtachdsa thug an sin
sòlas do m'anam trom.

20 Cairdeas na comunn riutsa, Dhe,
am bi aig luchd an uilc,
Tha dealbh gu seolta aimhleis mhoir
's ga orduchadh le reachd?

21 An aghaidh anm' an fhirein chòir
cruinnicheadh leo gu dlù ;
A dh'fhàgail ris fuil neo-chiontaich
le breitheanas nach fìu.

22 Ach Dia mo dhaighneach's e ; mo Dhia,
mo charraig-dhion' gach lo.

23 'S e dhiolas orra sud air ais
gach eucoir rinneadh leo.

An sgathadh sìos do nithear leis
gu ceart 'nan aingeachd fein :

Is nì Iehobhah mòr ar Dia.
an sgathadh sìos gu treun.

SALM XCV.

Thigibh, seinneamaid do Dhia :
thigeadh gach neach 'na lath'r :
Do charrig threin ar slàinte fòs
togamaid ioalch àrd.

2 A steach 'na fhianais thigeamaid
le buidheachas gach la :

Togamaid ceòl gu suilbhireach
a' seinn le salmaibh dha.

3 Is Dia ro-mhòr Iehobhah treun,
Rìgh mòr os-cionn gach Dia.

4 Doimhneachd na talmhain tha 'na laimh;
's leis neart nan cnoc 's nan sliabh.

5 Se rinn an cuan tha fairsing mòr,
tha còir aig' air is sealbh;

'S an talamh tioram le a laimh
's e cruthaich is a dhealbh.

6 O thigibh agus sleuchdamaid,
is deanar cromadh lein;

Is air ar gluinibh tuiteamaid
do 'n Dia a chruthaich sinn.

7 Oir 's e ar Dia, is sinn a shluagh
a beathuich e mar threud,

Caoirich a taimh. Ma eisdear leibh
an diugh a ghuth gun breug.

8 Na cruaidhichear ur chridhe leibh,
mar anns a choi-strì dhian,

Mar rinneadh leibh san fhasaich chruaid
ga m'bhuaireadh le bheur miann.

9 Tra dh'fhionn 's a dhearbh ur sinnnsir m'
's mo ghnìomh tra chunnaic iad.

10 An t-àl ud rè da fhichead bliadhn'
chuir campar orm is eud:

Thubhairt mi, 's pobull iad 'g am bheil
droch cridhe seachranach:

Is air mo shlighibh nach do ghabh
riamh eolas firinneach,

- 1 D'an thug mi fein mo mhionnan mòr
am fheirg 's am chorruidh gheir,
Nach rachadh iad a choidhch' a steach
do m'ionad-comhnuidh fein.

SALM XCVI.

- 2 CANAIBH do'n Tighearn' oran nuadh,
gach aon tir, canaibh dha.
- 3 Seinnibh do Dhia: ainm beannuichibh:
nochdaibh a shlàint' gach la.
- 4 Am measg nam fineach aineolach
sior thaisbeinibh a ghlòir:
Am measg nam poibleach innisibh
a mhiorbhuile ro-mhòr.
- 5 Oir 's mòr Iehobhah Dia nam feart,
's ion mholta feadh gach rè:
Is aobhar eagail e faraon
os-cionn nan uile Dhe.
- 6 Oir uile Dhe nam fineachan
is iodhail iad gu leir:
Ach 's e Iehobhah Cruthaighear
nam flaitheas is nan speur.
- 7 Ard-onoir agus mòralachd
'n a fhiadhnais san ata:
Treun-spionnadh agus maisealachd
'na theampull naomh do ghnà.
- 8 O fhineacha nam poibleach mòr,
thugaibh do Dhia nam feart.
Thugaibh do'n Thighearna faraon
glòir, urram, agus neart.

- 8 A' ghlòir a's cubhaidh fòs d'a ainm
do'n Tighearn' thugaibh uaibh :
Thigibh g'a chùirtibh naomh a steach,
is thugaibh ofrail leibh.
- 9 Do Dhia Iehobhah sleuchdaibh sios
am mais' a naomhachd fein :
Biodh eagal oirbh, gach uile thir,
'n a fhianais-san gu leir.
- 10 Abraidh 'measg fhineach, gu bheil Dia
riaghladh mar Rìgh gu beachd :
Buan-dhaighnichear an domhan leis :
air daoine bheir breith cheart.
- 11 Biodh aoibhneas air na neamhaibh ard,
is biodh an talamh ait :
Beucadh an cuan gu farumach,
's gach làn a t' ann gu pailt.
- 12 Biodh aoibhneas air a' mhachair fòs,
is air gach nì a t'ann :
An sin bidh aiteas air gach coill'.
is air gach craoibh is crann.
- 13 An lathair Dhe ; oir tha e teachd,
oir tha e teachd gu breth ;
Air talamh chum gu deanta leis
ceart-bhreitheanais fa leth :
Le ceartas maith bheir e amach
breith air a' chruinne-che,
Bheir air a' phobull breitheanas
le firinn fhior-ghlan reidh.

- [EMOBHAIH mòr 's e tha 'na Rìgh,
 biodh aiteas air gach tìr :
 'S air eileanaibh tha lion-mhor ann
 biodh gàirdeachas gu leir.
- 2 Tha neula tiugh is dorchadas
 m'a thimchioll air gach leith :
 Se 's comhnuidh fòs d'a chathair rìgh
 deagh cothrom is ceart-bhreith.
- 3 Tha tèine millteach ro a ghnùis
 ag imeachd air gach àird,
 Le'n loisgear suas gu lasarach
 a naimhdean anns gach àit.
- 4 Le solus glan a dhealanaich
 dhealruich an cruinne-ce :
 Chunnaic an talamh sud gu dearbh,
 ghrad-chlisg is chriothnuich e.
- 5 Na cnuic, an làthair Dhia nan dùl,
 leagh as airfad mar cheir :
 Ro ghnùis Ard-Rìgh an domhain mhoir
 leagh iadsan as gu leir.
- 6 Na neamha cuiridh 'n ceill a cheart ;
 is chi gach sluagh a ghlòir.
- 7 Do dhealbhaibh snaighte meud 's a chròim
 gu robh dhoibh amhludh mòr,
 Tha deanamh uaill is ràiteachais
 a iodholaibh nach fìu ;
 Gach uile dhe ata sibh ann,
 sleuchdaibh do Dhia nan dùl.
- 8 Rinn Sion aoibhneas nach bu ghann,
 an uair a chual i 'n sgeul,

Rinn nighean' Iudah gàirdeachas
mu d' bhreitheanais, a Dhe.

9 Oir tha thu, Dhia Iehobhah, àrd
os-cionn gach uile thír :

Tha thu air t-arduchadh gu mòr,
os-cionn gach Dia gu leir.

10 Sibhse le'r n-ionmhuin Dia ro-naomh,
fuathuichibh olc a choidhch' ;
Anam a naomh sior-ghleidhidh e ;
saoruidh o laimh nan daoibh.

11 Cuirear mar phòr gu frasach pailt
solus do'n fhireanach,
Is aoibhneas fòs dhoibh sin ata
nan chridhe treibh-dhireach.

12 Biodh aiteas oirbh an Dia na glòir,
O fhireana gu leir :
Is thugaibh buidheachas do Dhia,
ri cuimhn' a naomhachd fein.

SALM XCVIII.

O Seinnibh-oran nuadh do Dhia
rinn bearta miorbhuileach :
'S i dheas-lamh fein 's a ghairdean naomh
thug dhasan buaidh amach.

2 Feuch, thaisbein Dia gu follasach
fhurtachd 's a shlàinte mhòr :
Am fianais Chinneach leig e ris
fhireantachd fein gu leòr.

Chuimhnich e fhirinn is a ghràs
do theaghlach Israeil ;

Is sláint ar Dia-ne chunnaic fòs
gach iomal tir' gu leir.

4 Do Dhia Iehobhah togaibh suas
ard-iolach ait, gach tir :

Togaibh ur guth : bibh subhach fòs,
is seinnibh moladh fìor.

5 Do Dhia Iehobhah mòr nam feart
seinnibh air clàrsaich ghrinn :

Le clarsaich (deirim) seinnibh dha,
le guth na sailm gu binn.

6 Le fuaim an tormain seinnibh dha,
's le guth na trompaid àird :

Do Dhia an t-Ard-Rìgh seinnibh dha,
le iolaich ait 's gach àit.

7 Beucadh an fhairge mhor gu borb,
's an làn tha innt' le cheil' ;

An domhan, is gach dùil ata
an comhnuidh ann gu leir.

8 Buaileadh na tuilte mòr am bos' ;
na sleibhte bitheadh ait,

9 An làthair Dhe, oir tha e teachd
air talamh thabhairt ceairt :

Le ceartas maith bheir e amach
breith air a' chruinne-che,

Bheir air a' phobull breitheanas
le cothrom fìor-ghlan reidh.

SALM XCIX.

THA Dia 'na Rìgh, is criothnuicheadh
gach uile shluagh air bith :

- 'S e shuidheas eadar Cherubim,
biodh air an talamh crith.
- 2 An Sion tha Iehobhah mòr,
is ard os-cionn gach sluaigh.
- 3 T-ainm mòr ro-uathmhor molar leo,
oir tha e naomh r'a luadh.
- 4 Is toigh le neart an Rìgh ceart-bhreith :
's tu shocruicheas a' cheart :
An Iacob breitheanais is còir
cuiridh tu 'n gnìomh gu beachd.
- 5 Ar Dia Iehobhah àrduichibh :
is sleuchdaibh dha gu caomh,
Ag stòl a chos gu h-urramach ;
oig tha e fein ro-naomh.
- 6 Am measg a shagart Aron 's Maois,
bha Samuel anns an dream
A ghair air ainm : d'iarr iadsan Dia,
fhreagair e iad san sam.
- 7 Am baideal neoil gu gu gràsmhor caoin
labhair an Tighearn' riu :
Na h-aitheantan a thug e dhoibh,
's a réachdan ghleidheadh leo.
- 8 Iehobhah Dhia, thug freagrachd dhoibh,
's tu 'n Dia a mhaith an lochd.
Ge d' rinn thu orra dioghaltas
air son an innleachd olc.
- 9 Ar Dia Iehobhah àrduichibh,
is sleuchdaibh dha do ghnà,
'S ann aig a thulaich naomha fein ;
oir 's naomh ar Dia gu bràth.

FOGADH gach tir àrd-iolach ghlaoidh,
do Dhia Iehobhah mòr.

2 Thigibh, is deanaibh seirbhis ait,
'n a làthair-san le ceòl.

3 Biodh agaibh fios gur esan Dia,
se rinn sinn, 's cha sin fein :

A phobull sinn, 's a chaoirich fòs
dh' ionaltradh leis gu leir.

4 Thigibh anis le buidheachas
'na gheataibh-san a steach,

Is thigibh fòs le moladh mòr
an cùirtibh naomh a theach :

Is thugaibh dha mor-bhuidheachas,
ainm beannuichibh gu binn.

5 Oir Dia ta maith, tha thròcair buan ;
is fhirinn feadh gach linn.

SALM CI.

BREITH cheart is tròcair canar leam :
Dhe, seinneam dhuit le ceòl.

2 Is iomcharam mi fein gu glic
air slighe fhoirfe choir.

O c'uin do m'ionnsuidh a thig thu,
a Thighearna nam feart ?

A steach am fhardoich gluaisidh mi
le cridhe fìor-ghlan ceart.

3 Fa chomhair fòs mo shùile fein
ni 'n cuiream olc am feasd :

Obair luchd ceannairc 's fuathach leam,
's cha lean i rium gun cheist.

- 4 An cridhe iargalt ain-meinneach
uam triallaidh e an cein :
Eòlas no furan air an daoibh
a choidhch' cha chuir mi fein.
- 5 An ti bheir beum da choimhearsnach,
lom-sgriosam e as àit :
An cridhe borb cha 'n fhuiling mi,
no neach a sheallas ard.
- 6 Bidh m' air' air fireana na tìr'
gu gabh iad comhnuidh leam :
An ti bhios foirfe glan na bheus,
se 's oglach dhomh gach am.
- 7 Fear deanaimh ceilg is mealltaireachd,
am theach-sa cha 'd fhaigh tàmh :
Am làthair, neach a labhras breug
cha 'n fhuirich iomadh là.
- 8 Lom-sgriosaidh mise fòs gu moch
gach droch-dhuin' as an tìr,
Chum luchd an uile a sgathadh as
o chathair Dhe gu leir.

SALM CII.

- R**i m' urnagh eisd, Iehobhah Rìgh
is ruigead hort mo ghlaodh.
- 2 Na foluich uam do ghnùis san là
thig thrioblaid orm gach taobh.
San là an gairm mi ort gu geur,
crom chugam fein do chluas ;
Is freagair mi gu deifireach,
ag furtachd air mo chruas.

- 3 Do bhri gu bheil mo làith' mar cheo
ag teireachdain do ghnà :
Mar lic an teinntein 's amhluidh sin
mo chnàmhnan loisgte ta.
- 4 Trom-bhuailte tha mo chridhe bochd,
is shearg e mar am fear ;
Ionnus gur dhearmaid mi gu beachd
grein arain chur am bheul.
- 5 Le guth mo chaoi, mo chnàmhnan lean
ri m' chraicionn fein gu teann,
- 6 Mar phelican san fhàsaich mi,
' mar chaillich-oidch' nam beann.
- 7 Ri faire taim gu furachair,
is cosmhuil mi do ghnà
Ri gealbhonn beag 'na aonar fòs
air mullach tighe ta.
- 8 Ri fad an la mo naimhde garg
ga m' mhasluchadh gu geur ;
San dream ata air boire rium
am aghaidh mbionnaich iad.
- 9 Le m' dheuraibh choi-meisg mi mo
mar aran dh'ith mi luath, [dheoch
- 10 Tre lasan t-fheirg' ; oir thog thu mi
is leag thu rìs gu truagh.
- 11 Mar sgàile chlaon mo làithe sìos :
is shearg mi fein mar fheur.
- 12 Ach mairidh tus', am feasd, a Dhe,
's do chuimhne fein gu sìor.
- 13 Nis eiridh tu a dheanamh gràis
air Sion-naomh gu dlù.

Oir am a cobhair tha air teachd,
se 'n t-am a dh'orduich thu.

14 Oir t-òglaich tha ag gabhail tlachd
d'a clachaibh sud gach uair,
Tha deagh thoil ag do sheirbhisich
d'a luaithre is d'a h-uir.

15 Mar sin bidh air na fineachaibh
eagal ro' ainm an Triath:
Is air gach righ air thalamh ta
bidh ro' do ghlòir-sa fiamh.

16 Tra thogar Sion suas le Dia,
taisbeanar e 'na ghlòir.

17 Urnaigh nam bochd bheir e fainear,
's cha diùlt e iad le tàir.

18 Do 'n àl ata ri teachd 'nar deigh,
sud sgriobhar dhoibh gu beachd:
'S an dream a ghinear o so suas,
molaidh iad Dia nam feart.

19 Oir dh'amhairc e anuas gu beachd:
o aird a naomhachd fein;
Is air an talamh dh'amhairc Dia,
anuas o neamh nan speur.

20 A chluinntin osnaidh ghearanaich
a' priosunaich tha 'n sàs:
Chum fuasgladh air a mhuintir sin
a dh'orduicheadh chum bàis.

21 An Sion chum a chur an ceill
ainm uasal ard ar Dia.
'S a dh'innseadh an Ierusalem
moladh is cliu an Triath.

- 2 An t-am a bhios na fineacha
air cruinneachadh le cheil':
'S gu seirbhis De trà thionalar
na rioghachda gu leir.
- 3 Air feadh na slighe is an ròid
mo threoir do lagadh leis:
Mo làithe chuir an giorrad fòs.
- 4 'S mar so do labhair mis',
Mo Dhia, na glacar mi le bàs
mu thimchioll leth mo la:
O aois gu h-aois gu mairionnach,
do bhliadhnaidhs' buan ata.
- 5 O chian leag thusa bunaite
na talmhain so, a Dhe;
Is siad na neamha fìor-ghlan àrd
oibre do lamha fein.
- 6 Teirigidh iadsan, 's theid iad as,
ach mairidh tusa, Dhe:
Seadh teirigidh iadsan 's gabhaidh seach
mar ghiobal sean gu leir:
Feuch caochluidh tu mar thrusgan iad,
is caochlar iad gun cheist.
- 7 Tha thus' amhàin gun chaochladh ort
's do bhliadhnaidh buan am feasd.
- 3 Bidh clann do sheirbhiseach, a Dhe,
mairionnach buan do ghnà:
Is ann a t-fhianuis socruichear
an gineal-san gu bràth.

- O** M'anam, beannuich thusa nis
an Dia Iehobhah mòr :
Moladh gach nì an taobh stigh dhiom,
ainm naomha mar is còir.
- 2** O m'anam, beannuich fein anis
Iehobhah mòr do Dhia :
Na di-chuimhnich gach tiolaca
a dheonuich dhuit an Triath.
- 3** 'S e mhaithreas dhuit gu gràsmhor cao
gach peacadh annad fein :
'S e bheir dhuit slàint', is furtachd fòs
o t-ea-slaointibh gu leir.
- 4** Do bheatha fòs o sgrios a' bhàis
's e dh'fhuasglas duit gu pailt ;
'S e chrùnas tu le coron gràidh,
's le trocair chaoimh gun airc.
- 5** Le mhaithreas is le thiolacaibh
sàr-lionaidh e do bheul :
'S tha t-òige air a nuadhachadh
mar iolair luath nan speur.
- 6** Air sgà' na muintir ùd, ata
le foirneart air an claidh',
Ceartas is breitheanas faraon
's e Dia nì dhoibh gun dì.
- 7** Do Mhaois an-neach a b' òglach dha.
a shlighe chuir e 'n ceill :
Is mar an ceudn' a ghniomhara
do chlannaibh Israeil.
- Tha'n Tighearn iochdmhor, tròcaireach
's mall fhearg, 's is pailt a ghràs.

- 9 Cha bhi e tagradh ruinn do shior :
's cha gleidh e fhearg gu bràth.
- 10 Do reir ar peacaidh iomarcaich
dioghaltas oirn cha d'rinn ;
'S do reir ar cionta 's easantais
cha d' thug e luigheachd dhuinn.
- 1 Oir mar os-cionn na talmhain ta
na speuran ard gach re,
Is amhluidh sin tha thròcair mòr
do'n dream d'an eagal e.
- 2 Ma tha an aird' an ear 's an iar
a' gabhail fad o cheil' :
'S co fhad a chuireas Dia nan gràs
ar peacaidh uainn gu leir.
- 3 Amhluidh mar ghabhas athair dàimh
is truas b'a leanbaibh maoth,
Mar sin d'a fhior-luchd eagal fein
Dia gabhaidh truas gu caomh.
- 14 Oir 's aithne agus s' leir do Dhia
ar cruth 's ar dealbh gu ceart ;
Gur duslach talmhain sinn air fad,
is cuimhne leis gu beachd.
- 15 An duine truagh, ata a làith'
amhluidh mar fheur a ghnà ;
Mar bhar na luibh' air mhàchair fòs,
ata e fas fo bhlàth.
- 16 Oir gabhaidh thairis osag ghaoith,
's cha bhi e idir ann,
'S cha 'n fhaicear e san ionad ud
an robh e fàs gu teann.

- 17 Ach mairidh tròcair Dhe gu sior
do'n dream d'an eagal è,
Is fòs do chloinn an cloinne-san
bidh fhìreantachd gach re :
- 18 Do 'n aitim ùd a chumas ris
an cùmhnant rinn e riu :
'S a chuimhnicheas uil' aitheantan,
a chum gu deant' iad leo.
- 19 Dia shocruch anns na neamhaibh ard
a chathair rioghail fein ;
A rioghachd tha an uachdar fòs
os-cion gach ni fo 'n ghrein.
- 20 Sior bheannuichibh Iehobhah mòr,
O aingle treun an neart,
Tha deanamh iartais mar is coir ;
's a' geilleachdain da reachd.
- 21 'Gach uile shluagh a bhuineas da,
beannuichibh Dia anis ;
A sheirbhisich le'n coilionar
gach ni a's toileach leis.
- 22 Uil' oibre, feadh a thighearnais,
a rinneadh leis an Triath,
An rìgh Iehobhah beannuichibh :
O m'anam beannuich Dia.

SALM CIV.

O M'anam, beannuich thusa Dia ;
mo Dhia, 's tu 'n Triath ro-mhor
Tha thusa air do sgeaduchadh
le h-onoir is le glòir,

- 2 Seadh chuir thu solus dealrach glan,
mar thruscan umad fein :
Is shìn thu mach, is sgaoileadh leat,
mar phaillium neamh nan speur.
- 3 Sailthean a sheòmra leagadh leis
air uisgeachaibh mar stèidh ;
Mar charbad rinn na neula tiugh,
's e riudh air sgiathaibh gaoith.
- 4 'S e fein a rinn na h-aingil fòs
'nan spioraid laidir threun ;
'S e rinn 'nan teine lasaradh
a theachdairean gu leir.
- 5 Is bunaite na talmhain fòs
'shocruicheadh leat 'nan àit ;
A chum nach gluaist' as ionad e
a choidhch' nan cian gu bràth.
- 6 Is dh'fholuich thu le doimhneachd e,
amhluidh gu b'ann le brat :
Os'cionn nam beann 's nan sleibhte àrd
na h-uisgeacha do stad.
- 7 Air cluinntin doibh guth t-achasain
theich iad air falbh gu cas :
Is fòs ri guth do thairneanaich
le deifir chaidh iad as.
- 8 Ri taobh nam beann chaidh iad a suas,
's a sios air feadh nan gleann ;
Gu ruig an t-àit a dh' orduich thu
's a dheasaich air an cann.
- 9 Chuir thusa rompa criocha buan
nach d' theid iad tharta nunn ;

'S nach pill iad air an ais a ris
dh'fholach na tir le tuinn.

10 Cuiridh e mach na tobraichean
air feadh nan glac 's nan gleann,
Ata gun tàmh le 'n sruthaibh bras
a' ruidh air feadh nam beann.

11 Do bheathaichibh na machrach fòs
deoch bheir e dhoibh r'à h-ol :
'S na h-asail fhiadhaich caisgidh iad
an tart 's an iota mhòr.

12 Am fagus doibh nì eoin nan speur,
tigh clùmhòr tàimh dhoibh fein :
Is eadar gheugaibh cuirear leo
an ceileir binn an ceill.

13 Uisgichibh e o sheòmraidh àrd
na beanntaidh mòr gun tamh :
An talamh tioram gheibh a dhiol
le toradh gnìomh do làmh.

14 Bheir e air feur bhi fàs do'n spreidh
's air luibh bhi fàs gun sgios
Do dhaoinibh, chum gu d'thugadh iad
o'n talamh biadh anios :

15 Is fion a chuireas cridhe dhaoin'
air shubhachas 's air ghean,
Is ola fòs a nì an gnùis
le maise dealrach glan.
'S e bheir dhoibh aran mar an ceudn'
fhreasdal am feum gu leòr,
An cridhe dhaoin' a chuireas neart,
le misnich mhaith is treoir.

- 16 Tha craobhan De ro-làn do bhri :
siad Seudair Lebanoin,
Na craobhan ud a phlanduich e,
's a shuidhich air am bonn.
- 17 Is bithibh nid san ionad ud
aig eunlaith luath nan speur :
Na craobhan giumhais, aig an store
mar ionaid tàimh dha fein.
- 18 Am beanntaibh àrd na fiadh-ghabhair
an tearmunn fein do leag ;
Na coinnin bheaga mar an ceudn'
an còsaibh blà nan creag.
- 19 A ghealach dh' orduich esan fòs
gu sgarachduinn nan trà :
Tha eòlas ro-mhaith ag a' ghrein
mar luidheas i gach la.
- 20 Do nithear leatsa dorchadas,
is thig an oidhch' gu gràd ;
An sin bidh beathuich allt' na coill'
a' dol a mach air fad.
- 21 Ri beucadh bidh na leomhain òg
ag iarraidh cobhartaich,
Is bithidh iad ag iarraidh bidh
air Dia ro-chumhachdach.
- 2 An sin tra dh' eireas suas a' ghrian,
cruinnichidh iad le cheil',
Gu h-uaigneach luidhidh iad a stigh
'nan garaidh dhidein fein.
- 3 Is theid an duine 'mach an sin
gu obair mar is còir,

Is leanaidh e gu dicheallach
a shaothair gu trà nòin.

24 Cia lionmhor t-oibre mòr, a Dhe !

an gliocas rinn thu iad :

An talamh fòs le d' shaibhreas mòr,
tha làn air fad 's air leud.

25 Mar sin 's an cuan tha fairsing mor,

's na sloigh a shnàghas ann,

Na beathuichean tha beag is mor,
gun orra cuntas ceann.

26 Loingeas tha siubhal ann gu tiugh ;

's an Lebhiatan mor,

A' bheist a dhealbhadh leatsa 'n sin,
ri sùgradh ann le treòir.

27 Na sloigh ud uile tha, a Dhe,

a' feitheamh ort do ghnà.

A chum gu d'thugadh tu dhoibh biadh
d'an cumail beo gach trà.

28 Na bheir thu dhoibh ad thoir-bheartas

'ga thional sud tha iad :

Tra dh'fhosglas tu do làmh gu pailt,
le maith sàr-lionar iad.

29 Air folach dhuìt do ghnùis a rìs,

thig cabhag orr' air fad ;

Eugaidh, trà bheir thu ast' an deo,
pillidh ri 'n ùir gu grad.

30 Do spiorad fein d'an cruthachadh,

'rìs cuirear leat amach :

Aghaidh na talmhainn mar an ceudn'
nuadhaichidh tu le dreach.

- 31 Bidh glòir an Triath ro-mhairionnach
air feadh gach linn am feasd;
Is ni Iehobhah gairdeachas
'n a ghnìomharaibh gun cheist.
- 32 Air sealltuinn air an talamh dha,
criothnuichidh e gu grad;
'Tra bheanas e ri sleibhtibh àrd,
bidh deatach dhiubh air fad.
- 33 Do Dhia Iehobhah seinneam cèol
an cian a bhios mi beo;
Is bheiream moladh mòr do m' Dhia
ri fad mo rè's mo lo.
- 4 'S ro-mhilis blast' mo smuainte s' air,
biom ait an Dia do ghna.
- 5 Gu d'thigeadh sgrios air peacachaibh
mach as an tìr gu bràth,
'S nìor robh na h-aingidh ann ni 's mo;
O m'anam moladh seinn:
Do Dhia Iehobhah seinneamaid
le h-alleluiah bhinn.

SALM CV.

- 1 Thugaibh buidheachas do Dhia,
air ainm-san gairibh fein:
Is curibh fòs a ghnìomhara
am measg nan sluagh an ceill.
- 2 Seinnibh do Dhia Iehobhah mòr,
sailm seinnibh dh'a gu binn,
Is airisibh gu h-iomlan fòs
na miorbhuilean a rinn.

- 3 As ainm ro-naomhausan faraon
deanaibh deagh-uail is glòir ;
Biodh gàirdeachas air cridh' na droing
dh'iarraas Iehobhah mòr.
- 4 Iarraibh Iehobhah mòr nam feart,
iarraibh a neart do ghnà :
A ghnuis ta gràsmhor fabharach,
sior-iarraibh i gu bràth.
- 5 Cuimhnichibh fòs na miorbhuile,
a rinneadh leis gu treun :
A ghnìomhara ro-iongantach,
is breitheanais a bheil ;
- 6 O sibhs' a ghineil Abraham
deagh-òglaich dhileis De :
Sibhse chlann Iacob mar au cèdn',
a roghnuich e dha fein.
- 7 'S esan ar Tighearn' is ar Dia,
Iehobhah mòr gu fìor :
Tha bhreitheanais ro-chothromach
air sgaoileadh feadh gach tir.
- 8 Oir chuimhnich e gu siorruidh buan
a cho-cheangal gu beachd ;
'S am focal fòs a dh'orduich e
do mhiltibh àl ri teachd.
- 9 An co-cheangal a rinn e fein
ri Abraham gu caoin,
'S na mionnan a thug e le bheul
do Isaac oglach naomh :
- 10 Is amhluidh sin do Iacob fòs
dhaighnich se e mar reachd :

Mar cho-cheangal gu sìorruidh buan
do Israel gu beachd :

- 11 Ag radh, tir Chanaain bheiream dhuit,
mar chrann ur n-oighreachd fein ;
- 12 Tra bha iad tearc, 's nam buidheinn bhig,
's 'nan coigrich innt' gu leir.
- 13 Is air bhith dhoibh ag imeachd fòs
o thir gu tir gun tamh,
Ag triall feadh sluaigh is rioghachda
nach fac' iad riamh ro' laimh :
- 14 Cha d' leig do neach an gortachadh ;
ach smachduich air an son
Mor-rìghre neartmhor cumhachdach ;
a' labhairt rin mar so :
- 15 Feuchaibh nach bean sibh ris an dream
a dh' ungadh leam gu caomh :
Is fòs na deanaibh cron air bith
no lochd ri m' Fhàidhibh naomh.
- 16 Fòs ghairm e gort a steach do 'n tir'
is lorg an arain bhris.
- 17 Ach chuir e Ioseph rompa sìos,
reiceadh mar thràill gun fhios.
- 18 Le geimhlibh dhochuinn iad a chos',
luidh se an iarran teann.
- 19 Gu 'n uair an d' thainig focal De ;
is dhearbh sud e san am.
- 20 An rìgh an sin chuir airsan fios,
is dh' fhuasgail air gu caoin :
Seadh uachdran mòr nam fineacha
is leig se e fa sgaoil.

- 21 Is air a theaghlach thug e dha
ard-uachdranachd gu leir:
Ard-mhaighstireachd a stòrais mhòir,
thug esan dha da reir.
- 22 A cheangal mar a chiteadh dha,
ard-phrionnsachan na tìr;
'S gu d'thugadh e d' a sheanaoiribh
teagasg air gliocas fìor.
- 23 Do rioghachd mhòir na h-Eìght an sin
thainig clann Israeil,
A bha air chuairt an talamh Cham
Iacob 's a shliochd le cheil'.
- 24 Rinn e a phobull fein am sin
lionmhorach nì bu leor,
Is nì bu treise rinn e iad
na 'n naimhde air gach dòigh.
- 25 Cridhe na dream ud dh'iompoich e
thoirt fuath d'a phobull naomh,
'S gu buineadh iad gu fealltach olc
r'a sheirbhisich ro-chaomh.
- 26 An sin chuir e dheagh-oglach Maois
Aron a thagh e fein.
- 27 Nochd iad a bhearta miorbhuileach,
an talamh Cham gu treun.
- 28 Chuir orra duibhre, 's dhorchaicheadh;
'n sin thug iad geill d'a ghuth.
- 29 Dh'iompoich gu fuil an uisgeachan,
is mharbh e 'n tiasg nan sruth.
- 30 Is losgain ann an lionmhoireachd
sin bhrùchd an tìr amach,

Am fardaichibh an rìghrean-san
's 'nan seòmraichibh a steach.

31 Air iarrtas thainig iomadh gnè
do chuileaguibh gu grad :
Is miola lionmhor mar an ceudn'
'nan criochaibh fein air fad.

32 Air son an uisge thug e dhoibh
clach-shneachd gu frasach geur,
Is lasair theine-dhealanaich
air feadh na tìr' gu leir.

33 Na craobhan fion', is fìge fòs
ghrad bhuaileadh leis gu trom ;
Is bhriseadh agus reubadh leis
gach crann a bha 'nam fonn.

34 Thug esan aithne 's thainig iad,
locuist gu lionmhor ann,
'S na caterpileir iomarcach,
gun orra cuntas ceann.

35 Gach luibh san fhearann dh'itheadh leo,
is dh'itheadh leo gach meas.

36 Bhuaileadh e gach ceud-ghin anns an tìr ;
toiseach am bri 's an treis'.

37 Le h-òr 's le h-airgiod thug e 'mach
a phobull fein gun dì' :
'S cha robh 'nan treabhuidh-san air fàd
neach ea-slaimeach gun chli.

38 Bu shubhach leis na h-Eiphitich
tra chaidh iad uath' amach :
A chionn gu d' thuit an eagal-san
orra gu h-uabhasach.

- 39 Neul os an cionn do sgaoil e 'mach
mar bhrat no cùirtin mòr :
Le teine mar an ceudn' san oidhch'
thug solus dhoibh gu leòr.
- 40 Am pobull dh'iarr, is thug e dhoibh,
na gearra-goirt gu pailt :
'S le h-aran neamh 'o speuraidh àrd
thug dhoibh an sàth gun airc.
- 41 A charraig sgoilt é, bhrùchd amach
na h-uisgeacha gu leòr :
Is anns an fhasaich thartmhor theith
ruith iad mar abhainn mhoir.
- 42 A chionn gu d' chuimhnich e an sin
fhocal 's a ghealladh naomh,
Is mar an ceudna Abraham
òglach ro-dhìleas caomh.
- 43 Is uime sin thug e amach
a shluagh le h-aoibhneas mòr ;
An aitim ùd a roghnuich e,
le gàirdeachas is ceòl.
- 44 Is fearann fòs nam fineacha
thug dhoibhsan Dia nan dùl ;
Is mheal iad mar an oighreachd fein
saothair nan cinneach ùd.
- 45 A chum gu d'thugadh iad fanear
a reachda mar is còir,
'S gu coimhdeadh iad a lagh faraon.
Molaibhs' Iehobhah mòr.

- 1) THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia,
 is buidheachas faraon,
 Oir tha e maith, mairidh gu bràth
 a throcair ghràs-mhor chaoimh.
- 2) Gniomhara treun Iehobhah mhòir
 co dh'fheudas chur an ceill?
 Co dh'fheudas fòs a chliu ro-mhòr
 a thaisbeineadh gu leir?
- 3) 'S beannuicht an aitim ud gu beachd
 a choimhdeas breitheanas,
 'S an neach ud fòs a nì gach uair
 ceartas is ionracas.
- 4) Dhia, cuimhnich ormsa, leis a' ghradh
 thug thu do d'phobull fein,
 O thig le d' shlàinte shòlasaich
 do m' fhiosrachadh am fheum.
- 5) Gu faicinn maith do dhaoine taght,
 's gu deanainn aoibhneas mòr
 'Nan aoibhneas sud, 's le t-oighreachd
 gu deanainn uail is glòir. [fein
- 6) Do pheacuich sinn le'r sinnsearaibh;
 is fòs do rinneadh leinn
 Mòr chionnt' a' t-aghaidh fein, a Dhe;
 gu h-aingidh pheacuich sinn.
- Ar sinnsearra cha d' thug fanear
 do bhearta miorbhuileach;
 A rinneadh leat an tir na h-Eipt'
 gu treunmhor cumhachdach;
 Is lionmhoireachd do throcair chaoimh
 dhi-chuimhnich iad gu truagh:

'S iad aig a mhuir gu bhrosnachadh,
ri cois na fairge ruaidh.

8 Ach theasaig e gu tearuint' iad
air sga dheagh-ainme fein ;

A chum gu nochdadh e mar sin
a chumbachda ro-threun.

9 Leig e amach geur-achasan
is thiormaich a' mhuir ruadh :

Is stiur e trid nan doimhneachd iad,
mar trid an fhàsaich chruaidh.

10 O laimh an ti thug dhoibhsan fuath,
dh' fhuasgail e phobull fein :

'S o laimh an naimhde mi-runach
shaoradh leis iad gu treun.

11 Is dh'fholuich uisg' an eis-cairde :
cha d'fhan fiu aon diubh beo.

12 Chreid iad an sin a bhriathra-san,
's a chliu do sheinneadh leo.

13 Air dearmad leigeadh leo gu cas
a ghnìomhara roi-threun :

Cha d'fhuirich iad gu faighidneach
ri comhairl' eagnaith fein :

14 San fhàsaich ghlac miann ciocrach iad ;
'n sin bhuair iad Dia gu luath.

15 An iarrtas thug e dhoibh , ach chuir
caoil' air an anam truagh.

16 Sa champa ghabh iad farmad mòr
ri Maois an duine caomh :

'S ri Aron neach a roghnuich Dia
dh'a fein 'na shagart naomh.

- 7 An talamh dh'fhosgail e a bheul,
shluig Datan sìos gu grad :
Buidheann Aibram mar an ceudn'
dh'fholuich se iad air fad.
- 8 Is fòs am measg an cuideachd-san
ghrad-las an teine teith ;
Is loisg an lasair suas gu leir
na droch-dhaoin' ud fa leith.
- 9 Dhealbh iad an sin is rinn iad laogh
gu truagh ag Horeb àrd,
'S do'n iomhaigh leaght' a rinneadh leo
aoradh thug iad gun dàil.
- 10 Is amhluidh chaochail iad gu bochd
an Dia 's an glòir gu leir
Gu cosalachd is fioghair bò,
no daimh a dh'itheas feur.
- 11 An Dia thug tearnadh dhoibh 'nam
dhi-chuimhnich iad gu grad ; [feum
An neach le 'n d' rinneadh bearta mòr
an tìr na h-Eipht' air fad :
- 12 Is gnìomhara ro-iongantach
an dùthaich Cham le buaidh :
Mar sin is nìthe uathbhasach
ri cois na fairge ruaidh.
- 23 Thubhairt e air an aobhar sin
gu millt' iad leis gu leir,
Mur seasadh oglach taghta Maois
fa chomhair, anns a' bheum :
A chum gu deant' a chorrùich mhòr
a philleadh air a h-ais,

- Eagal 'n a fheirg gu deanadh e
a phobull fein a sgrios.
- 24 Dhiùlt iad le tàir an tir ro-mhaith :
nìor chreid iad focal De :
- 25 Nam pàilliunaibh rinn monmhur mòr :
's d'a ghuth cha d'thug iad geill.
- 26 An sin nan aghaidh thog e làmh
d'an sgrios san fhàsaich luim.
- 27 A sgrios an sliochd measg fhineacha,
's d'an sgaoileadh feadh gach fuinn.
- 28 Ri Baal-peor mar an ceudn',
naisg iad iad feinn gu dlù :
Is dh'ith iad cuid do iobairtibh
nan iodhol marbh nach fìu.
- 29 Bhrosnuich iad e mar sin gu feirg,
le'n innleachdaibh gu truagh
Is bhrìst a' phlaigh an sin gu mòr
a steach am measg an t-sluaigh.
- 30 Sheas Phinehas, is rinn e 'n ceart ;
'n sin sguir a' phlaigh d'an chlaoidh,
- 31 Sud mheasabh dha mar fhìreantachd
o linn gu linn a choidhch'.
- 32 Aig uisge coi-stri Mheribah
bhrosnuich iad Dia a ris ;
Air chor, fa chùis a' phobull ùd,
gu d' eirich olc do Mhaois :
- 33 Oir rinneadh leo a spiorad san
a bhrosnachadh gu geur ;
Ionus gu d' labhair e an sin
gu h-ath ghairid le bheul.

- 34 Na cinnich cha do sgriosadh leo
mar dh'aithn Iehobhah dhoibh :
- 35 Ach mheasg iad leis na fineachaibh,
is d'fhoghlaim iad an dòigh.
- 36 Do iodholaibh nam fineacha
seirbhis rinn iad gu truagh :
Bha sùd mar lion 's mar ribe dhoibh
is ghlacadh iad gu luath.
- 37 Seadh thug iad suas mar iobairtean
do dheamhnaibh 's dhealbhaibh breig,
Am mic 's an nigheana faraon
an aghaidh naomh reachd Dhe.
- 38 Is fuil nan neo-chiontach gu truagh
dhoirteadh leo i gun sgà,
B'i fuil am mac 's an nighean fein
a dhiort iad gun chion-fà,
Do iodholaibh Chanaain fòs
mar iobairt thug an sliochd ;
Mar sin do thruailleadh leo an tìr
le fuil gun truas gun iochd.
- 39 Is amhluidh sin le 'n gnìomharaibh
do thruailleadh leo iad fein :
Chaidh iad air striopachas o Dhia
le 'n innleachdaibh gu leir.
- 40 Fa 'n aobhar ud las corruich Dhe
r'a phobull fein gu teth :
Ionus gud' ghabh e grain gu mòr
d'a oighreachd air gach leth.
- 1 Is amhluidh rinn e 'n tabhairt suas
an laimh nam fineach fiat' :

Is thug e dhoibh mar uachdarain
an dream a dh'fhuathaich iad.

2 Rinneadh gu mor an sàruchadh
le 'n naimhdibh làidir treun :
Is leagadh iad gu h-ìosal sìos
fo'n laimh sud mar an ceudn'.

3 Gu'minic thug e saoradh dhoibh
ach bhrosnuich iad e rìs
Le'n comhairlibh, is leagadh iad
arson an aingeachd sìos.

44 Ach thug e 'n amhghar mòr fainear,
tra chuir iad suas an gladh ;

45 Is chuimhnich e dhoibh mar an ceudn'
a cho-cheangal ro-chaomh.

A gabhail aithreachais do reir
mor-shaibhireachd a ghrais.

46 'S a' toirt air daoine thug iad leo
trocair thoirt doibh is bàigh.

47 Thusa Iehobhah mhòir ar Dia,
dean saoradh dhùinn 'nar feum,

Is dean, a measg nam fineacha,
ar tional leat gu leir,

Do t-ainm ro-naomh' gu tugamaid
mor-bhuidheachas gu pailt :

Do chliu 's dò mholadh mòr faraon
gu seinneamaid gu h-ait.

48 'S beannuicht an Triath, Dia Israeil,
o chian nan cian gu bràth :

Abradh an sluagh gu leir, Amen !

Molaibhse Dia do ghnà.

- O** THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia,
 is buidheachas faraon,
 Oir tha e maith : mairidh gu bràth
 a thròcair ghras-mhor chaoin.
- 2 Pobull Iehobhah, shaoradh leis,
 labhradh mar so gun tàmh :
 A' mhuintir ud a bhuin e saor
 amach o laimh an namh.
- 3 Is as gach tir gu 'n deachaidh iad
 do chruinnicheadh iad leis,
 O 'n àird an ear, 's o 'n àird an iar,
 o 'n àirde tuath, is deas.
- 4 San fhàsaich bha iad seachranach
 air bealach falamh fàs ;
 Is bail air bith cha d'fhuaradh leo
 gu comhnuidh no gu tàmh.
- 5 Acrach is iotmhor bha iad fòs,
 chlaoidheadh an anam truagh.
- 6 Chlaodh iad an sin ri Dia 'nan teinn
 shaor iad o'n amhghar cruaidh.
- 7 Stiur esan agus threoruich iad
 air bealach ceart fa'n cois :
 A chum gu rachadh iad d'a thrìd
 gu baile taimh is fois.
- 8 O b'fhearr gu moladh daoine Dia
 arson a mhaithis chaoin,
 'S arson a bhearta iongantach
 rinn e do chloin nan daoine.
- 9 Oir ni e 'n t-anam miannach trom
 a shàsachadh gun airc,

'S an t-anam ciocrach lionadh e
le mhaitheas fein gu pailt.

0 An dream a shuidh an dorchadas,
is ann an dubhair bàis :

Fo chuibhreach ta an amhgar truagh,
's an iarunn cruaidh an sàs.

1 Arson gu robh iad ceannairceach
an aghaidh briathra De,

'S gu d' rinn iad dimeas agus tàir
air comhairl' an Ard-Dhe.

2 Arson so leag e 'n cridhe sìos
le saothair is le pein ;

Thuit iad, is aon neach cha robh ann
d'an cuideachadh nam feum :

3 Ghlaodh iad an sinn ri Dia na'n airc
d'fhuasgail o'n teinn gu grad.

4 O'n dorcha bhuin, 's o dhuibhar bàis
's an cuibhreach bhrìst air fad.

5 O b'fhearr gu moladh daoine Dia
arson a mhaithis chaoìn :

'S arson a bhearta iongantach
rinn e do chloinn nan daoìn'.

6 Chionn gu do bhristeadh leis le neart
na geataidh pràis gu leir ;

Na stapuill iarunn is na croinn
sgaoil esan as a cheil'.

7 Tha amadain le'n cron, 's le 'n lochd,
fo amhgar goirt an sàs.

8 Tha 'n anam gabhail gràin do bhiadh :
's iad dlù dò dhorsaibh bàis.

- 19 Glàodh iad an sin ri Dia 'nam feum :
dh'fhuasgaill o'n teinn gu grad.
- 20 Le fhocal rinn e 'n slànuchadh :
is shaor o'n sgrios air fad.
- 21 O b'fhearr gu moladh daoine Dia
arson a mhaithis chaoin :
'S arson a bhearta iongantach
rinn e do chloinn nan daoin' !
- 22 Thugadh iad iobairt bhuidheachais
is cliu do Dhia na glòir :
Airiseadh iad a gnìomhara,
le sùbhachas is ceòl.
- 23 Luchd loingis theid air muir, 's a bhios
ri gnìomh an uisgibh buan :
- 24 Dhoibh sud is leir mor oibre Dhe,
's a mhiorbhuilleann sa chuan :
- 25 Air iartas, dùisgear leis a' ghaoth
gu-hard 's gu doinionach :
Le'n togar suas gu atmhor borb
a thonna garbh fa seach.
- 26 Uair eiridh iad gu neamh asuas ;
uair theid iad domhain sìos :
Ionnus gu d'leagh an anam truagh
le trioblaid chruidh 's le sgios.
- 27 Dòl chuig' is uaidh', gu tuisleadh fòs
amhluidh mar dhuin' air mhisg ;
Ionnus gu threig gu buileach iad
gach gliocas bha 'nam measg.
- 28 Ghlaodh iad ri Dia 'nam teinn an sin :
o'n trioblaid shaor e iad.

- 29 Ghrad-chuireadh leis an stoirm gu fè,
's na tuinn air ball nan tàmh.
- 30 An sin tha iad ro-ait, arson
gu bheil iad sàmhach beo :
'S gu d'thug e iad do'n chaladh sin'
's do'n phort bu mhiannach leo.
- 31 O b'fhearr gu moladh daoine Dia
arson a mhaithis chaoin.
'S arson a bhearta iongantach
rin e do chloinn nan daoine, :
- 32 Is fòs an co-thional an t-sluagh,
àrd-mholar e gu mòr ;
'S an cruinneachadh na seanar glic
cliu thugar dha is glòir.
- 33 Na h-aibhne ni 'nam fàsaich luim,
tobair 'nan talamh cruaidh :
- 34 Tir pheartach ni e fàs arson
mòr-aingidheachd an t-sluaigh.
- 35 Am fàsach tioram tionndaidh e
gu uisge tàimh nach gann,
'S gu tobar fìor-uisg iompaichidh
am fearann tartmhor teann.
- 36 Do dhaoineibh acrach bheir e sud
mar àite fois is taimh :
A chum gu deasuicht' cathair leo
chum comhnuidh ann do ghnà.
- 37 Chum craobha fion' a shuidheachadh,
is siol a chur san fhonn :
A bheir dhoibh anns an aimsir cheirt
cinneas is toradh trom.

- 8 Bheannuich e fòs am pobull ùd,
is dh'fhas iad lionmhor mòr :
'S nìor leig e dhoibh dol air an ais
'nan eallach no 'nan stòr.
- 9 Laghduichear iad gidheadh a rìs,
is leagar iad gu bochd
Le sàruchadh is amhgar geur,
is doilghios brònach goirt.
- 0 Air prionnsuibh doirtear tarcuis' leis :
san fhasaich mar an ceudn',
Cuiridh e iad air seachran fiar,
gun bhealach ann d'an ceum.
- 1 'S o thrioblaid togaidh e am bochd,
's nì teaghlach dha mar threud,
- 2 Sud chì na fireana, 's bidh ait ;
is druidear beul nam beud.
- 3 Co iad tha glic, 's na nìthe sud
a bheir fainear gu ceart,
Siad sin a thuigeas tròcair chaomh
is màtheas Dhe nam feart.

SALM CVIII.

- M**o chridh tha ann am fonn, a Dhe,
gu socair mar is còir :
Is seinnidh mi gu ceòlmhor dhuit,
is molam thu le m' ghlòir.
- 2 Mosglaibh, is eiribh grad an àird',
shaltair 's a chlàrsach ghrinn :
Mosglaidh mi fein, is eiream fòs
gu moch gu ceol a sheinn.

- 3 O Thighearna Iehobhah mhòir
measg fhineach, molam thu :
'S am measg an t-sluaigh gu h-urrama
ard-seinnidh mi do chliu.
- 4 Oir tha do thròcair mòr os-cionn
nan neamha shuas gu leir :
Is ruigidh t-fhirinn mar an ceudn'
gu neultaibh àrd nan speur.
- 5 Bi thus' a Dhe, os-cionn nan neamh'
air t-arduchadh gu mòr ;
Is fòs os-cionn gach uile thir'
togar gu sìor do ghlòir.
- 6 A chum gu deanta fuasgladh leat
do d'phobull ionmhuin fein,
O teasairg mi le d' ghàirdean deas,
is freagair mi am fheum.
- 7 'Na naomhachd labhair Dia nam fear
bidh aoibhneas orm nach gann,
Air Sechem ni mi roinn gu ceart,
gleann Sucot toimhsear leam.
- 8 'S leam Gilead le dlighe cheairt,
Manasseh's leam gu beachd,
'S i treabh Ephraim neart mo chinn :
bheir Iudah 'mach mo reachd.
- 9 Bidh Moab dhomh na thràill fo m'smac
's Edom fo dhaorsa chruaidh ;
Is amhluidh ni mi caithream binn
thar Palestin le buaidh.
- 10 Co bheir do'n chathair dhaingein mi
's gu h-Edom bheir gu ceart ?

Nach Tusa, Dhe, le'r threigeadh sinn ?
's nach d'theid thu 'mach le'r feachd ?
O thrioblaid tabhair coghnadh dhùinn ?
oir 's diomhaoin furtachd dhaoin'.
Trid Dhia ni sinne treubhantas :
's e shaltras naimhde fuidhn.

SALM CIX.

DHIA, ta t-aobhar molaidh dhomh,
gu balbh ad thosd na bi.
Oir beul nan daoibh, 's nam fealltach tha
gnà-fhosgailt' air mo thi'.
Le teangaidh bhreugaich labhair iad
am aghaidhsa do ghnà.
Chuartuich iad mi le briathraibh fuath ;
chuir cath orm gun chion-fà.
Arson mo ghaoil ta 'd naimhdeil dhomh,
is mi ri urnaigh ghnà.
Olc dhiol iad rium an eric maith :
is fuath arson mo ghràidh.
(Deir iad) "Cuir air droch-mharascal,
biodh Satan ag a dheis.
Urnaigh gu robh 'n a peaca dha :
fagar am binn' e ris.
Gearr gu robh aois : is glacadh neach
oifig 's a dhreuchd gun iochd.
Gu robh a bhean 'na bain-treabhaich,
's nan dilleachdain a shliochd.
Air seachran biodh a shliochd do ghnà,
's ag iarraidh deirc' nam feum.

Is as na àitibh falamh fas
ag iarraidh bidh dhoibh fein.

11 Gu glacar le luchd-fòireignidh
gach ni a bhuineas da :

'S a shaothair-san mar chobhartach
gu buineadh coigrich leo.

12 Na biodh neach ann ni tròcair air :
na bitheadh fòs a h-aon

A ghabhas truas d'a shliochd, a bhios
nan dilleachdain gun mhaoin.

13 Sgrios gu robh air a ghineil-san ;
d'an sgathadh as gu leir ;
Gu cuirear as an ainm air fad
san àl a thig nan deigh.

14 Aingidheachd athar, gu robh sud
air chuimhn' ag Dia do ghnà :
Is ciont' a mhàthar mar an ceudn'
nior chuirear as gu bràth.

15 Gu robh iad air an taisbeanadh
am fianais Dhia do shior :
A chum gu sgathadh e amach
an iomradh as an tir.

16 Oir dhearmaid e bhi tròcaireach,
is shàruich e am bochd
'S an t-ainnis, chum gu marbhadh e
neach 'g an robh cridhe goirt.

17 Mar thug e toil do mhallachadh
malluicht biodh e gach la :
Is mar nach b'àill leis beannuchadh,
nar eireadh beannachd dh'a.

Amhluidh mar rinneadh leis e fein
a chuartuchadh gach am,
Le h-eas-cain is le mallachadh
ceart mar le brat gu teann,
'S amhluidh gu d'thigadh sud gu geur
mar uisg' a steach 'na chom,
'S mar ola drùidheadh sud gu beachd
'n a chnàmhaibh fein gu trom.
Biodh sud mar eudach uimesan
'ga fholach air gach tra :
Is amhluidh mar an crios a bhios
'g a chrìosluchadh do ghnà."
Mar so ghuidh ris a Tighearna
mo naimhde thug dhomh fuath,
'S an dream an aghaidh m'anama ta
ghnà-labhairt uile gun truas.
Ach air mo chrann bi thusa, Dhe,
air sga t-ainm uasail fein :
Do bhri gu bheil do thròcair maith,
dean saoradh dhomh am fheum.
Oir tha mi aim-beartach gu beachd,
is tha mi ainnis lom,
Ata mo chridhe air a lot
an leth a stigh do m' chom.
Is amhluidh ta mi gabhail seach
mar sgàil' ag clonadh sìos :
Air m'fhuadach' mar an locust truagh
chuig' agus uaidh' a rìs.
Mo ghlùine ta air failleachadh
ag meud mo throisg do ghnà :

Is m'fheòil aig diobhail saill' is sult
air teireachdain ata.

25 Am aobhar fochaid bha mi fòs
do'n aitim ud gu leir :

Chrath iad an cinn gu fanoideach,
tra sheall iad orm gu geur.

26 Fòir orm, a Thighearna mo Dhia :
ad thròcair cuidich mi.

27 Cu tuig iad gur i so do làmh,
's gur tu rinn sud, a Dhe.

28 'N tra bhitheas iad ri mallachadh,
beannuichse sinn gu pailt ;
Biodh orra nàir air eiridh dhoibh ;
ach bitheadh t-òglachs' ait.

29 Gu robh iad air an cuartuchadh
m'uil' eas-cairde le nàir',
'S mar fhalluing air an uachdar biodh
an amhluadh fein le tàir.

30 Ach mise ghnà, ard-mholaidh mi
Iehobhah Dia le m'bheul :
Is fos, am measg a' cho-thionail
cuiream a chliu an ceill.

31 Oir tha e leis an duine bhoichd
'n a sheasamh ait a dheis :
D'a theasairgin o'n droing le 'm b'àill
anam-san fhàgail ris,

THUBHAIRT an Tighearna ri m' Thriath,
bi d'shuidhe air mo dheis.

- T-uil' eas-cairde gu cuiream dhuit
nan stòl fo bhonn do chois.
- 2 As Sion cuiridh Dia amach
slat-shuaicheantais do neart :
'S am builsgéan t-eascairde gu leir
bi fein a' tuachdran ceart.
- 3 Bithidh do phobull taghta fein
ro-thoileach mar is còir,
San la sin anns am foillsich thu
do chumhachda gu mòr.
Am mais' s an sgeimh an naomhachd
o bholg na maidne moich, [ghrinn
Mar dhealt a thig anuas o neamh
tha t-oigridh iomarcach.
- 4 Do mhionnaich Dia Iehobhah mòr,
's nìor aithreach leis gu d' rinn,
Reir ordugh mhaith Mhelchisedeic,
gur Sagart thu gach linn.
- 5 An t-ighearna ta air do dheis,
trom-bhuailtear leis gu garg
Mor-rìghrean làidir cumhachdach,
san la a lasas fhearg.
- 6 Bheir ésan breith measg fhineachan,
lìonaidh gach àit gu fìor
Le corpaidh marbh : is lotar leis
na h-uachdrain thair gach tìr.
- 7 Is anns an t-slighe òlaidh e
deoch as na sruthaibh luath,
Is air an aobhar ud fa-dheòidh
togaidh e cheann le buaibh.

- M**OLAIBHSE Dia, sior-mholams' e
 le m'uile chridh' gu h-àrd ;
 An co-thional nam firean còir,
 sa chuideachd mhòir 's gach àit.
- 2 Tha gnìomharan an Tighearna
 iomarcach mòr gu leir ;
 Is leis an dream le'n tlachdmhor iad,
 rannsuichear iad gu geur.
- 3 Tha obairsan ro-onorach,
 ro-ghlòrmhor i gun cheist :
 Tha fireantachd Iehobhah fòs
 buan-mhaireannach am feasd.
- 4 A gnìomhara ro-iongantach
 air chuimhne chuir gu beachd :
 Ata Iehobhah gràs-mhor caoin,
 is làn do thròcaireachd.
- 5 Thug esan biadh is lòn do'n dream
 d'an eagal e do ghnà,
 'S a cho-cheangal a rinn e leo
 cuimhnichidh e gu bràth.
- 6 Neart oibre iongantach chuir Dia
 an ceill do phobull fein ;
 A thabhairt dhoibh mar sheilbh gu buan
 oighreachd nan sluagh gu leir.
- 7 Firinn is ceartas gnìomh a lamh :
 uil' àitheantan tha fìor ;
- 8 Deanta le ceartas, firinneach :
 ta 'd seasmhach buan do shìor.
- 9 Shaoradh le Dia a phobull fein :
 is dh'orduich e am feasd

A cho-cheangal : tha ainm-san naomh
is urramach gun cheist.

'Se tùs a' ghliocais eagal De,
tha deagh-thuigs' ag an dream
Le'n coilionar a reachda-san :
's maireann a chliu gach am.

SALM CXII.

Thugaibh moladh mòr do Dhia,
's beannuicht an tì gu beachd,
Do'n eagal Dia, 's a ghabhas toil
gu mor d'a lagh 's d'a reachd.
Bidh shliochd-san làidir anns an tìr,
's ro bheannuicht siol nan saoi.
Bidh maoin is saibhreas mor na theach :
bidh cheartas buan a choidhch',

Tra bhitheas saoi an dorchadas
dealruichidh solus da :

Tha e fìor ghrasmhòr tròcaireach
is cothromach gun ghò.

Is truacant fòs, deagh-choingheallach,
an duine maith a choidhch' ;

Is bheirear leis gu crionna glic
a gnothaiche gu crìch.

Gu dearbh cha d'thig aon nì am feasd
le'n gluaisear e gu mòr :

Ach cuimhn' is iomradh maith a choidhch
bidh air an fhìrean chòir.

Is airsan cha bhi faiteachas
air cluinntinn da droch-sgeil ;

Tha chridhe socrach muinghineach
an Dia Iehobhah treun.

8 Tha chridhe-san air socrachadh,
cha bhi air geilt no fiamh,
Gu ruig an uair am faicear leis
air eascairdibh a mhiann.

9 Sgaoil e a chuid, is thug do'n bhochd,
's buan fhireantachd am feasd;
Bidh adharc air a h-àrduchadh
le onoir mhòir gun cheist.

10 Cràdhar an daoibh, trà chi e so;
casaidh e fhiacra geur,
Seargaidh e as: is sgriosar miann
nan aingidh ud gu leir.

SALM CXIII.

MOLAIBHSE Dia, O molaibh e,
oglaicha dileas De;

Ard-mholaibh fòs gu h-urramach
deagh-ainm Iehobhah threin.

2 Ainm Dhe biodh beannuichte gu mòr
o'n am-sa nis gu brath.

3 O eiridh gu ruig luidhe grein,
ainm Dhe ion-mholta ta.

4 'S ardh thar gach tìr Iehobhah mòr,
's a ghlòir thar neamha fòs.

5 Co 's coimeas ris an Tighearna
ar Dia, ta 'n comhnuidh shuas?

6 'S esan an neach a chromas sìos,
's a dh'islicheas e fein

Dh'amharc gach nì san talamh ta,
's an neamhaibh àrd nan speur.

- 7 Togaidh e'n deora' truagh o'n dùs;
's am bochd o'n òtrach bhreun.
- 8 D'an cur nan suidh' le prionnsuibh àrd;
le prionnsuibh phobuill fein.
- 9 Bheir e do'n mhnaoi ata gun sliochd
tigh comhnuidh teaghlaich mhòir;
Gu bhi 'na mathair mhacàn ait.
Molaibhse Dia na glòir.

SALM CXIV.

- A**IR teachd do Isra'l as an Eipht',
's do Iacob 'mach o'n dream
'Gan robh an uirigill chruaidh dhorch',
aig coimhicheas an teang'.
- 2 Bha ludah dha mar chomhnuidh naomh,
bu rioghachd Isra'l leis.
 - 3 Air faicinn sud ghrad-theich an cuan
sruth Iordain, phil air ais.
 - 4 Mar reithe bras leum beanntaidh suas;
leum cnocain bheag mar uain.
 - 5 Iordain, c' arson a phill air tais?
c' arson a theich thu, chuain?
 - 6 C'arson a leum sibh, shleibhte àrd,
mar reithe meargant bras?
C'arson mar uain nan caorach fòs
a leum sibh, chnoca glas?
 - 7 O thalaimh, criothpuich fos le geilt
roi ghnùis Iehobhah mhòir:

An làthair gnùis Dhe Iacoib fòs,
O criothnuich mar is còir.

- 8 Leis thionndaidheadh an ailbheinn thear
gu loch do uisge tàimh,
'S a charraig chruaidh gu tobar uisg'
le cumhachdaibh a làimh.

SALM CXV.

DHUINNE cha'n ann, a Thighearna,
ach do d'ainm mordha fein,
Thabhair an cliu 's a ghloir, air sgà
do ghrais is t-fhirinn reidh.

- 2 C'arson an abradh fineacha,
ca bheil an Dia a nis ?
3 Ar Dia ata air neamh is rinn
gach gnìomh bu toileach leis.
4 An iodhoil 's airgiod iad is òr :
gnìomh lamhan daoine fein.
5 Tha beil ac', leis nach labhair iad,
is sùile, leis nàch leir.
6 Tha cluasan ac', 's cha chluinn iad leo
is sròin', gun aileadh annt'.
7 An lamh gun chlà, an cas gun cheum,
an sgornan gun smid chaint.
8 Iadsan a dhealbh 's a gheilleas doibh,
's rò chosail iad riu fein.
9 O Isra'ì, deansa bun a Dia ;
's e 'n sgia, 's an coghna' treun.
10 Thigh Aroin, O dean bun a Dia ;
'se 'n coghnadh, is an sgia.

- 1 Luchd eagail De, làn-earbaibh as ;
an sgia 's an neart s' e Dia.
- 2 Iehobhah Dia bha cuimhneach oirn,
beannuichidh e sinn fein :
Beannuichear leis tigh Israeil,
's tigh Aroin mar an ceudn'.
- 3 Na big 's na mòir d'an eagal Dia,
beannuichidh e gu caoin.
- 4 Cuiridh e sibh an lionmhoireachd,
sibh fein, 's ur sliochd faraon.
- 5 Is beannuicht sibh o'n Tighearna,
rinn neamh is làr gu leir.
- 6 A talamh, thug do chloinn nan daoine :
's leis fein àrd-neamh nan speur.
- 7 Na mairbh, no'n dream theid tosdach sios
do'n uaigh ; cha mhol iad Dia.
- 8 Ach molar leinn e' nis, 's gu bràth.
Molaidh gu h-àrd an Triath.

SALM CXVI.

- 1 S toigh leam Dia, arson gu d'eisd
ri m' ghuth ; 's ri m'urnaigh fòs.
- 2 Sior-eigheam ris ri m'bheo, arson
gu d' chrom e rium a chluas.
- 3 Chaidh umam dochar geur a bhàis,
ghlac piantaidh ifrinn mi :
Theànn-ghlacadh mi le trioblaid thruaigh,
is amhghar-cruaidh do m' chlaoi'.
- 4 Air ainm Iehobhah ghair mi 'n sin
mar so ag labhairt ris,

O Dhia mo Thighearn' guidheam ort,
saor m'anam bochd anis.

5 Ata Iehobhah gràsmhor, ceart :
's is tròcaireach ar Dia.

6 'S e choimhdeas daoine simplidh cinin
lag bha mi, 's dh'fhòir, an Triath.

7 O m'anam, feuch gu pill thu nis,
gu d' shuaimhneas is gu d' thàmh;
Oir dheonuich Dia gu saibhir duit
mòr-thoirbheartas a laimh.

8 O ghàbhadh is o chunthart bàis
shaor thusa m'anam bochd,
Mo chas shaor thu o shleamhnachadh,
's mo shùil' o dheuraibh gòirt.

9 An sealladh Dhe, an tir nam beo
gu dìreach gluaisear leam.

10 Do bhri gu d' chreid mi, labhair mi ;
's mi air mo chlaoi' gu trom.

11 Am dheifir thubhairt mi mar so ;
's breugach gach duin' air bith.

12 Ciod iocas mi do Dhia, arson
na rinn e dhomh do mhaith ?

13 Cupan na slàinte glacar leam,
air ainm Dhe gaiream fein.

14 Iocam mo mhòid ri Dia, anis
an lath'r a shluaigh gu leir.

15 Ag Dia 's ro-phriseil bàs a naomh,
Dhe, t-òglach 's mi gu beachd,
'S mi t-òglach, mac do bhan-òglaich:
mo chuibhreach sgaoileadh leat.

Bheireamsa iobairt molaidh dhuit :
 air ainm Dhe gaiream fein.
 Iocam mo mhòid ri Dia, anis
 ann làth'r a shluaigh gu leir.
 An cùirtibh àluinn àrois De,
 ad bhuilsgéan fein gu fíor,
 O chathair àrd Ierusalem.
 Molaibh an Triath gu sior.

SALM CXVII.

Thugaibh moladh mòr do Dhia,
 gach fíne t-ann fa leth :
 Seadh molaibh Dia gu fonnmhor àrd
 gach uile shluagh air bith.
 Oir 's mòr a chaoimhneas tròcaireach,
 a dheonuich e dhùinn fein,
 Tha frinn De sior-mhaireannach.
 Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

SALM CXVIII.

Molaibh Dia, oir tha e maith ;
 sior-mhaireann tròcair Dhe.
 Abradh clann Israeil anis,
 gur buan a ghràs gach re.
 Tigh Aroin abradh iad anis :
 sior-mhairean trocair Dhe.
 Abradh an dream d'an eagal Dia,
 gur buan a ghràs gach re.
 Am eigin ghair mi air an Triath :
 fhreagair e mi gu deas,

An ionad fairsing agus reidh
shocruich e mi le treis.

6 Tha Dia Iehobhah air mo chrann,
ni h-eagail leam a choidhch':
Aon ni a dh-fheudas clann nan daoin'
a dheanamh orm do m' chlaoidh.

7 Measg luchd mo chuideachaibh tha Dia
ag seasamh leam gu beachd:
Air luchd mo mhi-ruin uime sin
chi mi mo mhiann a' teachd.

8 'S fearr na bhi 'g earbs' a duine beo,
ar dòchas chur an Dia.

9 'S fearr na bhi 'g earbs' a prionnsuibh
ar dòchas chur san Triath. [mòr]

10 Do chuartaich umam air gach laimh
na dùchanna gu leir.

Ach sgatham agus sgriosam iad
an ainm Iehobhah trein.

11 Do chuartaich iad mi air gach taobh,
chuartaich iad mise fòs:

Ach sgatham agus sgriosam iad
an ainm Iehobhah mhòir.

12 Mar bheachaibh chuartaich iad, ach
iad as mar theine dhreas; [chaidh]

Oir ann an ainm Iehobhah threin
ni mi gu leir an sgrios.

13 Do m' leagadh, theann thu orm gu dlu;
ach chuidich leamsa Dia.

14 'S e Dia mo cheòl, 's mo shlàinte fòs,
is e mo thredoir an triath.

Guth gàirdeachais is slàinte ta
am pàilliunaibh nan saoi :

Deas-lamh Iehobhah uile-threin
fhuara' gu treubhach i.

'Ta gairdean deas an Tighearna
air àrduchadh gu mòr ;

Is rinneadh bearta treubhantais
le deas-làimh Dhe na glòir.

Cha'n fhaigh mi bas, ach maiream beo,
is innseam oibre Dhe.

Throm-smachduich Dia mi, ach gu bàs
cha d'thug e thairis mi.

O fòsglaibh dhomh gu fairsing reidh
geataidh an ionracais :

Gu racham orra-san a steach ;
Iehobhah molaidh mis'.

0 So doras De, air 'n d'theid a steach
na daoine còire naomh.

1 Sior-mholam thu, oir chual thu mi :
is tu mo shlainte chaomh.

2 A' chlach a dhiùlt na clachairean,
clàch-chinn na h-òisinn i.

3 'S e Dia rinn sud, 's ro-iongantach
'n ar suilibh-ne an gniomh.

4 So fein an la a dh'orduich Dia,
sam bi sinn suilbhir ait.

5 Fòir, guidheam, guidheam ort, a Dhe ;
'nis siorbhich leinn gu pailt.

6 Beannuicht gu robh an neach a thig
an ainm Iehobhah threin :

Thug sinne beannachd oirbhse mach,
a teach Iehobhah fein.

27 'S e Dia Iehobhah dhealruich oirn,
ceanglaibh le cordaibh cruaidh
Ri adharcaibh na h-altair naomh,
an iobairt bheir sibh uaibh.

28 'S tusa mo Dhia, is molam thu :
arduicheam thu, mo Dhia.

29 O molaibh Dhia, oir tha e maith :
sior-mhaireann gràs an Triath.

SALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

'S Beannuicht an dream tha foirfidh glan
san t-slighe dhirich cheairt ;
An dream a ghluaiseas ann an lagh
àrd-Tighearna nam feart.

2 'S beannuicht an aitm ud faraon
le'n coimhdear teisteis De,
'S a dh'iarras e gu dicheallach,
le'n uile chridhe fein.

3 'N a shlighibh-san sior-ghluaisear leo,
's cha dhean iad aingidheachd

4 Dh'àithn thu dhuinn' gu coimheadamaid
gu dicheallach do reachd.

5 O stiur mo cheum, 's gu coimhdear leam
do reachda dìreach fein !

6 Cha ghabh mi nàir', tra bheir mi speis
do t-aitheantaibh gu leir.

Le chridhe treibh-dhireach gun ghò
 mòr-mholam thu gu binn:
 Tra dh fhoghlumas mi breitheanais
 do cheartais naomha ghrinn.
 'S e so mo rùn gu coimhdear leam
 do reachda ceart do ghnà:
 O Thighearna, na treigse mi
 gu builleach no gu bràth.

BETH.

Ciod leis an glan an t-òganach
 a shlighe fein gu ceart.
 Trid faicill mhaith is furachrais
 reir t-fhocail is do reachd.
 Le m'uile chridhe fein, a Dhe,
 do iarr mi thu gu caomh;
 Na leig dhomh dol air seacharan
 o t-aitheantaibh ro-naomh:
 Air eagal peacaidh, dh'fholuich mi
 a'm chridhe t-fhocal ceart.
 O teagaisg dhomh do reachda naomh:
 's beannuicht thu, Dhia nam feart.
 Le m'bhilidh, breitheanais do bheil
 nochd mi air fad 's air leud.
 Slighe do theisteis b'aoibhneich leam,
 na saibhreas mòr d'a mheud.
 Sochraichidh mi mo smuainteachadh
 air aitheantaibh do reachd;
 Air ceumanaibh do shlighe fein
 sior-dhearcaidh mi le beachd.

- 16 Gabhaidh mi tlachd is ciata mhaith
do d'statuibh gu leir :
Air dearmad fòs cha lèig mi choidhch'
deagh fhocal glan do bheil.

GIMEL.

- 17 Riumsa ta m'òglach dhuit, a Dhe,
dean toirbheartas gach am ;
A cham gu bithinn beo, is fòs
gu coimhdear t-fhocal leam,
18 Fosgail mo shùilean, 's chì mi'n sin
mòr iongantais do reachd.
19 'S coigreach air talamh mi : na ceil
orm t-aitheanta ro-cheart.
20 Tha m'anam briste brùit' a stigh,
is muladach do ghnà ;
Aig meud mo thograidh is mo mhiann
do d' bhreitheanais gach trà.
21 Luchd uabhair mhalluicht smachduich
a chlaon o t-iarras ceart. [thu
22 Cuir spìd is masladh fada uam :
oir choimhdeadh leam do reachd.
23 Am aghaidh labhair prionnsaidh mòr,
air suidhe dhoibh le cheil' :
Ach air do statuibh ro-naomh
do smuaintich t-òglach fein.
24 'Taim gabhail tlachd is ciata mhòr
do d'theisteach firineach ;
Is mar an ceudn' tha e am fheum
dhomh fein 'n a chomhairleach.

DALETH.

Tha m'anam leantuin ris an ùir :
reir t-fhocail beothaich mi.

Nochd mi mo shligh', is dh'eisd thu
seol dhomh do lagh, a Dhe. [rium,

Air slighe fhior-ghlain t-aitheanta
thoir dhomhsa tuigse gheur :

Mar sin air t-oibribh iongantach
labhram, 'g an cur an ceill.

Tha m'anam leaghadh as le bròn :
reir t-fhocail deonuich neart.

Cuir slighe bhreugach fada uam :
ad ghràs thoir dhomh do reachd.

Slighe na firinn fhoirfidh ghloin
is i bu roghain leam :

Is chuir mi do cheart bhreitheanais
fa m' chombair fein gach am.

Lean mi faraon gu tul-chuiseach
ri d' theisteas naomha fein :

Na cuir gh h-amhluadh nàire mi,
O Tighearna ro-threin.

An slighe fhior-ghlan t-aitheanta
sior-ruidhidh mi le tlachd ;

Tra chithear dhuit mo chridhe teann
a chur am fairsingeachd.

HE.

Slighe de statuin teagaisg dhomh,
O Dhia Iehobhah threin :

Is coimhdeam i gu dicheallach
gu crìch mo shaoghail fein

- 34 Tuigs' agus eòlas thabhair dhomh,
is coimhdibh mi do reachd ;
Is fòs le m'uile cridhe fein
coimhdear leam e gu beachd.
- 35 An ceum do-lagh' thoir orm bhi triall ;
oir leam 's ro-thlachdmhòr e.
- 36 Gu d' theisthas naomh, 's ni h-ann gu
mo cridhe lùb, a Dhe. [sannt
- 37 Mo shùile pill mun amhairc mi
air diomhanas gun stà :
Ach ann do shlighibh naomha fein
ath-bheothaich mi do ghnà.
- 38 O daighnich t-fhocal firinneach
do t-òglach fein gu mòr :
Do'n neach thug suas e fein air fad
do t-eagal mar is còir.
- 39 Pill uam an nàir' a's eagal leam :
oir 's maith do bhreith, a Dhe ;
- 40 Feuch, 's miannach leamsa t-aitheanta :
a' d' cheartas beothaich mi.

VAU.

- 41 Thigeadh do thròcair mar an ceudn'
do m'ionnsuidh fein, a Dhe
Do cho-fhuasgladh, 's do shlàinte chaomh,
a reir do gheallaidh fein.
- 42 Mar sìndo'n neach bheir masladh dhomh,
bidh agam freagra deas :
Oir ann ad fhocal firinneach
mo dhòchas cuiridh mis'.

- 3 Focal na firinn na buin leat
 gu h-iomlan as mo bheul :
 Oir ann ad bhreitheanas ro-cheart
 a ta mo dhòchas fein.
 4 Mar sin gu suthain is gu sior,
 gnà-choimhdibh mi do reachd :
 5 Arson gu'n iarram t-aitheanta,
 gluaisiam am fairsingeachd.
 6 Ri righribh labhram air do theist,
 gun amhluadh orm na sgà.
 7 Is gabham tlachd do t-aitheantaibh,
 's ann dhoibh a thug mi gràdh.
 8 Ri t-aitheantaibh d'an d'thug mi toil,
 togam mo làmhnan fein :
 Is ann ad statuisibh ro-naomh
 bitheam ri cnuasachd gheir.

ZAIN.

- 9 Cuimhnich am focal ùd, a Dhe,
 do t-òglach fein anis,
 Thug thu mar bharant' dòchais dhomh,
 's thug orm gu d'earb mi ris.
 10 'S e so mo cho-fhurtachd ro mhòr
 am theinn 's am amhghar geur :
 Oir rinn do bhriathra firinneach
 m'ath-bheothachadh gu treun.
 11 Bha mi mar aobhar faoid mhòir
 ag daoineibh ardanach :
 Gidheadh cha d' aom air falbh o d'lagh,
 le claoonadh seachranach.

- 52 Do bhreitheanais a ta o chian
chuimhnich mi, Dhia, gu leir;
Is ghlac mi chugam ann an sin
deagh cho-fhurtachd am fheum.
- 53 Arson gu d' threig an daoibh do lagh,
ghlac uamhunn mi gu mòr.
- 54 An tigh mo chùairt is m' oil-thire
do statuin b'iad mo cheol.
- 55 Chuimhnich mi t-ainm san oidhch'
is choimdeadh leam do reachd. [D
- 56 B'e so mo chuid: oir choimhid mi
t-iarrtais, a Dhe, gu beachd.

CHETH.

- 57 Mo chuibhrionn is mo crannchur thu
O Thighearn' is a Dhe:
Le gealladh oinnteach thubhairt mi,
gu coimhead t-fhocal fein.
- 58 Le m'uile chridhe dh'iarr mi ort
do ghuais, 's do ghràsa saor:
A reir do bhriathra firinneach
dean tròcair orm gu caoin.
- 59 Do chnuasaich mi do shlighe fein;
's ri d' theisteach phill mo chos.
- 60 Rinn deifir choimhead t-aitheanta,
's nior ghabh mi tàmh no fois.
- 61 Chreach buidheann aingidh mi; gi
ni dhearmaid mi do reachd. [hea
- 62 Eiream mu mheadhon oidhch'; a chu
gu molam do bhreith cheart.

- 3 'S fear-comuinn mì is companach
do'n dream d'an eagal thu ;
'S do'n aitim ud a choimhdeas fòs
t-fhior-aitheanta gu dlù.
- 4 O Thighearna, tha 'n talamh làn
do d' ghràs, 's do d' thròcair chaoimh.
Tuigs' agus eòlas thabhair dhomh
ad statuisibh ro-naomh.

TETH.

- 5 Do t-òglach rinn thu maith, a Dhe,
reir do-briathair cheairt.
- 6 Deagh-thuigs' is eòlas teagaisg dhomh:
oir chreid mi fein do reachd.
- 7 Mun robh mi 'n teinn, air seachran
ach t-fhocal ghleidh mi nis. [chaidh :
8 'S maith thus', is nithear maitheas leat :
ad statuis teagaisg mis'.
- 9 Am aghaidh luchd an ardain bhuirb
dhealbh breuga baoth le cheil' ;
Ach coimhdidh mise t-aitheanta
le m' chridhe fein gu leir.
- 10 Ta'n cridhesan co reamhar fòs,
ri saill, ag meud an sògh :
Ach gabhaidh mise tlachd dhomh fein
ad laghsa, Dhe, gach ló.
- 11 'S maith dhomhs' a nis gu robh mi fein
an teinn 's an amhgar geur ;
A chum gu foghlumainn le beachd
do statuin cheart gu leir.

- 72 'S fearr dhomh gu mòr an lagh ata
ag teachd o d'bheul amach,
Na milte mòr do'n airgiod ghlan,
's do'n òr a's deirge dreach

JOD.

- 73 Do rinn, 's do dhealbh do làmhnan mi;
dean tuisgeach mi d'a reir,
A chum gu faighinn eòlas maith
air t-aitheantaibh gu leir.
- 74 Tra chi luchd t-eagail mi, bi'd ait:
oir dh'earb mi as do theist.
- 75 Dhia chiom gur ceart do bhreith, 's
leòn thusa mi gun cheist. [co 35]
- 76 Dhe, guidheam ort, do thròcair chaoin
bhi dhomh mar chofhurtachd:
Do reir an fhocail labhair thu
ri t' òglach fein gu beachd.
- 77 O thigeadh chugam fein anis
do throcair chaomh, a Dhe,
Do m' chumail beo: oir 's e do lagh
mo thlachd 's mo mhiann gach rè.
- 78 Biodh nàir' air luchd an àrdain mhòir;
bhuin riumsa, gun chion-fa,
Gu fealltach fiar; ach smuainticheam
air t-aitheantaibh do ghnà.
- 79 Pillidh luch t-eagail rium; 's an dream
ta eolach air do theist.
- 80 Gu robh mo chridhe ceart ad reachd,
nach nàraichear mi 'm feasd'.

CAPH.

- Tha m'anam air a chlaoidh gu mòr
 feitheamh do choibhre, Dhe:
 Ach tha mo dhòchas bunaiteach
 a' t-fhocal tairis fein.
- 2 Ag feitheamh t-fhocail chaith mo shùil:
 furtachd, O cuin a ni?
- 3 Oir taim mar shearraig anns an toit:
 's do reachd nior dhearmaid mi.
- 4 Cia lion iad làithe t-oglaich fein?
 is fòs, a Dhe, cia uair
 Chuireas tu breitheanas an gnìomh
 orra ta orms' an tòir?
- 5 An dream ta làn do 'n àrdan bhorb,
 threachail iad dhomh gu beachd
 Sluic dhomhain, chum mo ghlacadh leo,
 nach robh a reir do reachd.
- 6 Ta'd orm an tòir gu h-eucorach
 Dhe, cuidich leam gu grad:
 Oir tairis agus firinneach
 tha t-aitheantan air fad.
- 7 Air talamh chaidh ach beag mo chlaoidh;
 nior threig mi t-iarrtais naomh.
- 8 'S gu coimhdinn teistias fìor do bheil,
 ath-bheothaich mi gu caomh.

LAMED.

- 9 Tha t-fhocal bunaiteach, gu bràth,
 sna neamhaibh àrd, a Dhe.
- 10 Tha t-fhirinn is do thairisneachd
 buan-mhaireannach gach rè:

- 90 Do dhaighnicheadh an talamh leat,
 's na sheasamh tha d'a reir.
 91 Ta'd buan an diugh reir t-orduigh fein
 do mhuinntir iad gu leir.
 92 Mur bhith' gud' ghabh mi ciata mhòr
 do t-fhocal firinneach,
 Ghrad-fhailnichinn is gheibhinn bàs
 am amhghar iomarcach.
 93 T-iarrtais cha di-chuimhnich mi choid
 oir bheothaich thu mi leo. [hch
 94 'S leat mi, fòir orm : oir dh'iarr mi fei
 t-aitheanta fein gach lo.
 95 Bha luchd na h-aingeachd furachair
 ga m'fheitheamh chum mo sgrios :
 Ach air do theisteas firinneach
 le m' smuaintibh dearcaidh mis.'
 96 Chunnaic mi crìoch gach nithe ta
 sa bheatha so d'a mheud :
 Ach t-fhocal tha gun tomhas fòs
 ag fairsingheachd is leud.

MEM.

- 97 Cia ionmhuin leam do lagh-sa Dhe!
 mo smuainteach' e gach la.
 98 Thar m'eas-car thug thu gliocas dhomh
 le d' reachd ; ta leam do ghnà.
 99 Is tuigsich mi na'n aitim ud
 thug teagasg dhomh gu leir :
 Bhri' gur ann air do theisteas naomh
 taim smuainteachadh gu geur.

- 00 Taim tuigseach eagnaigh fòs os cionn
gach sean air anns an tìr :
Arson gur choimhdeadh leam gu beachd
iartais do reachd gu fìor.
- 01 Phill mi mo chos o ròd gach uile ;
gu coimhdinn t-fhocal ceart.
- 02 Nìor chlaon mi fòs o d' bhreitheanas ;
oir theagaisgeadh mi leat.
- 03 Le m' bhlàs cia milis, O mo Dhia,
do bhriathra ceart gu leir !
Do m' chàirin 's mìlse iad gu mor
na mìl air feadh mo bheil.
- 04 Trid t-aitheanta taim faghail fòs
tuigs' agus eolais mhaith ;
Is uime sin 's ro-fhuathach leam
gach slighe cham air bith.

NUN.

- 05 Is lòchran t-fhocal fein do m' chois ;
solus do m' cheum gu beachd.
- 06 Do mhionnuich mi, is nìom d'a reir ;
gu coimhdinn fein do reachd.
- 07 Tha mis an trioblaid iomarcaich ;
O Tighearna nam feart :
Do reir an fhocail labhair thu,
ath-bheothaich mi le d' neart.
- 08 Gabh uam gu taitneach (guidheam ort)
ofrail mo bheil anis,
A bheiream dhuit gu toileach saor ;
stiur mi ad bhreitheanas.

- 109 Tha m'anam bochd am làimh do ghnà
ach chuimhnich mi do reachd.
- 110 Leag droch-dhaoin' romhan lion ; gid-
nior chlaon o t-iartas ceart. [headh
- 111 Do theisteis fhior do ghabh mi fein
mar m'oighreachd bhuan am feasd ;
Oir 's iad a bheir do m' chridhe leònt'
subhachas mòr gun cheist.
- 112 Dh'aom mi mo chridhe fòs a chum,
gu deanta leam do ghnà,
Do statuin cheart a chur an gnìomh,
nis is a rìs gu bràth.

SAMECH.

- 113 Is fuath leam smuainte diomhanach :
do d' reachd ach thug mi gràdh.
- 114 'S tu m' ionad-foluich, 's tu mo sgia :
as t-fhocal m' earbsa ta.
- 115 O sibhs' a chleachd bhi deanamh uile,
imichibh uam anis :
Oir aitheanta mo Thighearna
le curam coimhdidh mis'.
- 116 Reir t-fhocail dean mo chumail suas,
a chum gu mairinn beo :
'S na leig fo nàire mi, fa chùis
mo dhòchais fein gach lo.
- 117 Neartuich mi, 's tearnaidh mise slàn :
sior-dhearcam air do reachd.
- 118 Shaltair thu air na chlaon o d' lagh :
oir 's breug am feall gu beachd.

- 19 Mar shal droch-mhiotail tilgear uait
 gach daoibh air talamh ta ;
 Is uime sin 's ro-chaomh leam fein
 teisteis do bheil a ghnà.
- 20 Do chriothnuich m'fheoil fa'n eagal ùd
 a ghabh mi romhad fein ;
 Is lionadh mi le uamhunn fòs,
 fa d' bhreitheanais gu leir.

GNAJIN.

- 21 Rinn mi breith chothromach ; na fàg
 fo iochd luchd m'fhòirneirt mi.
- 22 O neartuich t-oglach fein sa mhaith,
 na leig luchd-buirb do m' chlaoi'.
- 23 Mo shùilean tha air fàilneachadh
 feitheamh do shlàinte, Dhe ;
 'S a' feitheamh gus an coilionar
 deagh bhriathar ceart do bheil.
- 24 Ri t-òglach buin a reir do ghràis,
 seol dhomh do lagh gu beachd.
- 25 'S mi t-oglach, thabhair eòlas dhomh,
 gu tuiginn fein do reachd.
- 26 'S mithich dhuit gnìomh a thaisbeanadh,
 a Dhe Iehobhah threin :
 Oir sgaoileadh agus bhristeadh leo
 t-aitheanta naomh gu leir.
- 27 Fa'n aobhar ud, O Thighearna,
 gu dearbh is ionmhuin leam
 T-aitheanta fein oscionn an òir
 an t-òr a's fearr a t'ann.

- 128 Measam t-uil'-iartais uime sin
bhi anns gach aon-ni ceart;
Is fuathach fòs le m' chridhe fein
gach slighe bhreig' gu beachd.

P.E.

- 129 Tha t-fhocal is do theisteis fein,
a Dhe, ro-iongantach;
Air 'n aobhar sin ni m'anam bochd
'n coimhead gu curamach.
- 130 Bheir tionnsgnadh t-fhocail solus mait
ri dol a stigh 'n a phàirt;
Do dhaoineibh simplidh ain-eolach
do bheir e eòlas ard.
- 131 Gu fairsing dh'fhoosgail mi mo bheul,
a' ploscartaich gu mòr;
Fa mheud mo thoill do t-aitheantaibh
bhiom muladach gu leòr.
- 132 Seall agus amhairc orm, a Dhia,
dean tròcair orm gu caomh;
Mar rinneadh leat a ghnà do'n dream
le'm b'ionmhuin t-ainm ro-naomh.
- 133 Peacadh na biodh an uachdar orm:
a't-fhocal stiur mo cheum.
- 134 O fhoirneart dhaoine teasaig mi;
is coimhdeam t-iartais fein.
- 135 Dealradh dò ghnùis air t-òglach tog:
seol dhomh do statuin cheart.
- 136 Ruidh srutha deur o m' shùilibh fòs;
air bristeadh leo do reachd.

TSADDI.

- 137 'S ro-chothromach thu fein, a Dhe,
's is dìreach reidh do bhreith.
- 138 Do theisteis dh'aithn thu dhuinn' ata
ro-thairis ceart gach leth.
- 139 Do rinn mo ghradh is m' eud ro-mhòr
mo chaitheadh roimhe cheil':
Do bhri gu d' dhearmaid m'eas-cairde
deagh bhriathra ceart do bheil.
- 140 'S ro-fhior-ghlan t-fhocal: uime sin
's ionmhuin le t-òglach e.
- 141 'Taim snarach beag; gidheadh do reachd
air dhi-chuimhn' nior leig mi.
- 142 Do cheartas fein is ceartas e
ta siorruidh buan gu bràth;
Is amhluidh sin do lagh ro-cheart
'na fhirinn gloinn ata.
- 143 Ghlac trioblaid mi, is dh'amaid orm
teinn agus amhghar geur;
Gidheadh ata mo thlachd gu mòr
a' t-aitheantaibh gu leir.
- 144 Ceartas do theisteis fein, a Dhe,
tha siorruidh buan gun cheist:
Deagh-thuigse thabhair thusa dhomh,
is bitheam beo am feasd.

KOPH.

- 14 Ghlaodh mi le m'uile chridh': a Dhe,
eisd, 's coimhdidh mi do reachd.
- 146 Do eigheam riut, fòir orm; 's an sin
coimhdeam do theist gu beachd.

- 147 Do thionnsgain mi ro 'n scarthanaich,
is ghlaodh mi riutsa, Dhe ;
Oir tha mo dhòchas bunaiteach
a' t-fhocal daingean fein.
- 148 Mo shùilean tha ni's furachair
na farair' theann na h-oidhch' :
A chum gu bithinn smuainteachadh
air t-fhocal fein a choidhch.
- 149 A reir do chaoimhneis thròcairich
eisd fein ri m' ghuth anis :
Do reir do bhreitheanais ro-mhòir,
Iehobhah beothaich mis'.
- 150 Luchd leanmhuin uile tha teannadh orra
ata iad fad o d' reachd.
- 151 Dhe, tha thu 'm fagus ; agus tha
t-uil' iartais fìor is ceart.
- 152 Fa thimchioll fòs do theisteis naomh,
o thoiseach b'fhiosrach mi,
Gud' rinneadh leat an socrachadh
a chum bhi buan gu sior.

RESH.

- 153 Amhairc, a Dhe, air m'amhghar goir
is fuasgail orm am fheum :
Fo'n aobhar nach do dhearmaid mi
an reachd a dh'àithn thu fein.
- 154 Tagair mo chùis, is fuasgail orm :
reir t-fhocail cum mi beo.
- 155 'S fad slàint' o dhroch-dhaoinibh : arsa
do reachd nach iarrar leo.

- 56 'S ro-lionmhor mòr do throcair chaomh,
O Thighearn' is a Dhe:
Do reir do bhreitheanais ro-cheirt
dean beodhail ealamh mi. [toir,
- 57 'S lionmhor luchd leanmhuin orm an
is m'eas-cairde faraon;
Ach mis' o' d' theisteach firinneach,
cha deach' air seachran-claon.
- 58 Chunniac' mi peacaich, chràdh sud mi,
do reachd oir bhristeach leo.
- 59 Feuch mar is ionmhuin leam do lagh,
ad chaoimhneas cum mi beo.
- 60 A Thighearna tha t-fhocal fein
o thoiseach daingean fìor:
Is tha do bhreitheanais air fad
ceart agus buan gu fìor.

SCHIN.

- 61 Bha prionnsaidh làidir orm an tòir;
gun aobhar no cion-fà,
Ach air mo chridh' tha eagal mòr
roi t-fhocal fein do ghnà.
- 62 Ta aiteas orm ri t-fhocal maith,
mar neach fhuair creach gun tòir.
- 63 'S oillteil 's is fuath leam breug; ach
mi gradh do d' lagh gu mòr. [thug
- 64 Ataim a' tabhairt molaidh dhuit
seachd uairean gach aon la:
Arson do bhreitheanais gu leir
ta ceart, a Dhe, gu bràth,

- 165 'S mòr sìth na muintir ud ata
ag tabhairt gràidh do d' reachd ;
Cha'n eirich tuisleadh idir dhoibh,
no oìlbheim fòs gu beachd.
- 166 Rì d'shlainte dh'fheith mi fein, a Dhe
coimndeam do reachd air chòir.
- 167 Do theisteis choimhid m'anam fein ;
's ionmhuin leam iad gu mòr.
- 168 Do theisteis agus t-aitheanta,
do choimhdeadh leam do ghnà :
Oir tha mo shligheanna gu leir
fa d' chomhair fein gach la.

TAU.

- 169 Thigeadh mo ghlaodh am fagus duit,
a' t-fhianais fein, a Dhe :
Is fòs reir t-fhocail fhirinnich
dean tuigseach eòlach mi.
- 170 Ad làthair thigeadh m' achuinge,
reir t-fhocail ormsa fòir.
- 171 Air teagasg dhuit no statuin dhomh,
mo bheul bheir dhuitsa glòir.
- 172 Labhraidh mo theang' air t-fhocal fìor
oir tha t-uil' iartais ceart.
- 173 Deanadh do làmh-sa coghnadh leam
oir roghnaich mi do reachd.
- 174 Ag feitheamh air do shlàinte, Dhe,
bhiom fein gu tuirseach trom :
Is mar an ceudna tha do reachd
ro-thlachdmhor ciatach leam.

- 75 Deonuich do m'anam bochd bhi beo,
is duitsa bheir e glòir:
Is deanadh do cheart bhreitheanais
deagh-choghnadh dhomh le fòir.
- 76 Do chaidh mi fein air seacharan
mar chaoirich chailte thruaigh,
Iarr t-òglach: oir cha d'leig do d' reachd
dol as mo chuimhne uam.

SALM CXX.

- M' eigin ghlaodh mi suas ri Dia,
is dh' eisd e rium gach re,
- 2 O'n teangaidh chealgaich, m'anam saor;
's o bheul nam breug, a Dhe.
- 3 Ciod bheirear dhuit, no nithear ort,
a theanga làn do gho?
- 4 Mar shaighde laoich, 's iad geuraichte,
mar eibhlibh aiteil beo.
- 5 Mo thruaighe mi, gu bheil mo chuairt
am Meseich; is mo thàmh
Am bothaibh Chedair choigrich bhuirb,
gu muladach gun daimh.
- 6 Rinn m'anam comhnuidh fhada fòs
le neach thug fuath do shìth.
- 7 Gu cogadh tha iad togarach;
air sìth 'n trà labhras mi.

SALM CXXI.

To shùile togam suas a chum
nam beann, o'n d'thig mo neart.

- 2 O'n Dia rinn talamh agus neamh,
tha m'fhurtachd uile teachd.
- 3 Cha leig do d' chois air chor air bith
gu sleamhnuich i gu bràth;
Tamh-neul cha d' thig sin air an neach
's fear-coimhid ort do ghnà.
- 4 Feuch, air fear-coimhid Israeil,
cadal cha'n aom no suain:
- 5 'S e Dia t-fhear coimhid; 's e do sgàil
air do laimh dheis gu buan.
- 6 A' ghrian cha bhuail i thu san la,
no ghealach fòs san oidhch.
- 7 Ni Dia do choimhead o gach olc;
ni t-anam dhion a choidhch.
- 8 Do dhol amach, 's do theachd a steach
comheadaidh Dia do ghnà;
O'n aimsir sò anis a t'an,
's o sin amach gu bràth.

SALM CXXII.

- B**HA aòibhneas orm trà thubhairt iad
gu tigh Dhe theid sin suas.
- 2 Ad dhorsaibh, O Ierusalem,
air casa seasaidh fòs.
- 3 Ierusalem mar chathair i,
thogadh gu dileas dlù.
- 4 D'an d'theid na treabha suas gu leir,
siad treabha Dhe nan dùl.
- Gu teistean Israeil, do chum
ainm Dhe gu moladh iad.

- 5 Oir caithrichean chum breth tha'n san :
's teaghlach Dhaibhidh iad.
- 6 Sior ghuidhibh do Ierusalem
sìth shaimh is sonas mòr :
A mhuintir sin le'n ionmhuin thu
soirbhiochidh iad gu leòr.
- 7 An tàobh a stigh do d' bhallaibh fein
biodh sìth is sonas maith :
Deagh-shoirbheas fòs gu robh gu bràth
ad lùchairt aird a stigh.
- 8 Air sgà mo bhràithrean 's luchd mo ghaoil;
dhuit guidheam sìth do ghnà.
- 9 Air sgà tigh naomh ar Tighearn' Dia
iarram do leas gu bràth.

SALM CXXIII.

- M**o shùile togam riutsa ta
'n comhnuidh air neamh nan speur.
- 2 Feuch, mar tha sùil nan seirbhiseach
air làimh am maighstir fein ;
'S mar shùile ban-oglach air lamh
a bain-tighearn' faraon,
Feithidh ar sùil air Dia, gu 'n-dean
e tròcair oirn gu caoin.
- 3 Dean gràsan oirn lehobhab Dhia,
dean gràsan oirn gu luath ;
Oir tha sinn air a lionadh làn
da tharcuis' is do fhuath.
- 4 Le fanoid luchd na seasgaireachd
lionadh ar n-anam bochd;

'S le spid na muintir ùd ata
làn àrdain is ain-ìochd.

SALM CXXIV.

- N**is abradh Israel gu fìor ;
Mur biodh Iehobhah leinn :
2 Mur biodh Iehobhah as ar leth,
trà dh'eirich daoine ruinn;
3 'N sin dheanta leo ar slugadh beo,
trà las an corruich ruinn.
4 Is ruitheadh tharuinn tuilte bras,
sruth laidir thar ar ceann.
5 'N sin rachadh thar ar n-anma bochd,
na tuiltean ard gu leir.
6 Moladh do Dhia, nach d'thug e sinn
mar chreich d'an fìaclaibh geur.
7 Mar eun a lion an eunadair
ar n-anma truagh chaidh as :
Bhristeadh an lion is sgaoileadh e,
is shaoradh sinn gu cas.
8 Ar coghna ta 's ar cuideachadh
an ainm Iehobhah threin :
An neach a rinn an talamh bhos,
's a chruthaich neamh nan speur.

SALM CXXV.

THA'N dream nì dòchas ann an Dia
mar shliabh Shìoin a ghnà.
Nach feudar fòs a charuchadh,
ach mhaireas ann gu bràth.

- 2 Ceart mar ata na beanntaidh tric
timchioll Ierusalem,
Tha Dia mar sin, o nis gu sior,
timchioll a phobuill fein.
- 3 Oir slat luchd uile cha ghabh i tàmh
air chrann nan daoine còir ;
Eagal gu sìn na fireanaich
àn lamh gu peacadh mòr.
- 4 An aitim ùd tha maith, a Dhe,
do mhaitheas pàirtich leo :
Is leis an dream tha treibh-dhireach
's nan cridhe ta gun ghò.
- 5 Ach iadsan uile theid a thaoibh
'g an slighibh claon le cheil',
Iomainidh Dia le luchd an uile :
's bidh sìth air Israeil.

SALM CXXVI.

- N**'TRà thug Iehobhah air a h-ais
bruid Shion, b' ionan sinn
As daoine chunnaic aisling mhòr
's a mhosgail as an suain.
- 2 Lionadh ar beul le gàir an sin,
's ar teanga fòs le ceol ;
Am measg nan cinneach thubhairt iad,
rinn Dia dhoibh bearta mòr.
- 3 Rinn Dia mòr bhearta air ar son :
chuir oirne gairdeachas,
- 4 Iehobhah, pill ar bruid a ris,
mar shruth san àirde deas.

- 5 Iadsan a chuir gu deurach siol,
gu subhach ni iad buain.
- 6 An neach gu curachd theid amach
le siol ro phriseil caoin,
Air bhith dha gul gu muladach
'g a'iomchar sud gu fonn,
Le haiteas pillidh e gu dearbh,
a' giulan sguaba trom.

SALM CXXVII.

- M**UR tog Iehobhah fein an tigh,
tha luchd na togail faoin;
Mur gleidh Iehobhah 'm baile fòs
chaidh luchd na faire 'n saoth'r.
- 2 Dhuibh 's diomhain bhi ri moch-eiridh
san oidhch' ri caithris bhuain,
Bhi 'g itheadh' arain bròin; mar sin
d'a sheircin bheir e suain.
- 3 'S e Dia bheir toradh bronn mar bhuai
mar oighreachd bheir e clann.
- 4 Bidh mic na h-òig' mar shaighde geur,
'n làimh ghaigich threin gach am.
- 5 'S bu nearachd fear' gam bi dhuibh sud
a ghlac 's a dhorlach làn;
Gun ruidheadh labhruidh iad sa phort
re'n naimhdibh olc gu dàn.

SALM CXXVIII.

- 'S** BEANNUICHT gach aon-neach air am bi
eagal Iehobhah mhòir;

- Is ann an slighibh fìor-ghlan De
stiuras a cheum air chòir.
- 2 Oir toradh gnìomh do làmh fein
ithidh tu e gu h-ait ;
Beannuichear thu gu mòr mar sin
's bidh sonas ort gu pailt.
- 3 Mar fhìneamh 'n tharbhaich bidh do bhean
'n taobh stigh do t-fhàrdaich fein ;
Do chlann mar phlàntaibh òl-chrainn uir
timchioll do bhùird gu leir.
- 4 Feuch, 's amhluidh sin do bheannuichear
an neach d'an eagail Dia.
- 5 A Sion gheibh thu beannuchadh,
is sonas pailt o'n Triath ;
Is chì thu maith Ierusalem
re fad do làith' gu leir.
- 6 Is clann do chlaoinne chì tu fòs ;
is sìth air Israeil.

SALM CXXIX.

- 3 U tric a chràdh iad mi o m' òig',
(deir Israel gu truagh,)
- 2 O m' òige chràdh iad mi gu tric,
gidheadh cha d' thug iad mi buaidh.
- 3 Threabh an luchd-treabhaidh air mo-
tharruing iad claisean fad. [dhruim,
- 4 Ach bhrìst Iehobhah ceart-bhreitheach
còrdan nan daoibh gu gràd.
- 5 Air naimhdibh Shìoin gu robh nàir',
's rachadh air cùl gu luath ;

- 6 Mar fheur air mullach tighe fàs
a chaill a bhlà gun bhuain :
- 7 Ni leis nach lionar glac an fhir
a bhios gu tric a' buain ;
Is leis nach lionar sgia an ti,
a bhios ri ceangal sguab.
- 8 Ni mò their luchd an rathaid riu,
gu robh oirbh beannachadh Dhe ;
Ach sinne tha 'g ur beannachadh,
an ainm Iehobhah threin.

SALM CXXX.

- O 'N doimhne, O Iehobhah Dhe,
do ghlaodh mi riutsa suas.
- 2 Dhia, eisd ri m' ghuth gu furachair :
's ri m'urnaigh crom de chluas.
- 3 Ma chomhruichear leat aingidheachd,
a Dhe, co sheasas riut ?
- 4 Ach agadsa ta iochd ; a chum
gu striochd' a' t-eagal duit.
- 5 Ri Dia tha mis' a' feitheamh, fòs :
tha m'anam feitheamh ris ;
'S na fhocal naomha fhuinneach
mo dhòchas curidh mis.'
- 6 Tha m'anam bochd ni 's furachair
a' feitheamh Dhe do ghnà,
Na bhios luchd faire maidne fòs
ri sgarachdain nan trà ;
Ni 's furachair, a deiream fòs,
'g a fheitheamh san gun ghò,

Na bhios luchd-faire anns an oidhch,
ri teachd a steach do'n lo.

- 7 Biodh dòchas Israeil an Dia:
oir tha a thròcair mòr;
'S ann aig an Tighearna gu beachd
tha fuasgladh pailt gu leor.
- 8 Is bheir e fein gun cheist air bith
d'a phobull Israel,
Làn-shaoradh agus fuasgladh glan
o'n aingidheachd gu leir.

SALM CXXXI.

- M**o chridhe cha'n 'eil àrdanach,
no fòs mo shùil, a Dhe;
Nior ghluais mi ann an cùisibh mòr,
a's airde na mi fein.
- 2 Gu dearbh, mar naoidhein chaidh o'n
bha mi gu sèimh am thosd: [chich
Mar naoidhein chaidh o chich a mhàth'r,
is amhluidh m'anam bochd.
- 3 Biodh dòchas maith ag Israel
an Dia Iehobhah treun,
O'n ainisr so anis a t'ann,
's air feadh gach linn an cein.

SALM CXXXII.

- I**R Daibhidh deansa cuimhn', a Dhe,
's air uile amhghar geur:
- 2 Mar thug e mionn' do Dhia, is mòid
do Dhia ùd Iacob treun.

- 3 Do m'thìgh cha d' theid mi fein a steacl
no air mo leabaidh suas;
- 4 Do m' shuilibh tàmh cha tabhair mi,
no fòs do m' rosgaibh suain.
- 5 Gu ruig an uair an faigheam àit
do Dhia Iehobhah treun,
Is ionad-comhnuidh bunaiteach
do Dhia ud Iacob fein.
- 6 Feuch, ann an crìochaibh Ephrata
do chuala sinn an sgeul;
Air machairibh nan coillteach dlù
fhuair sinn e mar an ceudn'.
- 7 Air stòl a chois sleuchdaidh sinn,
an àros Dhia nam feart.
- 8 Eirich, a Dhe, gu t-ionad tàimh:
thu fein is àirc do neirt.
- 9 Sgheuduicht gu robh do shagairt-sa
do ghnà le h-ionracas:
Is deanaidh do luchd-muintir naomh
gun tàmh ur-ghàirdeachas.
- 10 Air sgà t-fhìor-oglaich dhileis fein
Daibhidh da'n d'thug thu buaidh,
Aghaidh an tì do ungadh leat
na cuir air h-ais gu truagh.
- 11 Do Dhaibhidh mhionnaich Dia gu fìor
's cha phill e uaidh' am feasd,
Ad chathair-rioghail cuiridh mi
t-iarmad 's do shliochd gun cheist.
- 12 Ma ni do chlann mo cho-cheangal
a chiomhead, is mo reachd,

- 1 An teist 'a nì mi theagasg dhoibh,
 ina chumar leo gu ceart :
 An sliochd-san suidhidh mar an ceudn'
 ad chathair-rìgh, gu bràth.
 2 Oir mhiannuich agus roghnuich Dia
 Sion mar ionad tàimh.
 3 'S i sò mò thàmh 's mo shuaimhneas fòs
 gu suthain is gu sior :
 An so do dheanam fàrdoch dhomh,
 oir 's i mo mhiann gu fìor.
 4 Mòr bheannuicheam a stòr gu pailt :
 diolam a bochd le lòn,
 5 Le slàint' a sagairt euduicheam
 's a naoimh nì iolach mhòr.
 6 Bheiream an sin gu h-ùrar glas
 air adhairc Dhaibhidh fàs :
 Is lòchran dh' orduich mi do 'n tì
 a dh' ungadh leam tre gràis.
 7 Cuartaichidh mi a naimhde-san
 le nàir is ruidheadh gruaidh :
 Ach a'rsan bidh a choron fein
 a' fàs le h-iomadh buaidh.

SALM CXXXIII.

- 1 Feuch, cia meud am maith anis,
 cia meud an tlachd faraon,
 Bràithrean a bhi nan comhnuidh ghnà
 an sìth 's an ceangal-caoin.
 2 Mar òla phriseil air a' cheann,
 ruidh air an fheusaig sìos,

'S i feusag Aroin, agus shruth
gu iomall eudaich 'rìs.

3 Mar dhealt air Hermon' 's mar an druch
air sleibhtibh Shioin shuas;

'N sin dh'orduich Dia am beannuchadh,
a bheatha shiorruidh buan.

SALM CXXXIV.

O Oglacha Iehobhah mhòir,
beannuichibh Dia a choidhch';

Sibhse le 'n ghnà bhi 'n aros Dé
'nur seasamh feadh na h-oidhch',

2 'Na theampull togaibh suas ur làmh,
beannuichibh Dia nam feart,

3 Beannuicheadh Dia a Sion thu,
rinn neamh is làr le neart.

SALM CXXXV.

MOLAIBHSE Dia, àrd-mholaibh fòs
deagh-ainm Iehobhah threin,
Is thugaibh cliu is moladh dha,
oglaacha Dhe gu leir.

2 O sibse ta 'nur seasamh fos
an tigh Iehobhah mhòir.

An cùirtibh àluinn tigh ar Dia,
molaibh e mar is còir.

3 Molaibh an Tighearna, do bhrì
gu bheil e maith gach rè:

Da ainm-san seinnibh moladh ait,
oir 's ni ro-thlachdmhor e.

- 4 Oir Iacob fòs do roghnuich Dia
'na thròcair mhòir dha fein :
Dha fein mar ionnas is mar sheilbh,
do thagh e Israel.
- 5 Oir 's fìostach mi 's-is dìmhìn leam
gu bheil Iehobhah mòr,
Gu bheil an Tighearna faraon
os cionn gach dia an glòir.
- 6 Gach ni air bith bu mhiannach leis,
rinn Dia an neamh nan speur.
'S air talamh, 's anns na cuantaibh mòr,
's na doimhneachaibh gu leir.
- 7 Bheir esan air a cheo dol suas
o chrich na talmhainn shios,
Uisge ni e le dealanaich;
gaoth as a stòr gun dì'.
- 8 Gach ceud-ghin a bha anns an Eipht'
do bhuaileadh leis gu trom;
Do dhuine 's ainmhidh anns gach ait,
ag imeachd bha air fonn.
- 9 O Eiphte, chuir e comhara,
is miorbhuile le cheil',
Ad bhuilsgéan-sa; air Phàroh fòs,
's air òglachaibh gu leir.
- 10 Na cinnich lionmhor chlaoidheadh leis :
mharbh rìghrean cumhachdach.
- 11 Do mharbhah Og rìgh Bhàsain leis,
Sihon rìgh Amorach :
Gach uile rioghachd mar an ceudn',
cia h-iomadh ta iad ann.

Lom-sgrìosadh ag mhilleadh leis,
d'an robh an tìr Chanaain.

12 Am fonn 's am fearann sud air fad
mar oighreachd thiolaic e ;
Mar oighreachd do chloinn Israeil,
a phobull dileas fein.

13 Tha t-ainm, a Thighearna nam feart,
buan-mhaireannach do ghnà :
Tha tiomradh buan air chuimhne Dhe
o linn gu linn gu bràth.

14 Oir air a phobull fein nì Dia
ceart bhreitheanas gu beachd :
Is gabhaidh esan aithreachas
m'a òglacha le iochd.

15 Iodhoil nan cinneach tha do'n òr,
's do'n airgiod ghlas faraon ;
Is cha 'n 'eil annt' ach diomhanas
rinneadh le làmbaibh dhaoin'.

16 Tha beul ac', is gun chòra ann ;
is sùilean, leis nach leir.

17 Tha cluasan ac' 's cha chluinn iad leo :
gun anail fòs 'nam beul.

18 A' mhuintir tha 'g an deanamh sud,
ta'd fein ro-chòsmhuil riu ;
Is amhluidh ta gach uile neach
a chuireas annt' a dòigh.

19 O beannuichibh lehobbah mòr,
a theaghlaich Israeil ;
'S a theaghlaich Aroin, beannuichibh
an Tighearna le cheil'.

- 3 O theaghlaich Lebhi, beannuichibh
 is thugaibh cliu do Dhia :
 Sibhse d'an eagal Dia faraon,
 mòr-bheannuichibh an Triath.
 1 A Sion beannuicht gu robh Dia,
 'gam bheil a chomhnuidh bhuan
 An cathair naomh Ierusalem.
 Molaibhse Dia gach uair.

SALM CXXXVI.

- 1 Thugaibh buidheachas do Dhia,
 do bhrì gur sàr-mhaith e :
 Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
 gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
 2 Thugaibh do Dhia nan uile dhia
 mor-bhuidheachas le cheil'.
 Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
 gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
 3 Thugaibh do Thriath nan uile thriath
 mor-bhuidheachas gu leir :
 Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
 gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
 4 Do'n Ti na aonar fòs a rinn
 mor-mhiorbhuile gu treun :
 Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
 gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
 5 Do 'n Ti le gliocas iongantach
 a chruthaich neamh nan speur :
 Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
 gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.

- 6 Do'n Ti do shin air uachdar tuinn
an talamh trom gu leir :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 7 Do'n Ti do rinn na soluis mhor
ta soillseachadh nan speur :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 8 A' ghrian gu h-uachdranach san la,
chum dhuinne gu bu leir :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 9 A ghealach is na reulta glan
a riaghladh oidhch' le cheil' ;
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 10 Do'n Ti rinn bualadh trom san Eipht'
air ceud-ghin dhaoin' is spreidh :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 11 Thug as am builsgean-san amach
a phobull Israel ;
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 12 Le neart a ghairdein sìnte mach,
's le laimh ata ro-threun :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 13 Do'n Ti a sgoilt an fhairge ruadh
'n a foinnibh as a cheil' :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

4 Is trid a meadhoin stiuradh leis
gu tearuint Israel :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

5 San fhairge ruaidh do sgriosadh leis
Phàroh 's a shluagh gu leir :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

16 Do'n Ti sin trid na fàsaiche
a stiur a mhuintir fein :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

17 Dhasan a bhuail 's a lot gu trom
na righrean làidir treun :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

18 Is righrean uasal iomraiteach,
mharbh e le ghàirdean fein :

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

19 Nam measg bha righ nan Amorach,
seadh Sihon calma gleust ;

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

20 Is Og air Bàsan bhà 'na righ,
do mharbh is chasgair e ;

Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu siorruidh feadh gach re.

- 21 Is thug e fòs mar oighreachd bhuain
am fearann-san gu leir :
Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 22 An oighreachd thug do Israel,
oglach ro-dhileas fein :
Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 23 Neach, air bhith dhùinn ro-iosal truagh
a chuimhnich oirn 'nar feum :
Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 24 Gu sàbhailt bhuin e sinn amach
o neart ar naimhde treun :
Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 25 Tha tabhairt beatha do gach feoil,
is lòn do'n uile chre :
Arson gu mair a throcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.
- 26 O thugaibh moladh agus cliu
do Dhia nan neamh 's nan speur :
Arson gu mair a thròcair chaomh
gu sìorruidh feadh gach re.

SALM CXXXVII.

AIG sruthaibh coimheach Bhàbiloin,
shuidh sinn gu brònach bòchd ;
An sin air Sion chuimhnich sinn,
is ghuileadh leinn gu goirt.

- 2 Air gheugaibh seilich chrochadh léinn
ar clarsaichean an sin ;
- 3 Oir iadsan a rinn braighde dhinn
dhiarr oran oirn is gean.
Seadh iadsan le'n do chreachadh sinn
dh'iarr luaghair oirn is ceol,
Seinnibh do laoidhibh Shioin duinn,
(ars' iadsan) mar bu nòs.
- 4 An duthaich chèin an urra sinn
oran Iehobhah sheinn ?
- 5 Ierusalem mur cuimhnich mi
ri m' dheis nìor lean a seirm :
- 6 Mo theanga leanadh teann ri m' ghial
mur cuimhnichear thu leam,
Mur fearr leam na m'uil' aoibhneas àrd
cathair Ierusalem.
- 7 Clann Edoim, cuimhnich thusa, Dhe
oir thubhairt iad le tàir,
An làithibh truagh Ierusalem,
leag, leag i, sìos gu làr.
- 8 O Nighean uaibhreach Bhàbiloin,
a dh'fhàsaichear gu leir ;
Bu nearachd neach, mar rinn thu oirn,
a dhiolas dhuit d'a reir.
- 9 Bu nearachd neach a ghlacas fòs
do mhaoth-chlann bheaga thruagh,
'S a phronnas iad gun acarachd,
ri clachaibh t-uinnidh cruaidh.

- L**E m'uile ehridh' àrd-mholam thu,
àrd-mholam thu gu caomh.
- 2 'N lathair nan Dia. Is sleuchdam dhui
m'aghaidh ri d'theampull naomh,
Is mòlam t-ainm, bhri t-fhirinn cheairt,
's do chaoimhneis ghràdhaich fein :
Oir t-fhocal fìor-ghlan dh'arduich thu,
os cionn t-uil' ainm gu leir.
- 3 San la a ghlaodh mi riut, a Dhe,
fhreagair thu mi gu luath :
Is thug thu spionnadh dhomh gu leor,
le treòir, am anam truagh.
- 4 Bheir rìghre mòr na cruinne dhuit,
àrd-mholadh binn gu leir,
San uair an cluinnear leo, a Dhia,
deagh bhriathra glan do bheil.
- 5 An slighibh fòs Iehobhah mhòir
seinnidh iad ceòl gu n-ait;
Arson gur onorach, 's gur àrd
glòir àluinn Dhia nam feart.
- 6 Ge àrd Iehobhah, seallaidh e
air daoinibh umhall còir ;
Ach 's leir dha 'n dream ùd, fad o làimh
tha làn do'n ardan mhòr.
- 7 D'an gluaisin ann an builsghean fòs
na trioblaid mhòir do m' chlaoidh
Ata mi fiosrach dòchasach
gu beothuich thusa mi :
An aghaidh corruich mhòir mo nàmh,
do làmh-sa sintear leat,

Is nì do dheas-lamh ann am fheum
mo theasairgin le neart.

- 3 Gach nì air bith a bhuineas domh,
coillionaidd Dia gu treun;
Is buan do ghràs, a Dhia, gu bràth;
oibre do làmh na treig.

SALM CXXIX.

- 1 O rannsuich thu, 's is aithne dhuit
mise, Iehobhah threin.
2 Mo shuidh', is m'eiridh 's aithne dhuit;
's leir dhuit mo smuain an cein.
3 Mo cheuma, is mo luidhe sìos,
do chuartaich thu gu dlù;
Is air mo shlighibh fein gu leir
's geur fhiosrach eòlach thu.
4 Feuch cha 'n 'eil focal mòr no beag
no uirghill ann am bheul,
Mun labhràm iad, a Dhia nam feart,
nach aithne dhuit gu leir.
5 Do chuartaich thu mi air gach taobh,
romham faraon 's am dheigh;
Do làmh ta neartmhor cumhachdach
do leag thu orm, a Dhe.
6 Tha 'n t-eòlas so ro-iongantach,
is ormsa tha e cruaidh;
Dha ruig mi air, oir tha e àrd
r' a thuigsinn is r'a luaidh.
7 Cia 'n tàit air bith am feud mi dol
o d' spiorad glic, a Dhe?

O d' ghnùis tha uile-leirsinneach
cia 'n taobh a theicheas mi ?

8 Na'n rachuinns suas air neamh nan spe
ata thu fein an sùd ;

N'an luidhin ann an ifrionn shios,
tha thu san ionad ud.

9 Air barraibh sgiath na maidne fòs
n'an siùbhlainn fad o laimh ;

Gu h-ìomallaibh na fairge mòir
chum comhnuidh agus tàimh.

10 Stiuraidh tu mi an sin, a Dhe,
le d' laimh ta treun an neart,
Is nithear leat mo chumail fòs
le d' dheas-laimh mhòir gu beachd.

11 N'an abrainn, gu dean dorchadas
gu dimhin m'fholach uait ;
Bidh 'n oidhche fein mar sholus glan
ag iadhadh orm m'an cuairt.

12 Cha'n fholuich uaitse dorchadas,
's co-shoilleir oidhch' is là ;
'S ceart-ionann duits' an duibhre dorch
is solus glan nan trà.

13 Oir feuch do ghabh thu sealbh gu mo
air m'airnibh is mi maoth ;
'S ann leat a rinneadh m'fholach fòs
am broinn mo mhàthar chaoimh.

14 Ard mholam thu, oir 's uabhasach
's is miorbhuileach mo dhealbh :
Tha t-soibres' iongantach ; 's is leir
do m'anam sin gu dearbh.

- 6 Tra rinneadh mi an diomhaireachd,
 's a dhealbhadh mi gu ceart
 An àitibh iochdrach talmhainn shios;
 bu leir dhuit brì mo neart.
- 7 Mo cheud-chruth an-abuich gun dreach,
 do d' shùilibh-sa bu leir;
 Mo bhuill gu h-iomlan chuireadh sìos
 sgriobht' ann ad leabhar fein;
 Gidheadh ri aimsir is ri ùin
 do dhealbhadh iad san am.
 Air bhi dhoibh roimhe sin gun dreach,
 's nach robh a h-aon diubh ann.
- 8 'S ro phriseil uime sin, a Dhe,
 do smuaintes' uile leam :
 'S ro-lionmhor mòr r'an aireamh iad
 's r'an cur air cuntas ceann.
- 9 Ri 'n aireamh 's mòr gur lionmhoir' iad
 na gaineamh mhìn na tràgh' :
 Air mosgladh as mo chadal domh,
 taim maille riut do ghnà.
- 10 Marbhar an t-aingidh leat gu beachd,
 O Thighearna ro-threin :
 Anis, o dhaoine fuileachdach,
 imichibh uam an cein.
- 11 Oir labhair iad a' t-aghaidh Dhe,
 le aingeachd eas-aointais ;
 Is thug do naimhde mio-runach
 t'ainm naomh an diomhanas.
- 12 Nach 'eil mi thabhairt fuath, a Dhia,
 do'n dream thug dhuitsa fuath ?

Nach 'eil mi gabhail gràin do'n dreach
a' t-aghaidh dh'eirich suas?

22 Fuath iomlan thug mi dhoibh gu beach
mar naimhde nim am meas.

23 Rannsuich mi, Dhe, mo chridhe faic;
mo smaointe feuch, fionn mis':

24 Feuch agus amhairc fein am bheil
sligh' aingidh olc am chle;
Is anns an t-slighe shiorruidh chòir
gu dìreach treoruich mi.

SALM CXL.

O'N droch-dhuin' saor is teasaing mi;

O Dhia Iehobhah naomh;

O'n fhear ata ri fòireigneachd
dean didein dhomh gu caomh.

2 Nan chridhe ta'd a' smuainteachadh
air aimhleas mòr gach la;

Chum cath' is comhraig chruaidh a ta'e
air cruinneachadh do ghnà.

3 Mar theanga nathrach, rinneadh leo
an teanga sgaiteach geur:

Ata nimh mhillteach nathrach fòs
am folach ann nam beul.

4 O laimh nan daoib, gleidh mise, Dhe;
's o luchd an fhòirneirt dìon,

Mo cheuma thilgin bun os cionn,
's e sud air rùn 's am miana.

Dh'fholuich na h-uaibhreich ribe dhomh,
is corda fòs, do m' sgrios ;

Ri taoibh a' bhealaich sgaoil iad lion
is leag iad ceap gun fhios.

Ri Dia Iehobhah thubhairt mi,
's tu fein gu beachd mo Dhia :

Eisd ri guth m' achuinge anis,
O Thighearn' is a Triath.

Is tu a's spionnadh slàinte dhamh,
Iehobhah Dhia nam flath :

Cuir dion is folach air mo cheann
an aimsir troid is cath'.

Na deonuich miann an aingidh uile,
O Thighearna nam feart :

Ais-innleachd fòs na soirbhich leis,
mun togar iad an neart.

Ach cinn na dream a chuartuich mi
gach taobh le tuaileas bhreug,

Gu robh iad air am folach fòs
le tubaist mhoir am beil.

Orra gu tuiteadh eibhle loisgt,
tilg iad san teine, beo :

An slochdaibh domhain sìos, do chum
nach eireadh iad ni 's mò.

Na daighnichear air talamh fòs
fear-labhairt uile a choidh' :

Biodh olc a' sealg fir foireignidh,
d'a leagadh is d'a chlaoidh.

Is aithne dhomh gu deonuich Dia
do'n dream ta' amhghar goirt

An cùis a sheasamh dhoibh gu treun ;
is coir nan daoine bochd.

- 13 Do bheir na fireana gu dearbh
do t-ainm-sa moladh mòr :
Bidh comhnuidh bhuan a't-fhianais fei
a Dhe, ag daoine còir.

SALM CXLI.

- O** Dhia, ata mi 'g eigheach riut,
dean deifir chugam fein :
Is thabhair eisdeachd fòs do m' ghuth
trà ghlaodham riut am fheum.
- 2 Mar bhòltrach tùis ad làthair suas,
mar sin biodh m'urnaigh riut :
Is togail suas mo làmh gu robh
mar iobairt fheasgair dhuit.
- 3 Cuir faire air mo bheul, a Dhia :
dorus mo bheilsa gléidh.
- 4 Gu droch-bheairt, no gu olc air bith
na aom mo chridh' a Dhe :
Eagal le luchd na h-aingidheachd,
gu cuirinn olc an gniomh,
Ge milis blast' an sògh 's an gleus,
nìor itheam fein maoin diubh.
- 5 Buailleadh am firean mi le smachd,
gabhaidh mi sin gu caomh :
Gabhaidh mi uaidh' an t-achasan,
mar òla phriseil mhaoth ;
Cha bhrìst am bualadh ud mo cheann ;
oir fòs theid m'urnaigh suas,

- Trà bhios an aitim ùd gu truagh
 'nan amhghar cruaidh an sàs.
- 6 Trà thilgear sios air clachaidh cruaidh
 am breitheachan gu leir :
 'N sin cluinnidh iad, oir 's milis binn
 deagh bhriathra grinn mo bheil.
- 7 Ar cnàmhan fòs ag beul na h-uaigh'
 do sgaoileadh leo le tàir,
 Mar ghearrar is mar sgoiltear fiodh
 'na spealtaibh air an làr.
- 8 Ach tha mo shùilean riutsa suas,
 Iehobhah Dhia nam feart :
 Na fàgsa m'anam bochd gun treò
 's tu fein mo dhoigh 's mo neart.
- 9 O teasaing mi o'n rib', a Dhe,
 a' leag iad chum mo sgrios ;
 'S o eangaich luchd na h-aingidheachd
 a dh' fholuich iad gun shios.
- 10 Ach tuiteadh luchd na h-aingidheachd
 'nan liontaibh rinneadh leo :
 Am feadh bhios mise gabhail thart',
 's a' tearnadh asta beo.

SALM CXLII.

- GHLAODH mi ri Dia le m' ghuth : is fòs
 le m' ghuth rinn m'ùrnaigh ris.
 Mo chaoi' na fhianais dhoirt mi mach :
 's mo thrioblaid dh' fhoillsich mis'.
- 3 Trà bha mo spiorad bàit' a stigh,
 'n sin b'aithne dhuit mo cheum ;

- S a' bhealach san do shiubhail mi
gun fhios do leag iad lion.
- 4 Dh'amhairc mi air mo dheis, is dh'fhe
's cha robh fear m'eolais ann; [uch
No neach do m'anam bheireadh speis;
threig cobhair mi san am.
- 5 O Thighearna, do ghlaodh mi riut,
is thubairt mi gun ghò,
Gur tu is tearmunn dileas domh,
's mo chuid an tìr nam beo.
- 6 Arson gud' chlaoidheadh mi gu truagh,
eidsa ri m' ghlaodh san am.
Is saor mi o luchd m'fhoirneirt mhoir:
oir 's treise leo na leam.
- 7 A priosan m'anam buin amach,
t-ainmsa gu molar leam:
Is iadhaidh umam fireannaidh?
oir nì thu pailteas rium.

SALM CXLIH.

- R**I m'urnaigh eisd, is aom do chluas
ri m'achuinge, a Dhe:
A' t-fhirinn, is a'd cheartas ard
gu gràsmhor freagair mi.
- 2 Na tionnsgain ann am breitheanas
le t-òglach dileas fein:
Oir 's dearbh nach saorar duine beo
a' t'fhianais ann am binn'.
- 3 Oir lean an namhaid eucorach
le tòir ghèir m'anam bochd,

- Mo bheatha thilg e sìos le tàir,
leag ris an làr gun iochd :
Is chuir e mi an dorchadas
chum comhnuidh ann gu truagh,
Is ionan mi 's an dream gu dearbh
bhiodh fada marbh san uaigh.
- 4 Is uime sin tha m'anam bàit'
gu cràiteach ann am chom :
Mo chridh' am chliabh gu muladach
air fàs gu tuirseach trom.
- 5 Na làith' o chian do chuimhnich mi,
taim cnuasachadh gun tàmh
Toibre gu leir ; 's ag smuainteachadh
air gnìomharaibh do làmh.
- 6 Mo làmhan shìn mi riutsa suas :
an geall tha m'anam ort,
Amhluidh mar bhitheas fearann cruaidh
air tiormachadh le tart.
- 7 Eisd rium, a Tighearna, gu grad,
chaidh as do m'anam bochd :
Do ghnùis na ceil, eagal gu biom
mar dhream chaidh sìos do'n t-slochd.
- 8 Thoir orm gu cluinnear leam gu mock
guth binn do chaoimhneis ghràidh,
Oir annad chuir mi fein gu mòr
mo dhòchas is mo dhòigh,
Am bealach fos an gluaisear leam
thoir orm gu 'n aithnich mi :
Oir riutsa ta mi togail suas
mo spioraid thruaigh, a Dhe.

- 9 O m'naimhdbih guineach, teasaig mi,
O Thighearn' is a Rìgh:
Do t-ionnsuidh theich mi fos, do chun
gu foluicht' leatsa mi.
- 10 Do thoil a dheanamh teagaisg dhomh,
oir 's tu mo Dhia gu beachd,
O's maith do spiorad: treòruich mi
gu tir na fireantachd.
- 11 Sga t-ainmsa, beothaich mi gu treun,
a Dhe lehobhah mhoir:
Sgà t-fhireantachd, saor m'anam boch
a thrioblaid ghoirt 's o leòn.
- 12 Cuir as do m'naimhdbih trì do ghràis,
is sgrios iad sin gu leir
Ata cur m' anma thruaigh fo leon
oir 's mise t-òglach fein.

SALM CXLIV.

- B**EANNUICHT gu robh lehobhah treun,
mo charraig e 's mo threoir,
Mo làmh a theagaisgeas gu cath,
's gu comhràg maith mo mheòir.
- 2 Mo mhaith, mo dhion, 's mo bhaideal
mo shlanuighear, 's mo sgia, []
'S e cheannsuicheas mo dhaoine fùm
mo mhuinighin 's e Dia.
- 3 Dhia, ciod e 'n duine, gu bheil thu
a' gabhail eòlais air?
No ciod e mac an duine fòs
gu d'thug thu e fainear?

- 4 An duine, 's cosmhuil e gu fìor
ri diomhanas gun stà :
'S a làith mar sgàil, 's mar fhaileas fòs
a gabhail seach ata.
- 5 O lùb, a Dhia, do fhlaithéis àrd,
thig fein gun dàil anuas :
Buin ris na sleibhtibh mor le d'neart,
is uath' theid deatach suas.
- 6 Leig chuc' amach do dhealanach,
le'n sgaoilear iad air fad :
Is tilg amach do shaighde geur,
le'n claidhear iad gu gràd.
- 7 Sìn uait do làmh as t-ionad àrd,
saor mi, is fuasgail orm,
O uisgibh laidir iomarcach :
's o làimh nan coigreach borb.
- 8 Iadsan 'gam bheil am beil a' teachd
air diomhanas gach lo :
An deas-làmh sud, is deas làmh i
làn iogain agus gò.
- 9 Dhuit seinneam oran nuadh, a Dhe,
's ann air an t-Saltair ghrinn,
Air inneal ciuil nan teuda deich
dhuit seinneam mola binn.
- 10 'S e Dia a bheir do righribh mòr
slàint' agus buaidh gu treun,
'S e shaoras Daibhidh òglach caomh
o'n chlaidhe mhillteach gheur.
- 11 Saor mi, is fuasgail orm o làimh
nan coimheach, 'g am bheil beul

Làn diomhanais; 's an deas-lamh fòs
'na deas-laimh foill' is breig',

12 A chum gu biodh ar mic a' fas
mar ghallain-ùr 'nan òig':

'S ar nigheana mar chlacha snaight
an oisinn àrois mhoir.

13 Ar saibhlean lan do'n uile stòr,
ar treudan fòs a' breith
Nam miltean, seadh deich miltean àil
nar fàsichibh gach leth.

14 Ar daimh gu h-obair làidir calm',
gun chreach theachd oirn no bruid;
A chum 'nar sràidibh fòs nach biodh
guth gearain, caoi', no truid.

15 'S beannuicht am pobull sin ata
san inbhe so gu beachd;
'S beannuicht am pobull fòs d'an Dia
Iehobhah Triath nam feart.

SALM CXLV.

ARDUCHEAM thu, mo Dhia, 's mo Rìgh,
t-ainm beannuicheam gu bràth.

2 Do t-ainms' am feasd do bheiream cli
arduicheam thu gach la.

3 Tha Dia Iehobhah mòr gu dearbh,
ion-mholta Dia gu mòr.

Cha'n fheudar meud a mhòrachd-san
a rannsachadh gu leòr.

4 Molaidh gach àl do ghniomhara
do'n àl a thig nan deigh.

Is t-oibre cumhachdach fòs
sior-chuirear leo ann ceill.

5 Onoir do mhòrachd ghlòr-mhoir fein
cuireams an ceill gu beachd ;

Air t-oibre iongantach gu leir
labhram, a Dhe nam feart.

6 Labhraidh daoine eile fòs air neart
do bhearta uabhasach ;

Is mise foillsicheadh gu mòr
do mhòrachd iongantach.

7 Is cuirear leo an ceill gu pailt
iomradh do mhaitheis mhòir ;

Do cheartas glan, ts t-ionracas
molaidh gu binn le ceòl.

8 Tha 'n Tighearna ro-ghràsmhor caoin
is làn do thruacantachd ;

Ata e mall chum feirg', is fòs
pailt ann an tròcaireachd,

9 Is maith Iehobhah do gach dùil ;
tha thròcair chaomh gu beachd

Os cionn gach obair agus gnìomh
a rinneadh leis le neart.

10 Dhia, molaidh t-oibre thu air fad ;
le d' naoimhibh molar thu :

11 Air glòir do rioghachd labhraidh iad ;
innsidh do neart le cliu.

12 Do chum a bhearta cumhachdach
gu tuigeadh clanna daoine ;

Gu bheil a rioghachd làn do ghloir,
is moralachd faraon.

- 13 Do rioghachd fein, is Rioghachd i
ta siorruidh buan gu beachd;
Is mairidh t-uachdranachd gu bràth,
air feadh gach àil ri teachd.
- 14 Cumaidh Iehobhah suas le neart
an dream tha tuiteam sìos;
S' an dream 'ta claona' chum an làir,
togaidh e'n àird' a rìs.
- 15 Tha sùile fos gach dùil' air bith
a' feitheamh ort a Rìgh;
Is tha thu anns na tràthaibh ceart
a' tabhairt dhoibh am bidh.
- 16 Ata thu ann ad thoirbheartas
fosgladh do laimh gu mòr,
Is miann gach nithe beo air bith
sàsuichear leat gu leòr.
- 17 Tha Dia 'n a uile shlighibh ceart,
naomha 'n a uile ghnìomh.
- 18 'S dlù Dia mo mheud 's a ghairmeas;
seadh ghairmeas air gu fìor.
- 19 Deagh mhiann gach neach d'an eagal
coilionaidh e gu pailt;
Is eisdidh esan fòs ri'n glaoth,
saoraidh e iad 'nan àirc.
- 20 An dream tha tabhairt gràidh do Dh.
dhoibh ni e tearmunn deas;
Ach fòs na h-aingidh olc gu leir
do ni e fein an sgrios.

Ag luadh air cliu Iehobhah threin
 bithidh mo bheul gun cheist:
 Ainm naomha beannuicheadh gach feòil
 gu siorruidh buan am feasd.

SALM CXLVI.

IA molaibh ; mol, o m'anam, Dia.
 2 Molaidh mi Dia ri m' bheò;
 Ard-seinnidh mise cliu do m' Dhia,
 ri fad mo re 's mo lo.
 Na earbaibh, is na deanuibh bua
 a prionnsaibh làidir treun ;
 No fòs a mac aon-duin' a t'ann,
 's gun fhurtachd ann ri feum.
 Tha anail-san dol as amach,
 theid' e g'a ùir air ais,
 Theid as d'a smaonteachadh gu leir
 san la sin fein gu cas.
 'S beannuicht an duine sin 'gam bheil
 Dia Iacob mar a neart ;
 'G am bheil a dhòchas ann an Dia
 Iehobhah Triath nam feart.
 'S e chruthaich neamh, is muir, is tir,
 's gach aon ni annta ta ;
 'S e choimhdeas firinn mar an ceudn'
 gu siorruidh is gu bràth.
 Ri daoineibh ta fo fhòirneart mor
 cumaidh e coir gu caoin,

Bheir biadh do'n acrach ; cuiridh Dia
na prìosunaich fa sgaoil'.

8 'S e Dia ta fosgladh sùl nan dall,
togaidh Iehobhah mòr:

An dream ata air cromadh sìos,
is caomh leis daoine còir.

9 Dia seasaidh bantrach 's dilleachdain,
se 's dìon do'n choigreach ann ;
Ach slighe fhiar nan daoine daoibh
tilgidh e bun os cionn.

10 Bidh Dia 'n a Ard-Rìgh mor gu bràth,
do Dhias', O Shìoin naoimh,
O linn gu linn gu maireanach.
Molaibhse Dia gu caomh.

SALM CXLVII.

MOlaibhse Dia, oir 's maith bhi seinn
àrd-mholadh binn d'ar Dia:

Oir 's tlachdmhor e, 's is maiseil sud
bhi tabhairt cliù do'n Traith.

2 Suas togaidh Dia Ierusalem,
cruinnichidh e le cheil',

An dream d'am d'rinneadh dibhearthaich
do ghineil Israeil.

3 Do'n aitim 'g am bheil cridhe brùit'
bheir esan slàinte mhor:

Is ceanglaidh suas gu faicilleach
gach cneadh ta orra 's leon.

4 Na reulta lionmhor airmhear leis ;
'gan ainmeachadh gu leir.

- Is mor ar Dia, 's is mor a neart :
gan tomhas air a cheill.
- Togaidh Iehobhah suas gu dearbh
na daoine ciuin a rìs :
Is leagar leis na daoibh le tair,
gu lár 'g an tilgeadh sìos.
- Seinnibh do Dhia Iehobhah mòr,
le buidheachas gu binn :
Seinnibh d'ar Dia-ne moladh ard
air teud na clàrsaich ghrinn.
- Dia folchaidh neamh le neulaibh tiugh,
ullaichidh uisge fòs
Do'n talamh : 's e bheir air an fheur
bhi fàs air sleibtibh mor.
- Do'n ainmhidh 's do gach beathach fiat
bheir esan biadh gun dì :
Is do na fithich og' faraon
a ghlaodhas 'g iarraidh bidh.
- Ar neart an eich cha bhi a dhùil,
ge mor a lùth 's a threis :
Cha ghabh e tlachd an cosaibh fir
sheasas gu dìreach deas.
- Tha Dia a' gabhail tlachd gu mòr
do'n dream d'an eagal e,
Chuireas an dochas is an doigh
'na throcair san gach re.
- Thoir moladh O Ierusalem,
do Dhia Iehobhah mor,
Do d' Dhia-sa thabhair moladh sìor,
O Shìoin, mar is coir.

- 13 Croinn dhruididh fòs do dhorsa mor
do neartuich e gu maith :
Is bheannuich e do shliochd gu leir
ad mheadhon fein a stigh.
- 14 'S e chuireas ann ad chriochaibh fos
sith agus sonas mòr :
'S e ni le smior a' chruithneichd ghloin
do shàsachadh gu leòr.
- 15 'S e chuireas àithn' amach air tir,
ni fhocal ruidh gu luath.
- 16 Bheir sneachd mar olainn : sgaoilid
an liath-reo mar an luath.
- 17 Eith-reodha tilgidh e amach,
mar ghreamanna nach gann ;
Is anns an fhuachd a rinneadh leis
co dh'fheudas seasamh ann ?
- 18 Cuiridh e fhocal mòr amach,
is leaghar iad a rìs :
Air seideadh dha le gaoith an sin
sruthaidh na tuiltè sios.
- 19 Do Iacob tha e foillseachadh
a bhriathra fìor-ghlan naomh,
A statuin is a bhreitheanais
do Israel gu caomh.
- 20 So maitheas nach do dheonuich e
dh'aon fhine ta fò 'n ghrein :
A bhreitheanais cha b'aithne dhoibh,
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

MOLAIBHSE Dia. Ard-mholaibh fòs
Iehobhah mòr gu bràth.

O neamh' nan speur: molaibhse Dia
's na h-ionadaibh a 's àird'.

2 Uil' aingle Dhe mòr-mholaibh e:
molaibh e shluagh gu leir.

3 O ghrian 's a ghealach, molaibh e:
s a reulta glan nan speur.

4 O neamha àrd nan uile neamh,
is uigeachan ata

An comhnuidh shuas os cionn nan speur
molaibhse Dia do ghnà.

5 Thugadh iad cliu is moladh binn
do ainm Iehobhah threin,

Oir chuir e àithne mach le neart,
is rinneadh iad d'a reir.

6 Do rinn e fòs an daighneachadh
a chum bhi buan do ghnà:

Is chuir e statuin orra sud
nach d' theid air cùl gu bràth.

7 O'n talamh fòs ata fo neamh
molaibh Iehobhah treun,

Uil' uabheistean ro-eagalach,
's a dhiomhneachda gu leir.

8 Tein' adhair agus clach-shneachd chru-
an ceò theid suas 's an sneachd, [aidh

Gaoth dhoinionnach a' coilionadh
a bhriathra-san gu beachd.

Na sleibhte fairsing atmhor mor,
's na tulaich fos le cheil':

Gach craobh bheir toradh agus blàth,
's na Seudair ard gu leir.

10 Gach beathach, ainmhidh, is gach dùil
a shnàigeas air an lar,
'S gach eunlaith sgiathach iteagach
ta 'g itealaich gu h-àrd.

11 Gach rìgh air talamh, làidir mor,
's gach pobull fos air bith;
Na prionnsuidh is luchd breitheanais
ta thar gach tìr fa leth.

12 Na h-oig-fhir is a' mhacruidh dheas,
's na maighdeana le cheil';
Na seanaire ta eolach glic,
's na leinibh og gu leir;

13 Ainm Dhe ard-mholadh iad, oir tha
ainm-san amhain ro mhor:
Os cionn na talmhain is nan neamh
gu h-anbhar ard tha ghlòir.

14 Adharc a shluaigh leis arduichear,
seadh cliu a naomh gu leir,
Clu Israeil, a phobuill chaoimh.
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

SALM CXLIX.

MOLAIBHSE Dia: is oran nuadh
seinnibh do Dhia gu caomh;
Seinnibh a mhola san gu binn
an co-thional nan naomh.

2 Biodh Isra'el aoibhneach ann an Dia
an Tì do chruthaich e;

- Deanadh clann Shioin gàirdeachas
nan Rìgh air feadh gach re.
- 3 Is anns an damhsa thugadh iad
d'a ainm-san mola binn:
A chliu le tiompan seinneadh iad,
is leis a' chlàrsaich ghrinn.
- 4 Oir tha Iehobhah gabhail tlachd
'na phobull dileas fein:
Ro sgiamhach fòs le shlainte nì
na daoine seimh gu leir.
- 5 Biodh air na daoineibh naomh an sin
ùr ghàirdeachas an glòir:
Is air an leabuidh seinneadh iad
do Dhia le h-iolaich mhòir.
- 6 Gu robh àrd-chliu au Tighearna
gu dligheach am nam beul:
Is ann nan laimh-san fòs gu robh
claidhe da-fhaobhair geur.
- 7 A chum gu deant' air fineachaibh
làn-dioghaltas gu trom:
Is mar an ceudn' air phoibleachaibh
smachdachadh goirt mar thoill.
- 8 Du chum gu deant' an rìghrean-san
a chur fo chuibhreich gheir,
Fo gheimhlibh teann do'n iarunn chruaidh
an uaisle mòr gu leir.
- 9 Chum dioghaltas a chur an gnìomh
ta sgriobht 'na fhocal ceart:
So cliu nam fireanach gu leir.
Molaibhse Dia nam feart,

MOLAIBHSE Dia. Na theampull naon
molaibhse Dia gu mòr :

An speuraibh àrd a chumhachda
molaibh e mar is còir.

2 Arson a ghnìomhara ro-threun
molaibhse : Dia 's gach àit;
Do reir a mhòrachd molaibh e
's a ghlòir, ata ro-ard.

3 Le guth na trompaid mar an ceudn'
molaibhse Dia gu binn :
Air clàrsaich seinnibh mola dha,
is air an t-saltair ghrinn.

4 Le tiompan thugaibh mola dha
san damhsa mar an ceudn'
Le organ togaibh suas a chliu,
's le inneal ciuil nan teud.

5 Air siombalaibh ta làbhar binn
molaibhse Dia gun tamh :
Molaibhse Dia air siombalaibh
ni toirm is fuaim ro-àrd.

6 Gach uile dhùil sàmh bith ta beo
'g am bheil an deo nan crè,
Ard-mholadh iadsan Dia gu mòr.
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

CRIOCH.

LAOIDHEAN,

O'N

SCRIPTUR NAOMHA.

I. GENESIS. I.

- O** NEO-NI èireadh talamh 's neamh ;
so labhair guth an Triath :
- O neo-ni dh'eirich talamh 's neamh,
gu h-ùmhail mor a dh'iarr.
- 2 Shuidh air an aigein duibhre tiugh,
thuirt Dia, Biodh solus ann ;
Ghrad-las an solus aobhach geal,
is theich an duibhre dall.
- 3 Do neulaibh dh'àithn e togail suas,
suas thog na neoil da reir ;
Le'n ionnas sliuch sgaoil iad 's gach àit
a' snàmh air feadh nan speur.
- 4 Dh'àithn e do'n uisg, a luidh air fonn
grad-thional gu h-aon àit ;

Dhian-ruith an fhairge, tonn air thonn,
is feuch an talamh tràight?

5 Le luibhean uaine 's craobha' meas,
chòdaich e 'n talamh lom;

Mu 'n d'thainig fras no drùchd o'n speu
's mu 'n d' eirich grian air fonn

6 Sgeadaich e 'n sin na neamhan ard
gu dealrach las a' ghrian;

A ghealach is na reulta dhùisg,
a chunnta' mhios is bhliadhn'.

7 Do'n uisge dhealbh Iehobhah treun
gach gineal eisg sa chuan;

Is ghairm o'n doimhne mar an ceudn'
gach eun san ealtuinn shuas.

8 Gach dùile bheo air thalamh ta
dhealbh thu le d' laimh, fa leth;

Do'n leomhan bhorb 's do'n chnuimhe
thug thu maraon am bith. [fhaoi

9 An duine chruthaich thu fadheoidh,
ad choslas gloirmhor fein'

Gu bhi na uachdran dligheach fìor
os cionn gach ni fo'n ghrein.

10 T-uil' oibre 'n sin ad làth'r, a Dhia,
gu ciatach àluinn sheas,

Sheall thu, is thuirt gu robh gach ni
gu fìor-mhàith agus deas.

11 Cia glormhor t-òibr' air fad, a Dhe!
cia treun thu fein an neart;

Co 'n ti nach tuga' dhuitsa cliu?
molams' thu, Dhia nam feart!

LAOIDH II. GEN. xxviii. 20.—22.

HE Bheteil ! le d'laimh thoirbheartaich
's tu bheathaich t-Isra'l fein :

'S a threornich feadh an turais sgìth
ar sinnseara gu leir ;

Ar mòid 's ar n-urnaigh 'nis a ta
aig là 'ir do chathair ghrais ;

Bi leinn, O Dhia ar n-aithrichean !
's na diobhar sinn gu brath.

Trid ceuma dorch' ar beatha bhos,
O treornich thusa sinn ;

'S o là gu là ar n-eideadh cuirp
's ar teachdantir thoir dhuinn.

Fo sgàil do sgè, O dean ar dion
gu crìch ar seachrain sgìth,

Is thoir d'ar n-anma fois fadheoidh
ad chònuidh shuas an sìth.

Na tiolaca so, Dhe nan gràs,
thoir dhuinn o d'laimh gu fial.

'S a nis agus a ris gu bràth,
is tu do ghnà ar Dia.

LAOIDH III. JOB. i. 21.

OMNOCHD mar thainig sinn a steach
do 'n t-saoghal so air tùs,

Is amhluidh theid sinn lomnochd as,
is taisgear sinn san ùir.

2 Gach nì ri 'n canar leinn gu faoin
ar maoin 's ar stòras fein,

Is iasad gairid aon-la e,
's grad-dhiolar e gu leir.

3 'S e Dia bheir dhuinn gach co-fhurta
no ghearras iad air falbh ;

Ma thug e leis, 's e fein thug uaidh ;
beannuicht gach uair biodh ainm !

4 Beannuicht gu sìorruith gu robh Dia
cha ghearrain sinn ni 's mo !

Docrach no socrach biodh ar cor,
dhuit' Athair gu robh gloir !

LAOIDH IV. JOB iii. 17,—20.

CIA sàmhach ciuin an talla dorch'
san gabh sinn uile tàmh ;

An tìr na di-chuimhn' far nach gluais
aon fhuathas sinn no nàmh !

2 Cia tosdach sèimh an leab' an uaigh,
a gabhail suain is fois ! [in

Theid crìoch air dragh luchd-aingeal
's gheibh daoine sgìth innt' clos !

3 Innte cha chaidh am prìosunach
ni 's mò mar fhuair e chlaoi' ;

Chadochainn smachd an droch rìgh bhu
's is balbh guth millt'-fhir dhaoi.

4 Tha lag is làidir, beag is mor,
co-shìnt' san uaigh le cheil' ;

Tha naimhdean sàmhach taobh ri tao
is luchd na coi-stri rèidh.

5 Co-ionan caidlidh iad air fad
fo ghlasaibh teann a bhàis,

Gu 'n uair an gairmear iad le Dia
'na fhianuis la a bhràth.

LAOIDH V. JOB v. 6,—12.

Ughar o'n duslach ge nach dùisg,
o'n ùir ge nach d' thig bròn ;
Gidheadh is lionmhor iad na h-uile
th' air mac an duine 'n tòir.

Amhluidh mar dh'èireas srada suas
gu luath air lorg a cheil' :

Mar sinn tha'n duine air a bhreth
gu bròn is cùradh geur.

Ach earbamsa ri Dia mo chùis,
is deanam m'urnaigh ris ;

Riaghladh an domhain tha na làimh,
gu làthair teichidh mis'.

Tha oibre lionmhor agus mor,
co chuireas iad an ceill ?

An t-anam brònach ni e ait,
's an truaghan ni e treun.

LAOIDH VI. JOB viii. 11,—22.

N làthach am fàs luachair ghlas ?
no seileistear gun sruth ?

Ge d' fhas, is diombuan gearr an cuairt,
seargaidh, gun bhuain, an cruth.

Is ionan dochas baodh an daoibh,
nach feud a choidh' bhi buan ;

Mar lion an dubhain-alluidh thaoibh
a bheir gach gaith 'na cuairt.

- 3 Tra leigeas e a thaic r'a thigh,
aomaidh gach clach is crann ;
'S luath ghreimicheas e ris, ach 's luait
theid fhardoch bun os cionn.
- 4 Ge d'fhas na ghàrra ris a ghrein
a gheuga dosrach ùr,
'S ge d'sgaoil e domhain teann gac
th' air leis, do-spiont' a h-ùir : [freum]
- 5 Gidheadh air teachd da bhinn' o neamh
spionar a fhreumh a bun ;
Aite cha 'n aithnich e ni's mò ;
caochlaidh a ghloir gu tur.
- 6 Feuch ! 's amhluidh gairdeachas nan
ni tàir air naomh-reachd De ; [dac
Grad-thuitidh iad ; 's co grad a thig
'nan àite daoine sèimh.
- 7 Ach Dia nan gras, le cumhachd mòr,
ni daoine còir a dhion ;
An cridhe lionaidh e le gean,
's am beul le mola fìor.

LAOIDH VII. JOB ix. 2,—10,

AM bi siol Adhaimh saor a chiont',
no glan am fianuis De ?

Ma thagras e reir ceartais ruinn,
f'a smachd theid sinn do'n eug.

- 2 Gu geur-chuiseach ma thoimhseas e
gach smaoin, is guth, is gnìomh ;
Leisgeul feadh aon do m' mhìltibh cìo
a dhealbh cha'n urr a mi.

Is glic a chrìdh' 's is treun a lamh,
 's nach aingidh dàn an sluagh
 A thogas ceann an aghai' Dhia?
 co riabh thug airsan buaidh?
 Ro' fheirg, na sleibhte criothnaichidh,
 is clisgidh iad o'm bonn;
 O bhunchar luaisgidh null 's a null,
 le garbh-chrith, 'n talamh trom.
 Ma thoirmisgeas e eiridh grein',
 cha 'n eirich grian gu bràth;
 Dui'-neulach ni e'n speur air fad,
 's gach reul theid as 'na smàl.
 Coisichidh Dia san fhairge ghairbh,
 carbad do ghaothaibh ni;
 A shlighe ard co lorgaicheas?
 a cheuma dorch' co chi?

LAOIDH VIII. JOB. xiv. 1,—15.

Dhuine th'air do bhreth le mnaoi,
 cia tearc is truagh do làith'!
 O'n duslach thàinig thu, is theid
 gu d' dhuslach fein gun dàil.
 Mar mhaoth-lus fàsaidh tu fo bhlà,
 is gheibh thu bàs gu beachd:
 Mar fhaileas teichidh tu gu luath.
 's cha bhuan air thalamh neach.
 Làn ciont' is truaigh, an seas aon dùil,
 fa chomhair sùilean De?
 Co choidh' bheir uisge soilleir glan
 a tobar salach crèidh?

- 4 Ar làithean air an àireamh ta,
's gun tàmh a' gabhail seach,
Is gairid gus an d'thig an uair
a ni do'n uaigh ar teach.
- 5 Dhe mhoir! na smachdiach ann a t-fheirg
an tomhas gairid faoin,
Do làithibh diombuan an-shocrach
thug thu do chloinn nan daoine'.
- 6 Ge d' chrionas lus, cha'n fhaigh e bàs,
thig fhàs ri h-ùine nios;
'S ge d' sheargas craobh fa gheamhradh
ni 'n t-earrach nuadh i rìs. [fhuar,
- 7 Ach aon uair 's gu faigh duine bàs,
cha phill a làith' ni 's mò;
A bheatha cha dean earrach nuadh,
's air uaigh cha ruig an lò.
- 8 Amhlui' mar shruth a ruitheas bras,
's nach pill air ais r'a shliabh:
Tha làith' is bliadhnai' 's linn dol seach,
's cha phill ri neach an triall.
- 9 San uaigh 'n trà luidheas duine sìos,
caidlidh e'n dìon a bhàis;
'S cha duisg e tuille gus an d'theid
an cruinne-cè 'na smàl.
- 10 O biodh an uaigh na leaba thàimh
dhomh fein, gu là mo Thriath,
San eirich mi gu h-aobhach suas
le naomh-shluagh maiseach Dhia.
- 11 San dochas air, le faighid mhoir,
feithidh mi ordugh Neimh,

A thig san am a shonraich Dia
an triall mi chuige fein.

LAOIDH IX. JOB xxvi. 6, gu chrìch.

- C**o ghleachdas ris a ghairdean threun
a dhealbh na speuran àrd?
No c' ait am falaich neach e fein
o 'n t-sùil d' an leir gach àit?
- 2 'Na shealla-san tha ifrinn fein,
is leir-sgrios uile ruisgt;
'S am folchar lochd air bith no beud
o fhradharc geur a shùl?
- 3 Air neo-ni chroch e'n domhan mor,
's an airde tuath do sgaoil
Air ionad falamh, agus phaisg
uisge 's na neulaibh faoin.
- 4 Tra chithear cumhachd Dhe 's gach àit
tha sgàil ga fhalach fein;
Tha chathair cuartaichte le neoil,
's do dhuine beo cha lèir.
- 5 Onfha na fairge pillidh e
le tràigh, air meud a neart;
'S a chrìoch a thug e dhi 's gach àit
gu bràth cha d' theid i thairt.
- 6 Ro' achasan Iehobhah threin,
tha talamh 's neamh air chrith;
Clisgidh an steidh ma lasas suas
a chorruidh nair sam bith.
- 7 Gun doinionn luaisgidh e an cuan,
's tosgaidh e suas a thuinn.

'S an t-uaibhreach tilgidh e, gun nàmh,
o airde bun os cionn.

8 'S e lionas nearnh le cuideachd naomh,
's a ni iad aobhach ait ;

Ach sliochd na nathrach tilgidh sìos
gun ionad claoi' le smachd.

9 D'a oibre cha leir dhuinn ach cuid,
's cha tuig sinn iad sin fein ;

Ach tairneanach a chumhachd mhoir,
co dh'fheudas chur an ceill ?

LAOIDH X. Gnà fhocla 1. 20,—31.

AN co-thional nan iomadh slògh,
is anns na ròidibh tiugh,
Ri cloinn nan daoine' tha Gliocas neimh
a' togail suas a ghuth',

2 Cia fhad a ni luchd-fanoid tàir
air firinn 's grasa Dhe ?

'S a bheir sibh, amadana, spèis
do 'r toil mhi-cheillibh fein ?

3 Pillibh, air m' earails', air ur n-ais,
is bidh sibh sona choidh' :

Pillibh, 's a chum ur beannachadh,
mo Spiorad bheir mi dhuibh.

4 Ach mur toir sibh mo ghuth fanear,
's mur eisdear leibh mo ghlaodh ;

Tra ghlaodhas sibhs' an là ur n-airc,
ur n-achuinge bidh faoin.

5 Tra-ghlacas leir-sgrios sibh 'na cuairt,
mar iom'-ghaoth luath nau speur,

- Ni mise fanoid air ur caoi',
 's ur 'n-urnaigh choidh' cha 'n eisd.
 6 O ròghnaich sibh ro' bheatha bàs,
 's eigin gu bràth bhi truagh;
 Oir ciod air bi a chuireas neach,
 dheth sin ni 'n neach sin buain.

LAOIDH XI. Gnà-fhocla iii. 13,—17.

- CIA sona 'n ti do theagasg Dhe
 bheir eisdeachd gach aon uair;
 S' ri gliocas neimh, le moran tlachd,
 thionndas gu moch a chluas?
 2 Is fearr a stòr na 'n t-ionnas faoin
 a ta san t-saogh'l gu leir;
 'S is luachmhoire a dhuais gu mor
 na òr a chruinne-che.
 3 Tha saoghal fada 'na laimh dheis,
 is onoir 'na laimh chli;
 Iadsan air fad a bheir dha gradh,
 's leo saibhreas, slàint is sìth.
 4 Do 'n òg 'na shlighe neo chiontaich,
 solas bheir e gu pailt;
 'S do 'n aosda bheir e coron gloir,
 's trocair o Dhia gun airc.
 5 An uair tha dicheall dhaoine mor,
 tha dhuais-san mor da reir:
 Do sholasaibh tha shlighe làn;
 is sìth do ghnà 's gach ceum.

LAOIDH XII. Gnà-fhocla vi. 6,—12.

EIRICH a lundaire gu grad,
 'S thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;
 Oir ge nach d' fhuair e riamh fear-iuil,
 No neach da ghreasad air a chùl:

2 Fa chomhair geamhraidh ni e deas,
 A' cuimhneachadh gun tàmh a leas;
 San t-samhra trusaidh e a lòn,
 San fhoghar iomlan tha a stòr.

3 Ach c' uin a dh'èireas tus' o d' shuain
 A lundaire, nach duisg thu suas?
 Cha'n iarr do leisg ach tuille taimh,
 Clò do'n t-sùil, is pasga làmh.

4 Ach feuch! tha bochduinn agus bròn,
 Ag iadhadh air gach làimh ad chòir;
 'S mar ghaisgeach armach teachd ad dhàil,
 Trom-bhruthaidh iad do cheann fo 'n sàil.

LAOIDH XIII. Gnà-fhocla viii. 22, gu chrich

BIBH tosdach uile, chlann nan daoine,
 tra ghlaodhas Gliocas De;
 A bhriathra thugar leibh fanear,
 's da earail thugaibh geill.

2 Bu mhise Annsachd Dhe o thùs,
 mun robh na neamha ann;
 'S mun d' fhuair an domhan mo a bhith,
 bha mise, feadh gach am.

3 Mun robh ann sleibhte mor no beag,
 mun robh ann muir no tir;

- No nì ar bith sa chruinne-chè,
aig deas laimh Dhe bha mi.
- 4 Tra dhealbh e neoil is adhar ard,
an talamh tràight's an cuan,
'S tra ghearr e 'n crìochan doibh fa leth,
bha mise leis san uair.
- 5 Tra chroch e 'n talamh cothromaicht'
gun taic' ris o aon taobh,
Dhearc mi le solas mor an sin
air ionad-cònuidh dhaoin'.
- 6 Dhealbh smaoin mo chridh' o shiorruith-
làn-tearmunn doibh o'n bhàs, [eachd
Neo-chaochlaidheach, uaidh sin gu so,
tha m'iochd dhoibh is mo ghràdh.
- 7 Rì m' theagasg eisdibh uime sin,
is gheibh sibh beatha uaidh ;
Is sona 'n ti bheir geill do m' lagh,
bidh 'n ti nach tabhair truagh.
- 8 Is mise nì gu neamh an t-iul,
's a bheir do 'n ionraic duais ;
Tha beatha 's cairdeas aig gach neach
a leanas mi gach uair.
- 9 Ach 's naimhde mor d'an-anma fein
na dhiultas geill do m' reachd ;
'S na bheir sior-fhuath do m'theagasg na-
chum ifrinn theid gu beachd. [omh

LAOIDH XIV. Eccles vii. 2,—6.

-) Sibhs' air fad le 'm b' àill bhi glic,
bibh tric an tigh a bhròin :

Oir luath no mall tha sinn gu leir
ri fulang pèin is leoin.

2 Is fearr gu mor bhi giulan goimh,
o amhgar tigh na caoi' ;

Na 'n cridh' a lot le solas baodh,
an cuideachd dhaoine daoì.

3 'N tra bhios an aghaidh tuirseach trom
's an t-sùil a sile' dheur,

Gheibh smaointe naomh san anam tàmh
's ni iad ni 's fearr an gnè.

4 An duine crionna theid gu tric
gu bothan bochd a' bhròinn ;

Ach leis an dream air bheagan ceill'
is aoibhinn talla cheoil.

5 Is diombuan aighear dhaoine daoì,
's is dlù dhoihs amhgar truagh :

Mar bhoisge fuaimneach droighinn fhao
ghrad-chaochlas a chum luath.

LAOIDH XV. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

2 **S**E nis an t-am bhi reidh ri Dia,
'S e nis an t-am thoirt geill do'n Triat
Am feadh a mhaireas la nan gras ;
Feudaidh gach neach dol as o'n bhàs.

2 'S i so an uair a sheachna' truaigh',
'S a thabhairt neimh amach le buaidh ;
So cothrom àigh, ta dian-dhol seach,
Deanar deagh-bhuil dheth leis gach neach

3 Is fios do'n bheo gu faigh e bàs,
Air di-chùimhn tha gach marbh an trà 's

o dh'fhalbh an cuimhne, 's dh'fhalbh an ainm,

ha 'n aithnigh'r iad, cha'n aithne dhoibh.

4 Theirig an gradh, is sguir am fuath,
tha 'm farmad sìnte leo san uaigh;
ha 'n eol doibh ni sam bith fo 'n ghrein:
an saothair sguir maraon riu fein.

5 Dean dicheall uime sin 'na thrà,
rioch a chur air saothair do làmh;
oir saothair, seol, no obair ghlic,
tha deanar leat gu brath fo 'n lic.

6 San uaigh, gu'm bheil sinn uil' a' triall,
laith'nas cha 'n fhaigh, 's cha d'fhuaradh
gun chaochla' bithidh cor gach néach, [riabh,
gu am da bhinne teachd amach.

LAOIDH XVI. ECCLES. XII. 1.

CUIMHNICH do Dhia an làithibh t-òig,
làithibh gun bhròn gun smal;
Mun d' thig na bliadhnai' breoite tinn,
's am fàs air t-inntin cal.

2 Mun salaich lochd air bith do chrìdh,
grad-sgriobh air lagh do Dhia;
'S cuimhnich do Chruthadair an tràs'
mu 'm fàs thu aosmhor lia.

3 Oir, gairid uait tha pian is bron,
na neoil tha cheana dhù
Ni t-aoibhneas dorcha, 's t-oige sean,
a' cur do ghean air cùl.

4 'S gearr gus an gearain thu gu goirt
fo sprochd is iarguin aois,

'S an cuimhnich thu air aighear t-òig,
nach pill ni 's mò do d' thaobh.

LAOIDH XVII. ISAIAH I. 10,—19.

- A** Bhuithean Shodeim ! gabhaibh suim
do fhocal Rìgh nam feachd ;
Fheara Ghomorah ! thigibh dlù,
is bithibh umh' l d'a reachd.
- 2 Mar so a deir e, Ciod e brìgh
d' ur n-iobartibh gun stà ?
Tha m' altair sgìth d' ur tiolacaibh,
's thug mi d' ur n-aora' gràin.
- 3 Ge d' las ur n-iobairtean gu neamh,
's ge d' dhorchaich tùis an speur ;
Gidheadh bheir mise fuath is gràin
do ghniomh ur lamh 's duibh fein.
- 4 Ur trasg 's ur n-urnaigh 's fuathach lea
's ur làithe feill faraon ;
Oir tha ur cridhe lan do cheilg,
's ur slighe cam is claon.
- 5 Glanaibh ur lamhan o gach olc,
's na deanaibh lochd ni 's mò ;
N' ur giulan uile bithibh ceart,
's n' ur cridhe glan, gun ghò.
- 6 Na tairgibh dhomhsa onoir fhaoin,
ach foghlumaibh mo reachd ;
Teann thagraibh cùis na ban-traiche,
's air fann nà deanaibh lochd.
- 7 'N sin, dearg mar chorcar ge do robh
ur lochdan, nighear uaibh

An fal, is bidh sibh glan, trìd gràis :
mar sneachd' is àillidh snuadh.

LAOIDH XVIII. Isaiah ii. 2,—6.

UCH ! eiridh san linn dheireannaich
naomh-theampull Dhia na gloir,
Os cionn nam beann 's nan sleibhtean ard :
fàth iongantais ra mhor !

D'a ionnsuidh thig na cinnich ait,
gach teanga 's treabh le cheil :
Ag radh, Suas greasamaid gun dàil
gu teampull àluinn De.

An solus thig o Shioin ard
dealraidh feadh dhùcha cèin ;
'S do 'n Rìgh 'na shuidh' air Salem ta
bheirear 's gach àite geill.

Measg chinneach 's eilean' iomallach
ard-shuidhidh e gu breith ;
'S o cheartas naomha gheibh gach aon
a bhìnne fein fa leth.

Le connspoid is le h-an-ìochd borb
cha bhuairear linn nan gràs ;
Gu speal is coltar iompaichear
gach claidhe 's inneal bàis.

Le nàmh ni 's mò a chasgrar nàmh,
's cha bhi san àraich caoidh :
Cha chruinnich trompaid slòigh le cheil',
's cha 'n eighear cath a choidh'.

O ghineil Iacoib, uime sin,
thigibh gu teampull De.

'S na sholus-san, ta dealrach glan,
sior-thriallamaid gu neamh.

LAOIDH XIX. Isaiah ix. 2,— 8,

- F**EUCH ! dh'eirich solus air na slòigh
bha chònuidh 'n duibhre bàis :
Is air an t-sluagh a bha fo sgàil,
nis dhealruich Grian nan gràs.
- 2 Do t-ionnsuidh-sa, a Ghrian an àigh !
le failte thig gach sluagh,
'S iad aoibhinn mar luchd-buan o'n fhaic
's am foghar taisgte suas.
- 3 Oir thog thu dbinn ar n-uallach goirt,
is lotadh leat ar nàmh,
Le d' ghairdean treun ghrad-thilg thu
luchd-mioruin chum an làir. [sic]
- 4 Mar laoch a' ruith seadh fala 's àir
tha Slanui'ear nam buadh ;
Mar cheumaibh dealanaich nan speur
bheir thu so gheill gach sluagh.
- 5 Feuch dhuinne rugadh Mac an àigh ;
fhuair sinn Slanui'ear treun !
Gach treabh air thalamh geillidh dha,
is aingle neimh gu leir.
- 6 Prionnsa na sìochaint canar ris,
's e n' Ti ta glic is treun ;
Le ceartas riaghlaidh e gach sluagh,
o chathair shuas air neamh.

LAOIDH XX. ISAIAH xxvi. 1,—7.

- DIA gloirmhor àluinn cathair Dhe !
 Sion cia breagh a snuadh !
 Innte chuir Dia a chathair-rìgh'
 chum mairsinn sìorruith buan.
 A ballaidh dìonaidh e le ghràs,
 gu làr cha tuit i choidh';
 Nì slainte tearmunn dì gach taobh,
 's ifrinn cha 'n fheud a claidh.
 A dhorsa sìorruith, èiribh suas
 fosglaibh gu luath o cheil';
 'S gu racha' naomh-shluagh Dhe asteach,
 a thug d'a reachd san geill';
 An so gun airceas mealaidh sibh
 sìth sholasach gu bràth;
 Sibhse le 'n ionmhuin ard-ainm Dhe,
 's tha deanamh buin a ghràs.
 Earbaibh a Dia, sìor-earbaibh as;
 gach eagal fògraibh uaibh;
 Aig Dia tha cumhachd chum ur dìon,
 feadh linn nan linn gu buan.
 Conuidh nan droch-dhaoin', ge d' is ard,
 bheir Dia le laimh i nuas;
 'S am mor-chuis tilgidh esan sìos
 co-ìosal ris an uaigh.
 Saltraidh am bochd an sin le tàir,
 air àois ard nan daoibh;
 Tra bhios iad sìnte air an làr,
 gun eiridh 'n aird a choidh'.

LAOIDH XXI. ISAIAH xxxiii 13,—18

- H**o ! gach aon neach fad as no dlù,
do'n chùis so gabhaibh suim ;
Bidh àgh is beannachd aig na naoimh,
ach sgriosar daoine daoibh.
- 2 An ti bhios ionraic treibh-dhireach
fa chomhair Dhe gach uair,
Ri gnìomh gun iochd nach cuir a làmh.
's air breig gu bràth nach luaidh ;
- 3 An ti nach làimhsich duais an uile,
's gu ceilg nach buair an saogh'l ;
Nach seall gun ghràin air lochd air bith
's nach gluais air slighe chlaoin.
- 4 An ti sin cònnidh gheibh gu bràth
an daighneach laidir Dhe ;
Gun easbhuidh gheibh e theachdantir,
is caisgear iota 's fheum.
- 5 Fadheoidh bidh Neamh dha fosgailte,
le dorsaibh farsaing fial ;
'S le Rìgh nan rìghrean bithidh e
gu tearuint feadh gach ial.

LAOIDH XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27, gu chrich.

- C'**ARSON a dhoirtear leat amach
do chaidh, gun duil ri h-ìochd !
Ceart mar nach tugadh Dia fanear
cùis neach air bith d'a shliochd.
- 2 Esan a chruthaich talamh 's Neamh,
am bheil a thearmann gann ?

No 'm feud an lamh a dhealbh gach ni
fàs sgìth gu bràth no fann?

3 Maith, glic, is uile-chumhachdach,
tha 'n Triath a ta gar dion;

A shlighe ge nach leir do neach,
is ceart e anns gach gnìomh.

4 'S mor fàth ar misneich, uime sin,
fa cheannsal Dhia nan sluagh,
Do 'n fhirean lag bheir esan neart,
's do'n anfhann bheir e buaidh.

5 Gaillidh na sean-daoine an treoir,
's an òigridh fein an lùgh;
Ach meud 's a dh'fheith ri Dia nan gràs,
tha slainte dhoibhsan dlù.

6 Le casaibh lughar siubhlaidh iad
san t-slighe dh' ionnsui' gloir;
'S fasaidh an neart mar thriallas iad,
'na giulan diadhaidh còir.

7 Air sgiathaibh creideimh eiridh iad,
mar iolair luath nan speur,
Os cionn an t-saoghail dhorcha so,
gu Dia an airde neimh.

LAOIDH XXIII. ISAIAH xlii. 1,—13.

FEUCH m' òglach? feuch mo sheircinn
's e àrduicht an am neart; [ghraidh,
Mo roghain e do'n t-sluagh gu leir,
dha thug mi speis gu beachd.

Airsan gu saibhir tuirlingidh
ma Spiorad naomha fein,

- Chum anns na dùchaibh iomallach
mo bhreith gu cuir e'n ceill.
- 3 Sèimh agus ciuin gun gheilt no buirb',
bheir esan breith neo-chlaon;
Cha bhrìst e 'm feasd a chuile tha brùin
's cha mhùch e'n lasair chaol.
- 4 Gu lasair seidear leis an t-srad;
do 'n lag bheir e làn-bhuaidh;
Feadh mhor-thìr 's eilean sgaoilidh eud
is geillidh dha gach sluagh.
- 5 So deir an Dia ghairm neamh gu bith,
's a las no lochrain iuil,
A thug do 'n duine spiorad glic,
's a dhealbh gach uile dhuil;
- 6 'S tu m' Fhaidh, a ghairm 's a thog n
gach uair is leat mo neart; [suas
O m' uile chumhachd gheibh thu treoir
gu d' choghnadh anns gach beairt.
- 7 Annadsa ni mi ris gach tir
co-cheangal siorruith graidh.
Thoir saorsa do na braighdibh leon',
's do chinnich eolas àigh.
- 8 Na dorsa praise bristidh tu,
's na glasa làidir teann:
Is solus aoibhinn agus saors'
bheir thu do 'n daor 's do'n dall.
- 9 'S mise Iehobhah; 's e sin m' ainm
air feadh gach uile àit;
Mo ghloir cha bhuin do dhealbha foair
's mi fein am aonar Dia.

- 0 Feuch ! choilionadh a nis gach nì
gheall mi o shean do'n t-saogh'l ;
'S na nithe gheallar leam an tràs
coilionar iad faraon.
- 1 Canaibh do 'n Tighearn' oran nuadh !
air ainm biodh luadh 's gach ait ;
Feadh muir, is tìr, is innse cian,
biodh moladh Dhia gu bràth.
- 2 A chaithir mhor ! is fhasach fhaoin !
molaibh maraon ar Dia ;
Sa mhachair thugaibh mola' dha,
's na bheil 'nur tamh feadh shliabh.
- 3 Seinneadh gach sluagh, gu h-aon sgeulach,
gloir ion-mholt' Dhe bhith-bhuain ;
'S do'n chaithream aoibhinn agus throm
co-fhreagradh fonn is cuan !

LAOIDH XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13,—17.

- A NEAMHA, togaibh luaghair ait ;
a thalamh, binn-cheol seinn ;
A shleibhte, canaibh co-sheirm chiuil,
's gach dùil air feadh gach linn !
- 2 Feuchaibh cia trocaireach ar Dia !
cluinnibh a bhriathra gràis ;
Do 'n anam thruagh bheir co fhurtachd,
is saors' o dhochann bàis.
- 3 Sguiribh, an laithibh goirt ur claoi',
do'r caoi' 's do'r gearan cruaidh ;
An saoil sibh nach toir Dia fanear
staid gach aon neach d'a sluagh ?

- 4 An diobair mathair eiochran maoth
a brollaich, le h-an-iochd?
Nach maothaich osna 's deoir a crìdh
's nach gabh i truas da sliochd?
- 5 Ach, arsa Dia, ge d' chaochail iochd
da gineil anns gach mnaoi,
M'iochd-sa do m'shlugh, agus mo gha
gun chaochla' mairidh choidh'.
- 6 Domhain air dearnaibh mo dha lai m
ainm Shioin ghearr mi sios;
A balla briste càiridh mi,
's a h-àrois togaidh rìs.

LAOIDH XXV. ISAIAH liii.

- CIA tearc an dream, le creideamh beo
a ghabhas eolas uainn;
No mhothaicheas o'm fiosrach' fein,
mor-chumhachd Dhe bhith bhuain
- 2 Tha Iosa teachd! gun ghreadhnacha
a dh'fhoillseacha' cia dlù;
Oir aille thalmhaidh air cha bhi,
no bheag do ioghnadh shùl.
- 3 Mar chinneas ann am fasaich fhaoin
luibh mhaoth, gun churam sluaigh
Mar sin, san t-saoghal aingidh so
dh'fhàs Criosd fo ain-neart suas.
- 4 Fo dhimeas is fo tharcuis dhaoin',
feuch fear an amhghair thruaigh!
Is bròn a' leantuin ris gun chrìos,
an taobh a bhios do'n uaigh.

- 5 Ach cha b'è fein, ach sinne thoil
gach cràdh a rinn a leon ;
Oir, neo-chiontach sheas e nar riochd,
's gu h-ìochdmhor ghabh ar bròn.
- 6 Gidheadh mar dhroch-dhuin' mheasadh e,
's mar fhògarrach o ghràs ;
Tra dhòirt e fhuil arson an t-sluaigh,
fo osnai' chruaidh a bhàis.
- 7 Le naomh-fhuil nigh e dhinn gu glan
ar truailleachd is ar lochd ;
Leighis a chreuchdan, 's shaor a bhàs,
gu bràth ar n-anma bochd.
- 8 Chaidh daoine dall is ceannairceach
air seachran truagh, mar threud ;
Ach ghiulain Criosd ar n-easaontas,
is dhiol ar n-uile bheud.
- 9 Fo bhuille trom ar smachdachaidh,
feuch giulan caomh Mhic Dhe !
Mar nan gun lochd, a dh'imlicheas
an lamh le 'n casgrar è.
- 10 A neo-chionta co dh'fhoillsicheas
's e 'n cuibhreach cruaidh an sàs ?
Feuch dhìteadh è le samhla reachd,
is thugadh seach gu bàs.
- 11 Le peacaich luidh e sìos fan dus,
na beartaich thug dha uaigh ;
Mar chaith e bheatha, chrìochnaich e,
gun chiont', air meud a thruaigh.
- 12 Mar so ge d'bhruthadh e le Dia,
dh'eirich ar Triath a rìs ;

Oir iobairt iomlan aon mhic fein
dhiol ceartas De gu sior.

13 Oir, arsa Dia, làn-shiorbhichidh
mo thlachd 'na laimh gun cheist ;
Bidh ghineal lionmhor feadh gach linn
's bidh inbhe mor am feasd.

14 Bidh anam ait tra dhearcas e
air toradh pailt a phèin ;
Is bheir na sloigh a shlànuich e,
cliu sior d'an Slan'ear treun.

15 Roinnidh e chreach la laochraibh treun
's do 'n eug bheir gach aon nàmh ;
Le ciontaich ge d' luidh e san uaigh,
dh'eirich le buaidh an aird.

16 Dh'fhuiling e dhiola' cionta dhaoin',
's a dh'fhaotain sìth d'a shluagh ;
'S mar charaid fìor-bheo nis air neamh
tagraidh e 'n cùis gach uair.

LAOIDH XXVI. ISAIAH. lv.

O DHAOINE tartimhor ! thigibh chum
sruth pailt nan uisge' beo ;
An nasgaidh gheibh am bochd a dhiol,
gun airgid is gun òr.

2 C' arson a struidheas sibh ur maoin
air nithe faoin nach biadh ;
'S a chailleas sibh ur sao'ir gach là
mu ni nach sàsuich miann ?

3 Gu deonach cromaibh riums' ur cluas,
ma 's aill leibh suaimhneas fìor ;

- Le m'theagasg bidh ur n-anma beo,
is gheibh sibh solas sior.
- Eisdibh, is mairibh beo gu bràth !
mo chumhnant grasmhor 's leibh ;
An trocair a rinn Daibhidh ait,
gun airc bheir mise dhuibh.
- 6 Mar fhianuis roghnaich 's thog mi e,
mar cheannard treun do m' shluagh ;
Gach fine gairmidh e a chein,
's bheir iad fo bhrataich buaidh.
- 7 Feuch crìocha cian nach b'aithne dhuit,
is do nach b'aithne thu,
Ard-fhàidh ! dot-ionnsuidh cruinnichidh,
's do m' ainm-sa bheir iad cliu.
- 8 Grad-iarruibh Dia am feadh tha chluas
ga croma' nuas ri'r glaodh ;
'S nuair tha e tairgse' dhuibh a ghràis,
gabhaibh ri shlainte shaor.
- 9 Treigeadh an t-aingidh shlighe chlaon,
's an droch-dhuin smaoin a chrìdh',
Is pilleadh iad ri Dia gun dàil,
is gheibh iad slaint' is sìth.
- 10 Oir Dia tha saibhir ann an iochd,
is laghaidh e gach beud ;
Cha'n ionan natur dha 's do dhaoin'
a throcair chaomh cha treig.
- 11 Oir mar is ard an speur, deir Dhia,
os cionn na talmhainn fhaoin,
'S co-ard tha m' iul 's mo smaointe-sa
thar iuil is smaointe dhaoin'.

- 11 Nuas silidh frasa sneachd' is uisg',
's cha phill a rìs an aird,
An talamh gus an taisich iad
a ghiulan lòn 's gach ait.
- 12 Mar so aon smid a labhras mis'
cha d' thig air ais gun bhuil;
Mo ghairm gheibh eisdeachd o gach d'
is bidh iad umh'l do m' thoil.
- 13 'N sin stiurar dùcha iompaichte,
le h-aoibhneas is le fois;
Na sleibhte seinnidh air gach taobh:
buailidh gach craobh a bos.
- 14 An aite dhraigheann agus dhreas
bidh ùr-chroinn uain' a' fas;
Mar so sior-mhairidh; 's bheir gach d'
ard-chliu do Dhia nan gràs.

LAOIDH XXVII. ISAIAA lvii. 15, 16

- E**ISDIBH! gach neach air thalamh ta,
guth Dhe ro-ard is naomh;
'S iad so a bhriathra trocaireach,
fath dochais clainn nan 'daoin':
- 2 An airde neimh mo chathair rìgh'
o shiorrui'chd shocruch mis;
'S leam cliu nan aingeal feadh gach lì
's gach buaidh 'ta iomlan leis.
- 3 Gidheadh o m' ionad cònuidh shuas,
seallaidh mi nuas do ghnà,
Air luchd a chridhe bhrìste bhrùit',
's nam bùthan ni mi tàmh:

A cheangal suas an spiorad bhrùit',
 's g' a thoirt o'n ùir aníos ;
 'S a bheothacha' nan anma truagh
 tha dol do'n uaigh asios.

Na h-anma sin a dhealbh mi fein,
 gheibh tearuinteachd fa m' ghràs ;
 Tagra cha dean mi riu do shior,
 mun tuit iad sìos am lai'r.

LAOIDH XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 5,—9,

UCH ! ciod an trasg is aill le Dia :
 an e bhi cianail trom ?

No sgeadaichte le samhla bròin,
 is aghaidh leonta chrom !

An ionmhuinn leamsa eide' broin,
 deir Rìgh na glòir e fein ?

Le ceann air lùba' 's gnuis fo smal,
 am faigh sibh uamsa speis ?

Ri daoine truagh gan saruchadh
 cum baigh is cothrom maith ;

'S do dhaoine bochd is an-shocrach,
 gabh cùram, 's bidh ort rath.

Do'n dilleachd acrach thoir do bhiadh,
 's biodh t-fhardoch fial gach uair

Do'n choigreach tha gun aite tàimh,
 's do'n anrach dhìbli thruagh.

Comhdaich an lomnochd, dion am fuar,
 tog suas an tì fo leon,

'S na druid do chridhe le h-an iochd
 o neach air bith san fheoil.

- 9 An sin mar mhadainn shoilleir chiuin,
 bidh t-ùin' air thalamh bhos ;
 Air t-uile shlighe dealraidh Dia,
 's o t' iarguin gheibh thu fois.

LAOIDH XXIX. Tuireadh iii. 37,—40.

AM measg nan chumhachdach co 'n ti
 a bheir gu crìch na 's àill ?

Nach 'eil gach nì sa chruinne-chè,
 fo òrdugh Dhe amhain :

- 2 'S esan a nì ar n-aoibhneas mor,
 no bheir dhuinn bròn fa seach ;
 'S i lamh a dhealbh an solus iuil,
 's do dhuì-neoil thug an dreach.

- 3 Ciod uim' an gearain duine beo,
 ga leon fo smachdach' Dhe ?

A chum a leas tha Dia ga chlaoidh,
 gu thoirt d'a ionnsuidh fein.

- 4 O dhaoine ! rannsaichibh gu geur,
 gach ceum do 'r slighe chlaoin ;
 'S pillibh o'r seachrana gu Dia,
 thaobh miad a throcair chaoìn.

LAOIDH XXX. Hosea vi. i,—4.

THIGIBH, is rachamaid gu Dia,
 le cridhe tiamhaidh bròin :

Ge d' pheacaich sinn, nì esan iochd
 air anma briste leont'.

- 2 Air iartais duisgidh 'n doinionn ghairb
 is fàsaidh balbh a ris ;

Is ge d' tha ghairdean treun gu sgrios,
tha e co treun gu'r dion.

B' fhada 's bu chian ar n-òiche bhròin,
bheir teachd an lò dhuinn gean;

Oir thig ar Dia, is fògraidh e
gach dòlas ruinn a lean.

'N sin gheibh sinn eolas air a ghradh,
ma thig sin dhasan dlù;

Bidh ghnais mar ghrian na maidne gloin,
's a ghuth mar inneal ciuil.

Mar dhrùchd air bharr nan luibhean
's iad air gach taobh fo bhlàth; [maoth,

No mar na frasan thig anuas
air fearann cruaidh sa mhàrt;

Mar sin nì dealra gnùis àr De
ar n-anma aoibhinn ait:

Fograidh e duibhre 's doilghios uainn,
is nì sinn uail gun airc.

LAOIDH XXXI. Micah vi. 6,—9.

IA leis a thig mi 'm fianuis Dhia,

Ard thriath a chruinne-chè!

No ciod an iobairt bheir mi dha,
chum e bhi ghnà rium rèidh?

An toilich mìle iobairt loisgt',
le 'm boltrach tùis an Triath?

Deich mìle sruthan ola 'n leor,
's gach ainmhidh beo san t-sliabh?

Mur leor, an gabh e mo cheud-ghin,
an riochd mo bheatha fein,

Toradh mo chuirp an eiric m'anm'
chum bhi 's gach àm rium rèidh?

4 Cha'n fhoghainn so : is aobhar gràin
le Dia gach cràbha saoihb;

'Na fhocal leig e ris a rùn,
a stiura' cloinn nan daoìn'.

5 O dhuine ! so na dh'iarr e ort;
dean ceartas, miannaich iochd;

Gu h-umhal gluais an là'ir do Dhia,
is dean a riar gu glic.

LAOIDH XXXII. Habac. iii. 17, 18.

CHOIDH' ge nach toir brann fìge blàth,
's nach fàs air fion-chrann meas;

Sao'ir a chrainn ola ge do threig,
's fàs dèis gun bhi air slios,

2 Gach treud o'n mhainnir ge do bhuail
grad-fhuathas nuair nach saoil;

Greigh ge nach fàg an t-earrach cruaidh
no bò air uachdar raoìn :

3 Gidheadh san Triath bidh mise ait,
is nì mi uail 'na gbradh;

Mor-aoibhneas nì mi ann am Dhia;
's e Dia ma shlaint' gu bràth.

4 Bheir Dhia dhomh neart chum ruith g
mar fhiadh air fireach ard, [diar

Is bheir e mi gu rìogh'chd na gloir,
fo sheola caomh a ghrais.

5 'S e Dia mo stòr, mo bheatha, 's m' iù.
o'n d' thig mò lùgh 's mo threis;

Gainne no gort, beatha no bàs,
cha sgar o ghradh mi 'n feasd.

LAOIDH XXXIII. Mat. vi. 9,—14.

Thair gach dùil a bhos is shuas !
dan dual gach chliu is gloir ;
Ad lathair strìochdaidh sinne sìos,
gu h-ìosal mar is coir.
T-ainm naomhaichear 's na h-uile àit,
is aora' dha gach slògh ; [buaidh,
Craobh-sgaoil do Shoisgeul, 's thoir dha
is luathaich riogh'chd na gloir.
Deanadh gach dùil air thalamh bhòs,
do thoil mar ainglibh neimh ;
Dhi geilleadh iad la cridhe ait,
's le giulan màcant sèimh.
Ar n-aran lathail deonuich dhuinn,
is cridhe taingeil leis ;
Is ciod air bith is cuibhrionn duinn,
do bheannachd biodh 'na chois.
Maith dhuinn ar fiacha trom, a Dhe,
do reir mar mhaithear leinn,
D'ar feichuibh fein an ea-ceairtean,
's gach beum a thug iad dhuinn.
Na leig am buaireadh sinn a Dhe,
ach gleidh sinn o gach lochd ;
Oir rioghachd, cumhachd, 's gloir gun
's leat nis 's a ris gu beachd. [chrìoch,

LAOIDH XXXIV. Mat. xi. 25. gu crìch

BUIDHEACHAS follasach thug Crìosd
da Athair fein, ag radh,
Sior-bheannuicht biosa, Dhia, nam fear
o linn gu linn gu brath !

2 'S tu cheil air daoine saoghalt' glic
dearbh-fhirinn shlainteil neimh,
Gidheadh a thaisbein soilleir i
do leanbaibh ùmhal sèimh.

3 Si so do thoill-sa, Athair chaoimh !
's do naomh-reachd seasmhach buan
Na iarradh Aingle naomh no daoine'
làn-fhios an aobhair uainn.

4 Gach uile chumhachd dhomhs' thu
dha 'mhain is fios mo ghnè; [Di:
Is dhomh-sa 'mhain a ghnè-san 's eol,
's do'n dream d'an seol mi e.

5 O sibhse ta le uallach trom
an uile 's an eagail leoint',
Thigibh do m' ionnsuidh-sa, is gheibh
ur n-anma fois is treoir.

6 Le cridhe umhal togarach
ma chuing-sa togaibh oirbh ;
Do m'cheannsal geillibh, is do m'reachd
gu beachd cha'n 'eil e doirbh.

7 Oir caomh tha mise agus sèimh,
's cha dean mo chuing ur cràdh ;
Foghlumaibh uam, 's ur n-anma sgith
fois shiorruidh gheibh is àgh.

LAOIDH XXXV. Mat. xxvi. 26,—29.

1 An oidhche san do bhrathadh Ios',
 'S e rèidh gu bheatha leigeadh sìos,
 hlaic e aran, is bheannuich e ;
 oirt buidheachais do Rìgh nan neamh.

2 'N sin thubhairt e r'a chairdibh gaoil,
 S e briste' 'n t-samhluidh sin air fheoil)
 clacaibh, ithibh ; uaidh so gu bràth,
 air chuimhne gleidhibh là mo bhàis.

3 Ghlaic e an cupa fòs 'na laimh,
 thog e rìs a ghuth an aird,
 'ra labhair e le briathraibh sìth,
 teas-ghradh lasa' suas 'na chrìdh ;

4 M'fhuil, amhuil so, do bheiream seach,
 Iar eiric anm' arson gach neach ;
 o seula cumhnainte nan gràs,
 ruaidh-naisgte leamsa ann am bhàs.

5 Lan-luchdaichte le gradh do dhaoin',
 'ha'n cupa so, 's an ioc-shlaint' saor ;
 rabhaibh dheth uile, 's bithibh beo :
 sibh cuimhneach orms' thug suas an deo.

LAOIDH XXXV. Air sheol eile.

1 AN oidhch' an d' eirich gach aon nàmh
 an aghaidh Slanuì'r dhaoin',
 Ghlaic e, 's e rèidh gu dol gu bàs,
 aran 'na lamha naomh.

2 'S air toirt da buidheachais do Dhia,
 tha riaghla' talaimh 's neimh,

An t-aran bhrìst, mar shamhl' air fheò
is thuirt gu fòil r'a threud ;

3 Mo chorp-sa briste, amhuil so,
feuch bheiream dhuibh gu saor ;
Oir air ur sonsa bhristeadh e,
's arson a chinne-daoin',

4 Glacaibh is ithibh, uime sin,
is cuimhnichibh mo bhàs,
Gach uair a ni sibh 'n obair cheudn'
na dheigh so, gu la bhrath.

5 Ghlac e an sin 'na laimh an cup'
's thug buidheachas faraon ;
Bha chridhe laiste le teas-ghradh,
shruth slaint o bhilibh caoin.

6 Feuch amhuil so bheir mise m' f'huil,
gu'r tearn' o ghuin a bhais ;
Gabhadh gach neach ; tha 'n ioc-shlainn
do gach uil aon le 'n àill. [sa

7 Air feadh gach linn' sior-chuimhnichil
mor-shaibhreas m'iochd 's mo ghrais
So seul a' chumnaint' ni mi ruibh,
is cuimhneachan mo bhàis.

LAOIDH XXXVI. Luc. i. 46,—56.

NI m' anam uaill is gairdeachas
an Dia mo shlainte chaoimh ;
Oir thog a mhaitheas Inilt suas
o m' inbhe shuaraich fhaoin.

2 Canar mi sona leis gach linn,
oir rinn mo Dhia orm iochd ;

- Is naomha ainm, 's is buan a ghràs,
nis is gach tra gu beachd.
- 3 Feuch, dh' fhoillsich Dia a ghairdean
an t-uaibhreach threig e tur; [treun,
Luchd-ardain thilg o'n cathair-rìgh,
's an t-ìosal thog o'n dus.
- 4 An t-acrach shàsuich e le lion,
an saibhir leon le gort;
Ri luchd an àilgheis chuir e cùl,
is thug a rùn do'n bhochd.
- 5 Chuimhnich e throcair is a ghràs
do Iacob òglach fein;
Is thug e cobhair, mar a gheall
san aimsir fad o chèin.

LAOIDH XXXVII. Luc. ii. 8,—15.

- AIR bhith do bhuachaillibh le cheil'
a' faire' treud san oidhch',
Thaisbeanadh Aingeal doibh o neamh,
's am magh lion e le soills'.
- 2 Bu mhor an-oill, ach thuirt e riu,
na gabhaibh geilt no sga;
Oir sgeul ro-ait tha agam dhuibh,
is do gach linn gu brath.
- 3 'N diubh rugadh dhuibh am baile'n Rìgh
an Slanui'ear, seadh Criosd;
Feuch, cluinnibh uamsa comhara,
le m mothaich sibh gur fìor.
- 4 An naoidhean neamhaidh gheibh sibh 'n
follas do rosgaidh dhaoin, [sin,

'S e paisgt' an trusgan an-ualas,
's na luidh' am prasaich fhaoim.

5 Labhair an Seraph so, 's air ball
bha 'm magh do Ainglibh là,
A' seinn gu binn do Dhia na sìth;
'a b' e so bu bhrì d'an dàn,

6 "Gach gloir do Dhia 's na neamhaibh
sìth bhuan air thalamh ta; [shuas
Nochd Dia dheadh-thoil do'n chinne dae
's cha traoigh am feasd a ghradh." [in

LAOIDH XXXVIII. Luc. ii. 25,—33.

Do Shimeon an duine naomh
dh' innseadh le Spiorad Dhia,
Gu faiceadh e ro' uair a bhais
an Slan'ear, Criosd an Triath.

2 An gealladh folasach fò dh'fheith
an naomh o la gu la;
Is cha do mhealladh e na dhùil
choiliona' chuis na' trà.

3 Nuair thugadh Ios' a reir an lagh'
astigh do 'n teampull naomh.
Do Shimeon dh'fhoillsicheadh co e
le Spiorad neimh gu saor.

4 Na ghairdean aosda ghlae an naomh
an naoidhean, 's thug e cliu
Do Dhia, 's e feinn le h-aoibhneas ard,
's le gairdeachas 'na ghnùis.

5 "Nis leig do tòglach triall an sìth
chum siorruitheachd mar gheall;

O'n chunnaic mi do shlaint', a Thriath,
mo thriall na bitheadh mall.

Na lamhan so, a ghlac mo Rìgh,
na glacadh nì 'na dheigh ;

'S na suilean so a chunnaic Crìosd,
na faiceadh nì fo 'n ghrein.

Tha 'n t-slainte gheall thu dhuinn o shean,
's a cho-gheall thu faraon,

A' dearbha dhuinn gur fìor do ghradh
gu bràth do'n chinne-daoin'.

So Grian an-àigh le 'm fògrar duibhr'
a Gheintilich gun iul,

Is anns an cuir do theaghlach taght'
clann Israeil an dùil."

LAOIDH XXXIX. Luc. iv. 18, 19.

'Luinnibh sgeul ait ; Tha Ios' air teachd
ri 'n robh o shean ar dùil?

Lionar gach crìdh le gairdeachas,
seinnear gu brath a chliu.

Tha 'n Spiorad dhoirteadh air gu pailt,
ri fhaicinn anns gach nì ;

Tha gliocas, cumhachd, eud is gradh,
dealrach 'na uile ghnìomh.

Le theachd, làn-shaorar braighde truagh
bh' aig Satan fo chruai'-ghlais ;

Oir sgaoilidh e gach cuibhreath teann,
is sgealbaidh dorsa prais.

Le theachd, neul cionta theid air cùl,
's thig fradharc iuil do'n dall ;

- Claisteachd do 'n bhodhar, 's caint do'n
 's do'n bhacach lùgh nam ball. [bhalb
- 5 Le theachd, gheibh bochd is uaireasach
 làn-diol do shaibhreas gràis;
 An cridhe briste ceanglar suas,
 an t-anam trugh bidh slàn.
- 6 Thainig là-saoruidh ait o'r Dia,
 's maithear ar fiacha dhuinn;
 Oir choilion Dia a ghealla mor,
 is bidh e 'n cònuidh leinn.
- 7 Hosanah ait do Rìgh na sìth!
 nis is a rìs gu bràth;
 Co-fhreagradh neamh is muir is tìr,
 le co-sheirm shiorruith dha!

LAOIDH XL. Luc. xv. 13,—25.

- L**E misg is mi-bheus nuair a chaith
 an struidhear truagh a mhaoin,
 'S e 'g iarruidh lòn, am measg nam muir
 do phlaosgaibh falamh faoin.
- 2 Ge d' bhàsaichim, thuirt e, le gort,
 am fearann coigreach cèin,
 An teaghlach m'athar gheibh gach tràil
 na 's aill le chridhe fein.
- 3 Nis pillidh, tuitidh, 's guilidh mi,
 an lathair m' Athar chaoimh;
 Och! pheacaich is cha 'n airidh mi,
 air t-ìochd sa no ìochd neimh.
- 4 Ag radh so, gu tigh Athar phill,
 le inntin thuirseach throm;

Tra chunnaic athair e, fad as,
las tlus is iochd 'na chom.

Ghrad-ruith na chòail, 's thug e pòg,
la furan mor, da mhac ;

Is b'aithreach leis an struidheir thruagh
gu d' thug e fuath da smachd.

Och ! pheacaich, is cha'n eiridh mi
air t-iochdsa no iochd neimh ;

Dean mi am sheirbhiseach amhain,
O Athair chairdeil chaoimh !

Thugaibh amach, ars' Athair ait,
a chulaidh thaghta dha ;

'S gach iochd is onoir diolamaid
do 'n iompochan gun dàil :

Oir bha e marbh, is tha e beo ;
caillte, 's fadheoidh air sgeul ;

Biodh gairdeachas oirn uime sin,
's biodh so na latha fèill.

Mar sin bidh gairdeachas air neamh,
tra thearnar peacach baoth ;

Le pille' dha le h-aithreachas
gu Athair iochdmhor caomh.

LAOIDH XLI. Ioin iii. 14,—19.

JUAIR thogadh suas an nathair phrais
le Maois, san fhàsaich chruaidh,
Dhearc uirre 'n dream bha dlù do n' bhas,
is shlanuicheadh an sluagh ;

Mar so tha Crìosd air ardachadh,
gu slainte thabhairt duinn,

Seallaidh na slàgh chaidh lot an aird,
is slanaichear gach tinn.

3 Cia an-mhor trocair Dhia nan gràs,
cia pailt a ghradh is iochd,

A thug a mhac mar iobairt suas
a dh'fhulang truaigh nar riochd !

4 Cha 'n ann a dhìte' clainn nan daoine,
a thainig Criosd o neamh,
Geur-lann gu sgrios cha robh 'na laim
no bagradh bàis 'na bheul.

5 Le creideamh slainteil geillibhisa,
a luchd mi-bheus, d'a reachd ;
Is bheir e tearuint' sibh an sìth,
g'a riogh'chd a ta ri teachd.

6 Ach leanaidh dioghaltas gu luath
an sluagh nach geill 'na thra,
An dream ni di meas air mac Dhe,
's nach eisd ri tairgs' a ghràis.

LAOIDH XLII. Ioin. xiv. 1,—7.

U Aibh sògraibh eagal 's iomguin crìdh',
's na biodh ur dochas fann ;
Earbaibh a freasdal De do ghnà,
's am' ghradh-sa gach aon am.

2 Gu àros m' Athar pilleamsa,
ann 's lionmhor ionad tàimh :
'S is dealrach gloir na rioghachd sin,
ga lionadh air gach làimh,

3 Mur biodh na nithe so mar so,
dhuibh dh' innsin sin o thùs ;

- Cha mheallainn sibh le dochas baoth,
no muinghin fhaoin mu'n chuis.
- 4 Ròimhibh theid mise chum, 'nur n-ainm,
gu gabhainn sealbh air neamh,
'S gu'n ullaichinn duibh annam riogh'chd,
gu siorruith, àite taimh.
- 5 Ach pillidh mi air m' ais a rìs,
is bheir mi sibhse leam;
An sin cha dealuich sin ni 's mò,
's cha bhi sibh brònach trom.
- 6 A bheatha' n fhirinn, is an ròd
a threoruicheas gu neamh,
Is mise sin; 's na leanas mi,
gu sona bheir mi iad.

LAOIDH XLIII. IOIN XIV. 25,—28.

- M**o ghuth cha chluinn sibh tuille nis,
ghairm m'Athair mi chum neamh
O'n d'thig an Co'fhurtair gun dàil,
an Spiorad grasmhor naomh.
- 2 Am ainm-sa cuiridh 'n t-Athair e,
a dheana' dhuibh an iuil;
A thoirt na chuala sibh 'n ur cuimhn',
s a' dh'fhoillseacha' gach cùis.
- 3 Mo shìth mar bheannachd dealachaidh,
's mar dhìlib gheibh sibh 'n tràs;
Mo shìth bheir dhuibh lan chofhurtachd
'nur beatha is 'nur bàs.
- 4 A reir droch nòis an t-saoghail chlaoin
cha mheall mi sibh gun cheist,

Is gealla gun a choi-liona'
cha toir mi dhuibh am feasd.

- 5 Ad ghealla, Thriath, ni sinne bun,
re fad ar turais fhaoim;
'S ar n-earbsa laidir bidh ad ghràdh,
ri fagail duinn an t-sao'il.

LAOIDH XLIV. IOIN XIX. 30.

- F**EUCH! Iosa ceusda air a chrann!
's a cheann a' lùba' nuas;
Fhuil craobhach o gach creuchd a' ruith
is cruitheachd bais 'na ghruaidh.
- 2 “Tha'n obair crìochnaicht, “—Labhair e
's e tiomn' a spioraid suas;
Lùb e a cheann 's cha d'fhuiling e
gnè tuille pein no truaigh'.
- 3 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht--Bhàsaich
arson a chinne-daoin'; [Chriosc
Làn-fhuasglà' thug e dhuinn o'n bhàs,
o chumhachd Shatain shaor.
- 4 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht—Sguir a leon
le bhron, le shao'ir 's le fhuil
Lan-cheannsuich e gach uile nàmh,
is chreach e iad gu tur.
- 5 Tha 'n obair crìochnaicht—'s linn an
do linn an t-Soisgeil ghèill: [Lagh'
Sean nithe chaidh a nis air cùl,
's tha 'n saoghal ùr gu leir,

LAOIDH XLV. ROM II. 4,—8.

DHAOINE daoì ! an dean sibh tàir
 air gràs is faighid Dhia ?
 'S an dean sibh fanoid air a neart ?
 an gleachd sibh ris, gun chiall ?
 A chionn gu bheil a throcair pailt,
 is fhaighidin co buan,
 Am meudaich sibh ur seacharain
 's am peacaich sibh gach uair ?
 A ghin mhi-thaingeil ! nach ro-mhò
 bu chòir do mhaitheas De
 Do stiura' dh'ionnsuidh aithreachais,
 's do tharruing chuige fein ?
 Am fearr leat corruich chur air Dia,
 's an Triath bhi dhuìt na nàmh,
 Is ionnas feirge thasgai' suas,
 ni truagh thu là a bhrath ?
 An là sin 's dlù, le dhioghaltas,
 's do bhinne ni e teann :
 Thig fearg is claidh ort air gach làimh,
 gun neach gu d' thearnadh ann.
 Ach iadsan uil' thug geill do'n Triath,
 's a ghluais gu diadhaidh naomh,
 Gheibh crùn na beatha mar an duais
 bhith-bhuan, fad shaogh'l nan saogh'l,

LAOIDH XLVI. ROM III. 19,—22.

IA diomhainn earbsa chlainn nan daoìn'
 a sao'ir an lamha fein ?

- O natur truailidh ceannairceach
cha sruth ach olc 's mi bheus.
- 2 Biodh Iudhaich 's Geintilich 'nan tosd;
gun fhocal as am beul;
'S na deanadh duin' air bith do'n t-sluag
aon uail am fianuis De.
- 3 An gras a ni dhinn fireana,
cha toill ar gnìomha fein;
Oir dithidh 'n Lagh gach duine beo
gu bròn bith-bhuàn is pein.
- 4 Iosa! tra dh'earbas sinn a t-ainm,
cia luachmhor dhuinn do ghràs!
Do ghràs a bheir dhuinn fireantachd,
's do'r n-anam dion gu bràth.

LAOIDH XLVII. ROM. VI. 1,....7.

- 'S AM buanaich sinn gu dàn 'nar ciont',
bhri saibhreis gràsa Chrìosd?
Nar leige' Dia gu faigh gu bràth
an smaoin' so tàmh 'nar crìdh',
- 2 Tra thugadh sinn do Dhia gu moch,
ri droch-bheairt chuir sinn cùl,
Is gheall sinn gluasad fad ar laith'
mar chruthach' àluinn ùr.
- 3 Do'n pheaca bhàsaich sinn le Chrìosd;
leis dh' eirich sinn o'n uaigh
Gu beatha naomh, a threoruicheas
gu beatha ghlormhoir shuas.
- 4 Seadh, nis cha tràilleas sinn ni 's mò
do pheaca no do bhàs;

Oir dh'fhuasgail Criosd gach cuibhreach
is mhill ar n-uile nàmh. [dhinn,

AOIDH XLVIII. ROM. VIII. 31. gu chrìch.

- E creideamh 's dochas fògramaid
geilt, ciont, is dòrainn uainn;
'S e Dia ar caraid, 's mor a threis;
cia 'n t-eas-car bheir oirn buaidh?
- 2 An Ti thug aon-nhac air arson,
chobhartach do'n bhàs;
Nach toir gach tiolac eile dhuinn?
's an ceil e oirn a ghràs?
- 3 Feuch ! fhuair sin anns a ghibht bu mhò
làn-chòir air nithe 's lugh';
Tha Criosd 'na earlais air gach àgh,
air neamh is làr faraon.
- 4 Co nis a chuireas ciont a leth
sluaigh thaghta Dhe nan gràs?
Co dhìtheas iad ! no dhiultas sith,
o dh'fhuiling Criosd am bàs?
- 5 Dh'fhuiling e 'm bàs, ach dh' eirich e
gu deas-laimh Dhe le buaidh;
'N sin tagraidh e ar cùis do shior,
is bheir làn-dion d'a shluagh.
- 6 Co nis mata a sgaras sinn
o chaidre' caomh ar Triath?
An sgaoil aon neach an cuibhreach sin
a cheangail sinn r'ar Dia?
- 7 Ge d'eirich dragh, 's ge d'bhagair bas,
's ge d'iadh gach namh mu'n cuairt;

Trid Chrìosd bheir sin gu dùlanach,
orr' uile tuille 's buaidh.

8 Ifrinn no talamh, beath' no bas,
no saruch uine bhuan,
O ghradh ar Triath cha dealuich sinn,
's cha sgar am feasd sinn uaidh.

9 Bheir so dhuinn sonas feadh gach linn
mar rinn e gus an tras ;
O shiorruitheachd gu shiorruitheachd
bheir Crìosd d'ar n-anma gradh.

LAOIDH XLIX. 2 Cor. xiii.

LE briathraibh dhaoin' is aingle neimh,
ge d' labhrainn, le sgèimh ghrinn ;
lompaidh ge d' chuirinn air gach neach
le teangaidh bhlasda bhinn ;

2 Ard-fhiosachd Faidhe ge bu leam,
's ge d' fhoillsichinn rùn De ;
Gun seirc, is faoin gach ni dhiu so,
cha dean iad dhomh gnè fheim ;

3 Ge d' ath'raichinn le creideamh treun,
na sleibhtean as an ceal,
Is neo-ni mi gun seirc is gradh,
cha mhair mo ghràs ach feal.

4 Ge d' bheathaichinn le m' mhaoin a
's mo chorp ge d' loisginn fòs, [boch
Arson mo chreideimh, 's mi gun seirc,
cha dìong e bheag fadheoidh.

5 S' fad-fhulangach neo-fharmadach,
's is cairdeil gach uair seirc ;

Cha dean i uaill a' beartaidh fein,
's cha seidear suas i'm feasd.

Droch amharus cha bhi aig seirc,
's ni faighid ri droch dhaoin':

'S fà bròin leath iomra uile is ciont',
's is toigh leath 'n fhirinn chaoin.

Giulan neo-iomchuidh 's fuath le seirc,
's fein-speis nan cleasa claon;

Tha chridhe làn le iochd is gràdh
do chàch air feadh an t-sao'il.

Giulainidh seirc fad ùine mhoir,
le dochas nithe 's fearr;

'S fuilingidh i gu macant' seimh
iom' eucoir agus tàir.

Air neamh is talamh, feadh gach cian
sior-riaghlaichidh caomh-sheirc;

Tra sguireas teangai' 's fiosachd Faidh,
buan-mhairidh gradh gun cheist.

'S neo-fhoirfidh 'n so gach gràs air bith,
ach tionsgnaidh laithe 's fearr,

'S an d' thig làn-iomlaineachd asteach,
's an teich gach ni tha cearr.

An tràs 'nar n-òige gluaisidh sinn,
mar naoidheana gun iul

Chum foirf'eachd; ach 'n uair dh'fhasas
theid leanbaidheach air cùl. [sinn

Air talamh mar trid dui'-neoil doirch'
is leir dhuinn dealra' Dhe;

Ach gnùis ri gnùis an neamh da gloir
gu soilleir chi sin e.

- 13 Tha creideamh, dochas agus gradh,
 an tràs an so le cheil';
 Ach creideamh 's dochas fàilnichidh
 's buan-mhairidh gradh gach re.
- 14 Oir sluigear dochas le làn-sheilbh,
 is creideamh le beachd sùl;
 'S iad so na meadhoin, 's i chrioch gràdh
 nach d'theid gu bràth air cùl:

LAOIDH L. 1 COR. xv. 52 gu crìch.

- L**E fuaim na trompaid dheireannaich
 criothnaichidh 'm fonn gu garbh:
 Fosglaidh gach uaigh is brùchdaidh nìo
 chum fìorrui'chd cuirp nam marbh.
- 2 Feuch, eiridh cuirp nan saoi an sin,
 le misnich is mor-sgèimh;
 Iad basmhor thuit, ach eiridh chum
 neo-bhasmhorachd air neamh.
- 3 Feuch faisneachd fhìor nam Faidhear
 coi-lionta nis gu beachd; [naomh
 Gu geilleadh bàs do bheatha shìor,
 's gu crìochnaiceadh an gleachd.
- 4 Suas togadh creideamh luaghair ait,
 is canadh e mar laoidh,
 Ca'nis am bheil do ghath, a Bhàis?
 c' ait, Uaigh, am bheil do bhuaidh?
- 5 B'i choguis chiontach gath a bhàis,
 teann-shàtha 'n cridhe 'n daoi;
 'S b'e 'n Lagh a thug do chiont a neart
 gu luchd a pheacaidh chlaoi'.

Ach beannuicht gu robh Dia gu bràth
 chuir ar an namh so chois,
 'S a thug dhuinn trid ar Ceannard Criosd
 buaidh shiorruith agus fois.
 Fa 'n aobhar sin, le dùrachd cridh',
 do 'r Rìgh bheir sinne geill;
 Lan-dearbhta gu faigh sinn fadheoidh,
 crùn gloir an rìoghachd neimh.

LAOIDH LI. 3 COR. V. 1,—11.

- 1 RAD-thuitidh 'n corp so sìos do 'n ùir,
 'na smùr fo chumbachd bais:
 Ach gheibh ar n-anma cònuidh 's fearr
 gu h-ard le Dia nan gràs.
- 2 Gheibh anma naomh an cònuidh 'n sin
 san tigh a thog dhoibh Dia;
 Tra shaorar iad o 'n phrìosan thruagh
 sam bheil an cuairt re cian.
- 3 D'ar n-uallach talmhaidh sgìth, mar so,
 's tric thairnear osna leinn?
 Ach saoruaidh 'm bàs gu caomh sinn uaith
 is dhachaidh suas theid sinn.
- 4 Oir tha ar n-earbs' a' tigh is fearr,
 tra dh'fhagas sinn a chriadh;
 Cha'n e bhi rùisgt ach sgeadaichte
 ri m' bheil ar duil 's or miann.
- 5 So dochas ait nan anma naomh
 o 'n Slan'ear chaomh an tràs,
 A thug an Spiorad dhoibh maraon,
 mar sheul is earlais graidh.

- 6 Sior-ghluaisidh sinn le creideamh beo
an gealla' glormhor Dhia;
'S bidh sinn, rè fad ar cuairt so chorp,
ag osnaigh 'n deigh ar Triath.
- 7 Na 's ait le 'r n-anma fhaotainn, 's fad'
's ro-fhada leinn e uainn;
Air imrich b' ait leinn dol o 'n fheoil,
's ar cònuidh fhaotainn shuas.
- 8 Ach anns a' chorp, no as a' chorp,
an so no 'n sin gam bi,
Sinn fein thoirt suas do sheirbhis Dhia,
se so ar miann gu fìor.
- 9 Chum cathair-breitheanais Mhic Dhe,
feuch, theid gach uile neach;
A dh'fhaotainn pèin no tuarasdail,
mar thoil iad uaith fa seach.
- 10 Breith chothromach neo chlaon an sin
ghaibh deagh-ghniomh agus lochd;
'S bidh cor gach neach gu sìorruith, reir
a bheus, ma's maith no olc.

LAOIDH LII. PHILIP. II. 6,—12.

- SIBHSE ta ainmichte air Crìosd,
leanaibh gu sìor a cheum;
'Nur n-inntin is 'nur coluadar
bibh cosail ris gu leir.
- 2 Cruth 's coslas Dhia ge d' bha air Crìosd
's uil' iomhaigh Rìgh na gloir;
Ge b' ionan natur 's inbhe dhoibh
co-ionan air gach dòigh;

Gidheadh a mhòrachd chuir e thaoibh,
 is daonnachd ghabh air fein ;
 Chum sinne shaoradh, chuir e sgàil,
 rè seal, air ailleachd neimh.
 Seach chrom ar Slan'ear caomh asios
 gu inbhe iosail traill ;
 Striochd e do'n bhàs, seadh bas na ceusd'
 bu ro-mhor pein is nair'.
 Feuch dh'ardaich Dia, fa'n aobhar sin,
 an Triath a shaor a shluagh ;
 Thug e dha rioghachd thar gach righ,
 is ainm thar ainm r'a luadh.
 A chum do ainm an Tighearn' Ios'
 gu striochd gach uile ghlùn,
 'S na neamha shuas, air talamh bhos,
 gu h-urramach 's gu h-ùmh'l.
 Seadh striochdai' dhasan mar an ceudn'
 is geillidh ifrinn shios ;
 Gach treabh is teanga 's dùil a t' ann,
 aidichidh ainm gu sior.

LAOIDH LIII. I TESSAL. IV, 13 gu crìch.
 BODH misneach aig luchd muintir Chrìosd
 tra chi iad luchd an gaoil
 A' dol gu cadal ann an Ios'
 cha 'n i so crìoch an sao'il.
 C'arson mata bhios sibh ri bròn
 mar dhream gun dochas mòr,
 Am bheil sa bhas ach t-eachdair' sìth
 gan gairm gu riogh'chd na gloir ?

- 3 Mar chaochail Criosd, 's mar dhuais
le buaidh o staid a bhais. [s
Is amhluidh dh'eireas fòs a shluagh
le-luaghair la a bhràth.
- 4 Oir thig an la san tuirling Criosd,
le h-iolach, o na neoil,
Le guth Ard-aingil 's fuaim na truim
a chluinn gach marbh is beo.
- 5 'N sin ath'rraichear an dream tha beo
's dui gear na slòigh ta marbh;
Liubhraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i fe
's bidh sleibht' air chrith gu garbh
- 6 Eiridh na naoimh asuas air tùs,
o 'n ùir, le h-aoibhneas mor;
Ni aingle Dhe an coinneachadh,
's an togail leo gu gloir.
- 7 Le cheile theid iad suas gu h-ait,
gu tigh an Athar chaoimh,
Sam faigh iad cònuidh shior le 'n Tri
gun iarguin is gun chlaoidh.
- 8 Fòs tamul beag, is ruigidh sinn
an caladh ait fadheoidh,
San coinnich sinn na sgaradh uainn,
's cha dealuich sinn ni 's mò.

LAOIDH LIV. 2 TIM. I. 12.

CHA 'n aobhar naire leamsa Criosd,
no chùis a dhion gu beachd:
A crann a cheusaidh ni mi uail;
geilleam gach uair d'a reachd.

IOSA, mo DHIA ! is eol domh ainm,
is earbam as gu brath ;

Cha naraich esan m' anam truagh,
's cha chum e uam a ghràs.

Daingean is buan, mar chathair Dhia,
gach cian tha gealla Chrìosd ;

O ! 's tearuint m'anamsa 'na laimh
gu la a theachd a rìs.

San la sin failtichidh e m' ainm,
an làthair Athar chaoimh ;

Is sealbh san Nuadh Ierusalem
do m'anam bheir le naoimh.

LAOIDH LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

HRIOCHNAICH mi nis mo chath 's mo rèis,
is dlù dhomh eug is uaigh ;

M' anam a choifrig mi do Dhia,
triallaidh gu neamh le buaidh.

Le armaibh neamhaibh chuir mi 'n cath,
fo bhrataich Chrìosd mò Thriath ;

Ruith mi mo rèis, mo dhilseachd dhearbh,
's tha m' earbs' a duais o m' Dhia.

Fa m' chomhair-sa thaig Dia air neamh,
gu tearuint crùn na glòir ;

A chuireas a làmh fein mu m'cheann,
air chionn an latha mhoir.

Mo Dhia cha d' orduich dhomhsa mhàin
an coron so mar dhuais,

Ach do gach neach le'n ionmhuin teachd
A Mhic, o neamh anuas.

- 5 O luchd 's o chunthart dìonaiddh Crìosd
mo choimhead ni gach uair,
'S gu tearuint m'anam treonichidh
gu riogh'chd na gloire shuas.
- 6 Bheir mi, le coghna treun mo Thriath,
dùlan do ifrinn fein;
Is dha-san gu robh glòir an-ard
is cliu gu brath'. Amen!

LAOIDH LVI. Titus iii. 3.—9.

- AIDICHIDH sin le ruirse crìdh'
ro-mbeud ar ciont' a Dhe!
B' amaideach faoin ar n-uile sinaoin,
's cha b'fhearr ar giulan gnè.
- 2 Ach thoir, o m'anam, cliu is gradh
do ard-ainm Rìgh nan sluagh,
Nach d' fhàg thu m'feasd, gun teasairgi
am peaca, nàire, 's truaigh'.
- 3 Cha 'n ann tre oibre fireantachd,
no gnìomh ar lamha fein,
Ach tre grais Dhe, an Iosa Crìosd,
a shaor ar sinn o phèin.
- 4 Is ann an trocair Dhe amhain,
ata ar muinghin threun;
A throcair shaor ar n-anma truagh,
's ghlan uainn gach ciont is beud.
- 5 Tha 'n Spiorad dhoirteadh oirn trid Ios'
ag nigheadh dhinn gach sal,
A' fada teas-graidh feadh ar crìdh'
's gar dèanamh naomha glan.

- 6 Mar so, lan-fhireannaicht le gràs ;
 gach là le beatha nuaidh
 Sion-ghluaisidh sinn, 's an Spiorad leinn,
 gu ruig ar n-oighreachd shuas.
- 7 Na h-uile ga 'm-bheil samhail so
 do chreideamh 's dochas naomh,
 Sior-dhearbhadh iad, le giulan maith,
 nach 'eil an dochas faoin.

LAOIDH LVII. Eabh. iv. 14. gu chrìch.

- OSA mac Dhe, leig aon uair sìos
 a bheath' arson a shluaigh,
 Tha nis a' tagra 'n cùis air neamh,
 mar Shagart treun bheir buaidh.
- 2 Trid beatha 's bais sior-leanamaid
 ri Crìosd gu daingean dlù :
 O chreide' 's dochas gheibh sinn neart,
 is theid gach geilt air cùl.
- 3 Gu borb cha bhuin ri laigse dhaoin'
 caomh-Shagart ard an àigh ;
 Tha cridhe làn do thruacantachd
 tha anam làn do ghràdh.
- 4 Co-fhulangas tha aig an Triath
 air iarguin 's laigs' a shluaigh ;
 Oir dh'fhiosraich e na cholainn fein
 gach deuchainn agus truaigh'.
- 5 Dh'fhiosraich e so na cholainn fein,
 gidheadh as eng' ais lochd ;
 Oir natur duine ge do ghabh,
 cha b' aithne dha bhi olc.

6 Bu tuirseach deurach air arson,
a chaith e làith' fo 'n ghrein
'S ge h-ard e nis air deas-laimh Dhe,
co-mhothaichidh ar pèin.

7 Le dànachd naomha, uime sin,
theid sinn gu chathair-ghrais;
Is fà gach gearain doirtidh sinn
'na fhianuis anns gach càs:

8 A chum gu coghnadh esan leinn,
reir saibhireachd a ghrais;
'S gu tugadh e d'ar n'anma lag
neart agus fois gu bràth.

LAOIDH LVII. Air dhòigh eile.

SAN teampull am bheil Dia na thàmh,
(Tigh nach do thogadh riamh le laimh,
Tha Sagart ard a chinne-daoin',
Ar Slan'ear is ar caraid caoin.

2 Esan a sheas an àit a shluaigh,
Dhoirt fhuil 'nan riochd, 's a luidh san uaigh
Tha cuimhneach orra fòs air neamh,
Ac Slan'ear is an caraid sèimh.

3 Ge h-ard e nis 's na neamha' shuas,
Tha shuil a' dearcadh oirn anuas;
Làn sgeadaichte le natur dhaoin',
Tha e mion-eolach air ar sao'ir.

4 Co-fhulangas tha aige ghnà,
'S co-mhothacha' le 'r n-uile chràdh;
Tha cuimhn' aig air a pheanas fein
A dheoir, a ghoith, is osnaigh gheur.

5 Gach dorainn dh'fheudas oirne teachd,
 'o shamhuill sin rinn esan gleachd;
 D'ar n-uile bhron tha chuids an mòr,
 's bheir e cobhair dhuinn gu leor.

6 Fa 'n aobhar sin theid sinn gu dàn
 'e 'r n-uile ghearann gus a làir;
 's guidhidh sinn a chogha treun,
 's fuir cuideachadh an uair ar feum.

LAOIDH LVIII. Eabh. XII. i,—13.

FÈUCH neul ro thiugh do fhianuisibh
 ag iadhadh oirn mu 'n cuairt;

An deigh, mar sinne, fulang cian,
 thug Dia leis iad a suas.

2 Air lorg nan naomh so ruithemid,
 chum Chrìosd, le faighid bhuain;
 Gach leth-trom 's peaca leanailteach
 grad-thilgemid fad uainn.

3 Ach riaghailt-stiuraidh 's fearr na so,
 's ion thoirt fainear air tùs;
 Eisempleir Ios' a stiuras sinn,
 trid-creideimh, chum ar crùn.

4 Ri 'r Ceannard, suas sior-dhearcamaid,
 neach, airson aoibhneis mhoir
 Bha roimhe, dh'fhuiling ceusa, 's nàir'
 's an tràs tha riaghla' 'n glòir.

5 Ma ghiulain Crìosd gu faighidneach
 an-caint is fanoid sluaigh,
 'N ion duinne, 'n uair ar saruchaidh
 bhi gearan cràidh no truaigh?

- 6 Ri feuchainn ghairbh an d' rinn sibhstr
mar Ios', gu fuil is bàs?
Is focal De'n do dhearmaid sibh,
tha gealltuinn duibh a ghràis.
- 7 A mhic, deir e, le faighidin
sior-fhuiling mo chaomh-smachd,
Is creid, 'nuair dhearbhas amhghar thu,
gu bheil aig Dia dhiot tlachd.
- 8 Teagaisgidh 'n t-Athair caomh mar so
a naomh-chlann dhileas fein,
'Gam fiosracha' le docair chruaidh,
's le ioma truaigh is pèin.
- 9 Chi sinn mar so gur toigh leis sinn,
tra smachdaichear sinn leis,
'S nach leig e uaith air seachran-sinn,
gun suim air bith d'ar leas.
- 10 Do ghuth ar n-athar talmhaidh bhos
nach tric a thug sinn geill?
'S do thoil ar n-Athair neamhaidh shua
nach toir sinn suas sinn fein?
- 11 Bheir athair talmhaidh smachd gu tric,
gun fhios c'arson, d'a chloinn;
Ach Dia amhàin a chum ar leas
bheir docair 's easlaint dhuinn.
- 12 Is deacair leinne achasan
is smachdachadh ar Dè;
Ach toradh sìth is fireantachd
gu siorruith thig nan deigh.
- 13 A nis mata na meathar sinn
le mi-mhisnich ni 's mò;

Ach carbamaid a trocair Dhè,
's dha geillemid r'ar beo.

LAOIDH LIX. Eabh. xiii. 20, 21.

THAIR na sìth, 's a Dhe na seirc!
do d'neart bheir sinne clu;
An neart a dhuig ar n-Aodhair suas,
le buaidh, o ghlais na h-uir'.
O'n ùir thog thu ar Triath an aird
gun spairn o chuibhreach bàis;
Mar sin le fhuil is ais-eiridh,
shior-naisg e'n cumhnant gràis.
Le d' spiorad seulaich sinn, a Dhe,
is dean sinn umh'l do d' thoil;
Chum as o d' naomh-reachd nach bi sinn
air seachran truagh a' dol.
O! sgriobh do lagh air clàr ar crìdh,
nar gnìomh fìor-dhealradh e!
'N sin ruigidh sinn, fa cheannsal Chrìosd,
air seilbh an rioghachd neimh.

LAOIDH LX. 1 Pead. i. 3,—5.

BEANNUICHT gu robh ar Dia gu sìor,
caomh-Athair Chrìosd ar Triath;
Beannuicht gu robh a throcair mhor
's a mhòrachd feadh gach ial,
O 'a uaigh trà thog thu ris do mhac,
's a ghlac thu e gu neamh,
Làn-chinnteach rinn thu sinne fòs
gu toir thu beo sinn fein.

- 3 Ri oighreachd shiorruith ann an glòir
 beo dhochas thug thu dhuinn;
 Oighreachd neo-thruaillidh saor o smal
 a mhaireas feadh gach linn.
- 4 Gu ruige sin le d' chumhachd treun,
 làn-thearuint bidh gach naomh;
 Trid creideimh stiurair sinn gu slàint:
 le gràs do Spioraid naoimh.

LAOIDH LXI. 2 Pead. iii. 3,—14.

- F**EUCH! anns na laithibh deireannach,
 suas eiridh gineal olc;
 D'am miannaibh peacach bheir iad sri
 's nam briathraibh their mar so:
- 2 Ca' bheil an gealla thuirt o shean
 gu robh am Breitheamh dlù?
 O linn ar sinnsear gus i so,
 cha 'n fhaic sinn gnè do mhùth'.
- 3 Tha bliadhn' air bhliadhnai' ruith gu
 mar bha o thùs an t-sao'il; [tàn
 'S mar thonn air thuinn a' ruith gu tràig
 gu brath bidh gineal dhaoin'.
- 4 So deir iad, aineolach dan deoin
 gu d' dhòirteadh tuil anuas,
 A sgrios an saoghal ceannairceach
 a chaidh air seachran truagh.
- 5 Ach sgrios nach ionann gheibh
 's na daoine olc at' ann; [saoghl-s
 Le teine lasrach millear iad,
 's is gearr gu ruig ant t-am.

Ge fada leis na naoimh an ùin',
 's an dùil ri teachd an Triath,
 Na shealla-san tha là is nair
 co buan ri mìle bliadhna'.
 Cha di-chuimhn' geallaidh ruig air Criosd,
 ach gaol bhi'n sìth ri daoine;
 A' feithe' dh'fheuch am pillear leò,
 's an iarr iad tròcair chaoine.
 Gidheadh mar ghaduich' anns an òich',
 nach cum na croinn amach,
 Grad-thuirlingidh an Triath anuas
 's thig fuathas air gach neach.
 Le tairneanaich 's le dealan speur
 na neamha teichidh as;
 Na duilidh leaghaidh, 's theid an saog'l
 'na chaoiribh le dian theas.
 O'n theid gach nì mar so a sgrios,
 mar fhuair sinn fios o Dhia,
 Nach iomchui' dhuinne deasachadh
 fa chomhair teachd ar Triath!
 Cia naomh bu choir dhuinn bhi gach uair,
 nar smuain', 'nar ciant, 's 'nar gnìomh,
 Nuair tha ar suil ri crìch an t-sao'l,
 's ri caochla gach aon nì!

LAOIDH LXII. 1 Ioin. iii. 1,—4.

EUCH! saibhreas iongantach a ghraidh
 thug Dia ar slainte dhuinn;
 Peacach is truailidh ge do bha,
 clann dha-san rinneadh dhinn.

2 Folaicht tha 'n onoir so an tràs,
's an-ard a sealla' dhaoi'n,

Mar so air Criosd e fein san fheoil
neo-eolach bha an saogh'l.

3 Is ard ar n-inbhe cheana bhos,
ach 's airde bhios sinn shuas ;

Gidheadh an inbhe sin cha leir
do neach fo 'n ghrein san uairs'.

4 Ach 's leir dhuinn so, gu faic sinn Di
ar Triath, seadh gnùis ri gnùis ;

'S gun iompaichear gu choslas sinn
tra mhosglas sinn o 'n uir.

5 Gach neach gam bheil an dochas so,
'na chòra is 'na ghnìomh

Biodh e fìor-naomh ; 's a chridhe glar
ceart amhuil a bha Criosd.

LAOIDH LXIII. Taisb. i. 5,—9.

DHASAN a ghradhaich anma dhaoi'n
's a dhòirt gach braon d'a fhuil,

A chum ar ciont' a ghlanadh uainn
's ar deanamh nuadh gu tur :

2 Dhasa rinn sagairt 's rìghrean dhinn
air feadh gach linn, do Dhia,

Biodh moladh, urram, agus gradh,
gu bràth air feadh gach ial.

3 Lionar gach beul le binn-cheol da,
's gach cridh' le teas-ghradh còmh,

Air talamh canar moladh dha,
's gu h-ard le ainglibh naomh.

Feuch teachd mhic De air neulaibh luath!

's ro-ait le shluagh an là;

Ach guilidh a luchd-casgraidh truagh,
le amhghar is le cràdh.

'S tu 'n ceud neach, 's an neach deirean-
's leat bith gun tùs gun chrìoch; [nach,
Maith, glic, is uile-chumhachdach,
bha, tha thu, 's bithidh choi'ch?.

LAOIDH LXIV. Taisb. v. 6, gu chrìch.

R cathair rioghail Athar fein,
feuch dealra gloir an Uain!

Ur-urram deasaichibh d'a ainm
is bibh le taing ga luadh.

Feuch, iosal aig a chasaibh strìochd
tha 'n Eaglais shiorruith shuas,
Le boltrach cùbhraidh iobairt thùis
's le clàraibh ciuil ri fuaim.

Is iad so urnaighean nan naomh,
's na laoidhean tha iad seinn;
Ri 'n urnaigh crèmaidh Crìosd a chluas,
d'an luaghair gabhaidh suim.

Rùn diomhair siorruith do thoil naomh,
O Athair! co d'an leir?
Co ach do mhac a leughas sin,
's a dh' fhuasgaileas gach seul!

Cluinn! armait neamh le 'n luaghair ait,
timchioll na cathrach rìgh;
Mìlte do mhìltibh s àireamh dhoibh,
ach 's aon amhain an crìdh.

- 6 'S airidh an t-Uan a dh-iobaireadh
deir iad, air inbh' ro-ard !
- 'S airidh, oir b'e ar n-iobairt-ne,
co-fhreagradh daoine 's gach àit !
- 7 Is airidh 'n t-Uan, a strìochd do 'n bh
air agh is beannachd buan ;
Biodh slainte, gloir, is aoibhneas ard
gu bràth air ceann an Uain !
- 8 O 'r cionta shaor e sinn le fhuil,
's thug braighde truagh a pein ;
Rinn sagairt 's rìghrean dhinn do Dhi
gu riaghladh shuas leis fein.
- 9 As gach aon teangaidh agus tìr,
thional 's thug Crìosd a shliochd ;
Gach duthaich chéin is innis cuain,
sìos fhuair air saibhreas iochd.
- 10 'S airidh air geill 's air ceannsal Crìosd
air talamh 's neamh gu bràth ;
Is cliù nì 's fearr na 's urra daoine,
thugadh naomh-aingle dha !
- 11 Gach neach tha 'g àiteacha' nan neamh
no chruinne-che a bhos ;
Gach duil air bith, do Rìgh nan sluag
seinnibh gach uair gun fhois !
- 12 An chrutach' aontaicheadh gu leir
thoirte geill is cliù do 'n Triath,
Tha riaghladh anns na neamha' shuas,
's do 'n Uan air feadh gach ial.

LAOIDH LXV. TAISB. VII, 13, gu chrich.

IA dealrach gloir a mhath-shluaigh ùd !
an trusgain ùr' cia geal !

Cionnus a thainig iad gu soills',
's co dh'ionnlaid dhiu' gach sal ?

Feuch, sud an dream a rainig neamh,
roi fheuchainn ghairbh is chruaidh,

'S a nigh an trusgain ann am fuil,
fuil ioc-shlainteach an Uain.

Nis sleuchdar leo le glùnaibh lubt'
gu h-umh'l aig cathair Dhia ;

'S le anmaibh crabhach molaidh iad
a mhòrachd feadh gach ial.

Gach crìdh bidh ait le lath' reachd Dhe,
's gach beul am fonn gu seinn ;

Co fhreagraidh 'n teampull naomh gach trà
d'an ard hosana bhinn.

Acras no tart cha chlaoidh an sin,
no boisge loisgeach grein' ;

'S e Dia an grian, 's o dealra caomh,
sior-sgaoilidh là an cèin.

Stiuraidh an t-Uan a naomh-threud fein
gu tobar slaint' nach tràigh ;

Is tiormaichidh gu brath o 'n gruaidh
deur truaighe, broin is cràidh.

LAOIDH LXVI. TAISB. XXI. 1,—9.

ACH ghlormhor ard an sealla' so,
chithear le suilibh dhaoin' !

- Am fonn 's an fhairge gabhail seach,
's na speura sean maraon.
- 2 O neamh thig Nuadh Ierusalem,
làn-ullaichte d'a Rìgh:
Feuch nis gach nì ath-nuadhaichte;
is fhuair sinn àgh gu fìor.
- 3 Cliu seinnidh aingle coimheadachd
is armailt fhìlathail neimh';
Feuch, chì gach suil a' chathair-rì
air an suidh Iosa fein.
- 4 Dh' atharruich Dia chum dhaoin anuas
a phailliun uasal naomh':
Le daoine, tha chònuidh; 's iad a shluagh
's da shluagh 's e 'n tearmunn caomh.
- 5 Deur mulaid siabhaidh e le laimh
gu cairdail bharr an gruaidh;
Is eugaidh eagal, caoidh, is cràdh,
is àmhghar, bàs, is uaigh!
- 6 Feuch, gach nì saoghail' caochlai' mi!
so deir an Rìgh fìor-bheo;
An domhan as an amharc theid,
's cha ruith ùin' fein nì 's mò.
- 7 'S mi'n ceud neach, 's an neach deirean
gun atharrach gu bràth; [nach
ATAIM: so m' ainm 's mo chuimhneach
air feadh gach linn gu bràth. [cha
8 Do 'n deagh dhuin' bheir mo ghràsa pail
nì maith, gun luach, gu saor;
O dhuine thartmhor, òl do dhiol
do 'n ioc-shlaint so nach traoigh.

- Do'n ti bheir buaidh air easantas
 bheir mise oighreachd mic ;
 Is aidichidh mi 'n là'ir gach sluaigh
 a ghluasad naomha glic.
- Ach daoine neo-ghlan 's breugairean,
 's luchd muirt thug speis do bhàs,
 Le mheud 's a dhuilt gu h-amaideach
 mo ghràs, le fanoid 's tàir ;
- A m' fhianais tilgear fada sìos,
 an cuibhreach sìorruidh cruaidh
 Gu builsguin fairge lasaraich,
 sam faigh iad peanas buan.
- O bitheamsa air deas-laimh Chrìosd,
 tra dhiobras fonn is cuan ;
 Is faigheam fàilte uaidh air m'ainm
 gu sonas anmhor buan !

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DANA SPIORADAIL.

DAN I.

- A**IR t'uille throcair, O mo Dhia,
tra dhearcas mi gu dhù,
A' mosgla' suas tha m' anam blà,
le h-ioghna, gràdh, is eliu.
- 2 Cha 'n urra mi le bhriathraibh beoil
an taing a chur an ceill,
Tha lasadh ann am chridhe stigh,
ach dhuits' an sin is lèir.
- 3 Do fhreasdal chum mo bheatha beo,
gun uireasbhui' gun di,
Ri am dhomh bhi sa bhroinn am thosd,
's an crochadh ris a chìch.
- 4 Ri m' ghearan is ri m'osnai' mhaoth
chrom thu gu caomh do ehluas,
'S mùm b'urra mi aon urnaigh dhealbh,
do 'n bhalbh ghabh thusa truas.
- 5 Tiolaca lionmhor dheonich t'iochd
gu tric do m'anam maoth,
Mun robh am chridhe leanbai' neart,
a thoirt fainear a h-aon.

- 5 Tra ruith mi dian, gun mhothachadh,
an ceumaibh sleamhain òig;
Do lath nach facas, dhion is stiur,
is chum, gu so, mi beo.
- 7 O ioma slochd do-leirsinn leam,
o rib is eangach bàis,
'S o bhuaireibh cealgach blasd' an uile
thug thu mi tearuint slàn.
- 8 Tra shearg mo ghruaidh fo anocair
rinn thus' i nuadh le slàint';
'S tra bha mi bàith't am peac' is bròn,
do m'anam dheonuich gràs.
- 9 Shruth mìle sochair shaoghalta,
o d'laimh ro fhoillidh chaoin;
Is ann an caraid dileas dlù.
dhùblaich thu m' uile mhaoin.
- 10 Deich mìle mhiltibh comhar' graidh
fhuaire mi gach la o m' Dhia;
Is nì nach lugha, cridhe ait,
a mheal le tlachd iad riabh.
- 11 Am fad is beo mi molaidh mi
Ard-rìgh mo bheatha 's m' inil;
'S an deigh mo bhàis, an saoghail chèn
cuiridh mi 'n ceill a chliu.
- 12 Tra theirgeas neamh, is muir, is tìr,
's thig crìoch air là is o'ch',
Mo chridhe taingeil seinnibh cliu
do Dhia nan dùl a choi'ch',
- 13 Feadh linnte bith-bhuantachd gu leir
togaidh mi oran binn;

Ach O ! 's ro-ghairid bith-bhuantachd
gu mola' Dhe a sheinn !

DAN II.

NA speuran ard is aillidh dreach,
'S a sgaoil an gorm-bhrat cian amach,
Le 'n reulta dealrach maiseach grinn,
Tha seinn d' an Cruith'ear co-sheirm bhinn

2 Tha ghrian gun sgios o là gu là,
A sgaoile' cliu a Dia 's gach àit,
'S a glaodhach feadh gach tìr fa leith,
“ Cia treun an Dia thug dhomh mo bhith !”

3 An-moch, tra dh'aomas neoil an speur,
Togaidh a ghealach ait an sgeul ;
'S do 'n talamh, chluinn le tosd a guth,
Innsidh i co thug dhi a cruth.

4 Na mìlte reul tha dhise dlù,
Gach solus eile 's lochran iuil,
Canaidh an sgeul so fad' is cian,
O 'n aird an ear gu ruig an iar.

5 Sàmhach is ciuin ge d' tha an triall,
Mu 'n talamh dhorcha so ag ia'dh ;
Guth ge nach cluinnear fòs no fuaim,
Nan imeachd dealrach tosdach shuas ;

6 Gidheadh le cluasaibh tuigse ghlic
Cluinnear am fonn 's an ceol gu tric,
A' seinn gun tàmh air feadh gach linn,
“ Is tusa, Dhia, a chruthaich sinn !”

- TRA dh'eircas mi le ciont' is geilt,
 o leabaidh dhorch' a bhàis,
 'S a chi mi 'm Breithe' gnùis ri gnùis:
 co ghiulaineas a là'ir!
 2 Ma 's e's gu bheil mo chridh fo gheilt
 seadh cheana leis an smaoin,
 Tra dh' fheudar trocair fhaotain pailt
 is maitheanas gu saor;
 3 O cionnus idir sheasas mi,
 tra dh' fhoillsichear thu, Rìgh,
 Ad shuidh' air cathair breitheanais,
 a thoirt air m' anam binn?
 4 Ach dh'innis thu do luchd a bhroinn,
 tha leont' airson an lochd,
 Gu bac an aithreachas 's an deoir
 an dòrainn so gu beachd.
 5 O seall mata air bròn mo chridh-s'
 mu m' bi e tuille 's mall,
 'S eisd acain bàis mo Shlanui'ir
 a ghuidh dhomh slàint' gu teann.
 6 Mo dhuil ri maitheanas, a Dhe,
 cha chaill mi fein gu bràth;
 Oir 's ann a choisneadh maitheanais
 a fhuair do mhac am bàs.

DAN IV.

- PAILTE do 'n la sah d'eirich Criosd,
 le cumhachd nios o'n uaigh;
 'S an d' fhuair e air gach uile nàmh,
 air ifrinn 's bàs lan-bhuaidh?

- 2 Na leabaidh thosdaich anns an ùir
ghabh Rìgh nan dùl a thàmh,
Gu ruig an treas là glormhor sin
a shonraich e ro' laimh.
- 3 Chuir ifrinn 's uaigh an lamh r'a cheil
gu chumail shios fo ghlais;
Ach bhrìst an gaisgeach dheth gach sà
is dhuisc e'n aird gu cas.
- 4 Do t'ainm ro-ard, a Thriath nam buac
gach uair bheir sinne cliu;
'S le 'r n-ait hosanaidh failtichidh
an là san d'eirich thu.
- 5 Slainte is cliu gun chrìoch d'ar Dia,
an Triath le'n shaoradh sinn;
Dha seinneadh neamh is fonn is cuan
gach uair hosanaidh bhinn.
- 6 Do'n Ath'r, do'n Mhac, 's don Spiorad
an t-aon Dia beo is sior, [naomh
Biodh glòir màr bha, ata, 's a bhios,
nis is a rìs gu sior!

DAN V.

THAINIG an uair: 's tha mis' a' triall;
Chluinn mi an guth ta'm ghairm gu Dia
Sguireadh m' uil' amhghar nis, a Rìgh,
'S ceadaich do t'oglach triall an sìth. [reidh
2 Chrìochnaich mi nis mo chath 's mo
Mo dhuais tha cinnteach, 's m'anam reidh
Tha m'fhianuis shuas le Dia nan gràs,
Mo theisteach anns na neamhaibh ard.

3 M' earbsa cha 'n 'eil am neo chiont fein;
 riochdam san dus am fianuis De;
 rid fuil is fearta Chriosd amhain,
 na m' earbs 'a t'iochd, O Dhia, 's ad shlaint.

4 Cha chruidh leam dealuch 'ris an t-
 saoghl',
 ur cruaidh bhi fagail luchd mo ghaoil;
 ighis am bròn, a Dhe nan gràs,
 ri call dhoibh caraid, cum riu bàigh.

5 Air t'iarrrtas tha mi falbh gun dàil,
 o spiorad tiomnam suas do d' laimh;
 ! sìn amach do ghairdean treun,
 o ghath a' bhais dìon mi le d' sgèi.

6 Thainig an uair, 's tha mis' a' triall
 luinn mi an guth ta'm ghairm gu Dia;
 uireadh m' uil' amhghar nis, a Rìgh,
 ceadaich da t'oglach triall an sìth.

A' CHRÌOCH.

CHREUD

PHADIR

AGUS NA

FEICH ALTHEANTIN

AMM AN DAN

A'

CHREUD,

A'

PHAIDIR,

AGUS NA

DEICH AITHEANTAN,

ANN AN DAN.

CHURCH

THE

AN

WITNESS

AND

II

And it is to be remembered that the same is to be done in the same manner as before.

11

A'

CHREUD.

I.

CREIDEAM san Dia ta uile threun,
A thug do 'n chruinne-che a bhith,
chruthaich neamh is talamh trom,
n cuan is am fonn fa leth.

II.

Creideam an Iosa Crìosd ar Triath
on mhac sìorruidh Dhia na glòir,

K k

IV

An ti le feart an Spioraid naomh,
 Ghabhadh 's a rugadh le Muir' òigh.

III.

An ti dh' fhuiling cràdh agus pèin.
 'S a cheusadh ri crann an aird ;
 A dh' adhlaiceadh 's a laidh san uaigh,
 'S a dh'eirich suas air an treas là :

IV.

An ti chaidh gu neamh nan neamh,
 'S aig deas-laimh Dhe tha nis 'na thàmh,
 Ach gus am pill e nuas fadheoidh,
 Thoir breitheanais air bheo 's air mharbh.

V.

Creideam anns an Spiorad naomh;
 Gu bheil Eaglais a dh' aon-rùn a'n,
 Is co-chomunn aig naomh-shluagh Dhe
 Maille ri cheille feadh gach am.

VI

Amhluaidh biodh !

Creideam an ais-eiridh a' chuirp

D'n duslach air iartas Iosa ;

Creideam sa bheatha shiorruidh bhuain

A mhealar leinn shuas ; Amhluaidh biodh !

K k o

PHAIDIR

NO

URNAIGH AN TIGHEARNA.

MAT. vi. 9,—14.

O ATHAIR naoimh ! afa air neamh
 Am measg nan Cerubim ad thàmh,
 'S a chi anuas on chathair rìgh,
 Gach uile ni fa chruinne ta :

II.

Naomhaichear t'ainm, Ard-Rìgh na gloir,
 o sheinneas mar is coir do chliù;
 nach feud na h-aingil fein gun sgàil'
 casamh ann an dealradh do ghnuis?

III.

Thigeadh is buadhaicheadh do riogh'chd,
 gaoil soisgeul Chrìosd air feadh gach ait;
 'hoir dha mar oighreachd is mar shealbh
 'ach aon fhineadh a dhealbh do lamh,

IV.

Gach fin' air an dealruich a ghrian
 Deanadh do riar is moladh thu;
 s seinneadh daoine' air thalamh bhos,
 Mar aingle neimh' gun chlos do chliù.

V.

O 's tu thug beatha do gach feoil,
 S a ta cumail an deo nan crè;

Thoir dhuinn le d' bheannacha gach la,
Ar lòn gach trà mar thig ar feum.

VI.

Maith dhuinn ar ciont' air sgà do ghrais,
Mar mhaithemid do chàch gach uair ;
Dean fòs ar neartachadh, a Rìgh,
Gu maithneas o'r cridh' thoirt uainn.

VII.

No leig am buaire' sinn chum lochd,
Saor sinn o'n olc, is gabh dh'inn truas ;
No anns an am sam buairear sinn,
Grad-chuidich leinn is cum finn suas,

VIII.

Oir's leats' an rioghachd, cumhachd, ?
Onoir is mòralachd, gu sior; [glòir
Sleuchdadh is aoradh dhuit gach sluagh
Gu sìornuith buan ! gu b' amhluidh bhios.

IV

NA

DEICH AITHEANTA.

EXODUS XX.

AN ROI-RADH.

An reachd so thoirbhir Dia
air an t-sliabh da phobull naomh,
Mar riaghailt beath' agus beus
air feadh an t-anns an t-saogh'l.

Is mis' an Tighearna do Dhia ;
 eisd ri m'bhriathraibh gu ceart ;
 A crìch na h-Eipit 's mi shaor thu,
 's a tigh na daorsa le m' neart.

I.

NA sleuchd do ni no neach ach Dia
 an Triath a chruthaich gach ni,
 D'am buin amhain urram is gloir
 nan uile shlogh gu suthain sior,

II.

Trid iomhaigh cha'n aor thu e,
 no coslas gnè a rinneadh leis,
 Fhocal a threoruicheas gu gloir
 lean mar sheola, 's na dealuich ris.

III.

Ainm naomh an Tighearna do Dhia,
 na luaidh gu diomhain ad bheul,
 Le buidheachas, urram, is gradh,
 lùghaidh tu e ghnà gun bheud.

IV.

Coimhid an t-sabaide gu naomh,
 is tarruing o'n t-saoghal do chrìdh;
 sluagh, le d'theaglach, 's a t'aonar,
 thoir gnà'-aora do 'n Ard-rìgh.

V.

Noir do t'Athair 's do d' Mhathair
 o lagh natur 's dleasnach dhìot;
 na's dual fa leth do gach inbhe
 ni thu gu suilbhir a dhiol.

VI.

An o mhortadh do lamh,
 criothnaichidh natur ro mhort;
 ch coimhid t' anam fein do ghnà,
 's anam chàich a reir do neart.

VII.

Alhaltrus na cuir an gnìomh,
 an neo-ghloin na biodh do speis;
 geamhnaidh, subhailceach, naomh,
 am briathraibh, an smàoin is am beus.

Na deanar leat meirle gu bràth,
 ach ceart do ghnà ris gach aon
 Cuid do choimhearsnaich na goid,
 cuidich is na grab a mhaoin.

IX.

Na tog fianuis leis a' bhreig,
 na siach is na seun a' cheairt;
 Ach seas gu teann leis an fhirinn,
 oir 's fianuis ort Rìgh nam feart.

X.

Cònuidh do choimhearsnaich gu bràth,
 no a bhein air àillead a deilbh,
 Am feasd na santaich ad crìdh,
 na aon nì gam bheil na sheilbh.

Gradhuich Dia le t'uile chrìdh,
 le t'anam, le t'inntin 's le d'neart;
 'S do choimhearsnach amhuil thu fein,
 sin gu leir suim an reachd.

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LEABHAR AITHGHEARR

A'

CHEASNACHAIDH;

A SHONRUIGH

ARD-SHEANADH EAGLAIS NA H-ALBA

GU BHI 'NA SHEÒLADH CEASNACHAIDH

Air a tharruing

CHUM GAELIC ALBANNÀICH

Air iarrtas na Cuideachd urramaich, a ta chum Eòlas
Criosduidh a sgaoileadh air feadh Gaeltachd
agus Eileana na h-Alba.

ODH BHUAILTE AN DUN-EIDIN LE T. STIUART
AIR SON W. ANDERSAN, SRUILEADH,

1812.

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LEABHAR AITHGHEAR NAN CEIST.

1. Ceist. *Ciod is crìoch àraid do'n duine?*

Freagradb. 'Si is crìoch àraid do'n duine, Dia a ghlòrachadh, agus a mhealtuinn gu sìorruidh.

2. C. *Ciod an riaghailt a thug Dia dhuinn g'ar seòladh cionnas a dh'fheudas sinn a ghlòrachadh agus a mhealtuinn?*

F. 'Se focal Dè, a ta air a chur sìos ann an sgrìobtuiribh an t-Seann Tiomnaidh agus an Tiomnaidh Nuaidh, an aon riaghailt g'ar seòladh cionnas a dh'fheudas sinn a ghlòrachadh agus a mhealtuinn.

3. C. *Ciod a tha na sgrìobtuire gu h-àraid a teagasg?*

F. Tha na sgrìobtuire gu h-àraid a teagasg gach nì is còir do'n duine chreidsinn mu thimchioll Dè, agus an dleasdanas a tha Dia ag iarraidh air an duine.

4 C. *Ciod e Dia?*

F. Is spiorad Dia, a ta neo-chrìochnach, bithbhuan, agus neo-chaochluidheach, 'na bhith, 'na ghliocas, 'na chumhachd, 'na naomhachd, 'na cheartas, 'na mhaitheas, agus 'na fhirinn.

5. C. *Am bheil tuilleadh Dé ann ach aon ?*

F. Cha 'n 'eil ann ach aon a mhain, an Dia bèò agus fìor.

6. C. *Cia lìon pearsa a ta san Diadhachd ?*

F. Tha trì pèarsaidh san Diadhachd, an t-Athair, am Mac, agus an Spiorad Naomh; agus an triùr so is aon Dia iad, ionann ann an nàtur, coimeas ann an cumhachd is ann an glòir.

7. C. *Ciod iad orduighean Dé ?*

F. 'Siad orduighean Dè, a rùn sìorruidh do réir comhairle a thoile, leis an d'orduich e roimh làimh, chum a ghlòire fein, gach ni a thig gu crìch.

8. C. *Cionnas a tha Dia a' cur orduighean an gnìomh ?*

F. Tha Dia a' cur orduighean an gnìomh ann an oibribh a' chruthachaidh agus an fhreasdail.

9. C. *Ciod i obair a' chruthachaidh ?*

F. 'Si obair a' chruthachaidh, Dia a dheanamh nan uile nithe do neo-ni, le focal a chumhachd, ann an sèa laithibh, agus gach uile ni ro mhaith.

10. C. *Cionnas a chruthaich Dia an duine ?*

F. Chruthaich Dia an duine fear agus bean, a reir a chosais fein, ann an eòlas, fìreantachd, agus naomhachd, le uachdaranachd oscionn nan creutairean.

11. C. *Ciod iad oibre freasdail Dhè?*

F. 'Siad oibre freasdail De, e bh' coimh-
rad agus a' riaghladh a chreutairean uile le'n
uile ghnìomharaibh, gu ro-naomh, ro-ghlic,
agus ro-chumhachdach.

12. C. *Ciod an gnìomh àraid freasdail a
rinn Dia a thaobh an duine san staid anns an
do chruthaicheadh e?*

F. 'Nuair a chruthaich Dia an duine, rinn
e co cheangal beatha ris, ag iarraidh ùmhl-
achd iomlain air mar chumha, agus a' toirm-
easg dha itheadh do chraoibh eolais maith is
uile, fuidh phèin a' bhàis.

13. C. *An d'fhan ar ceud sinnseara san
staid anns an do chruthaicheadh iad;*

F. Air bhi d'ar ceud sinnsearaibh air am
fàgail gu saorsa an toile fèin, thuit iad o'n
staid anns an do chruthaicheadh iad, le peac-
achadh an aghaidh Dhè.

14. C. *Ciod e peacaidh?*

F. 'Se peacadh briseadh lagha Dhe.

15. C. *Ciod am peacadh leis an do thuit ar
ceud sinnseara o'n staid anns an do chruthaich-
eadh iad?*

F. B'e 'm peacadh leis an do thuit ar
ceud sinnseara o'n staid anns an do chruth-
aicheadh iad, gu d'ith iad am meas toirmisg-
te.

16. C. *An do thuit an cinneadh-daonna gu
leir ann an ceud pheacadh Adhaimh?*

F. Air bhi do'n cho-cheangal air a dheanamh ri Adhamh, cha b'ann a mhaìn air a shon fein, ach airson a shliochd, uime sin, an cinneadh-daonna gu leir, a thainig uaith le ginealacha gnàthaichte, pheacaich iad ann agus thuit iad leis, anns a' cheud chionta.

17. C. *Ciod an staid gus an d'thug an leagadh an cinneadh daonna?*

F. Thug an leagadh an cinneadh-daonna gu staid peacaidh agus truaighe.

18. C. *Ciod e peacadh na staid sin anns an do thuit an duine?*

F. 'Se peacadh na staid sin anns an do thuit an duine, a bhi fuidh chionta ceud pheacaidh Adhaimh, fuidh easbhuidh na ceud fhireantachd agus fuidh thruaillidheuchd a nàtuir gu h-ìomlan, ri'n goirear peacadh gin; maille ris gach peacadh gnìomh a ta fruthadh uaith so.

19. C. *Ciod i truaighe na staid anns an do thuit an duine?*

F. Trid an leagaidh, chaill an cinneadh-daonna gu leir co-chomunn ri Dia, tha iad fuidh fheirg agus mhallachadh Dhè, agus mar sinn buailteach do gach uile thruaighe sa' bheatha so, do'n bhàs fein, is do phiantaibh ifrinn gu sìorruidh.

20. C. *An d'fhàg Dia an cinneadh-daonna uile gu bhi callite ann an staid peacaidh agus truaighe?*

F. Air do Dhia, o fhìor ghean maith fein, cuid a thaghadh roimh thoiseach an t-saoghail chum na beatha mairtheannaich, rinn e co-cheangal gràis riu, gu'n soaradh o staid beacaidh agus truaighe, agus an toirt gu staid slàinte trid Fir-saoraidh.

21. *C. Co e Fear-saoraidh dhaoine taghta Dhe ?*

F. 'Se aon Fhear-saoraidh dhaoine taghta Dhe, an Tighearn Iosa Crìosd, neach, air bhi dha 'na Mhac siorruidh do Dhia, a rinneadh 'na dhuine, agus mar sin a bha, agus a ta 'na Dhia is 'na dhuine ann an dà natur eadar-dhealuichte, agus ann an aon phearsa gu siorruidh.

22. *C. Air bhi do Gbriosd 'na Mhac do Dhia, cionnas a rinneadh e 'na dhuine ?*

F. Rinneadh Crìosd, Mac Dhe, 'na dhuine, le corp fìor agus anam reusonta ghabhail da fein, air dha bhi, le cumhachd an Spioraid Naoimh, air a ghabhail am broinn na h-òighe Muire, is air a bhreith leatha, ach saor o pheacadh.

23. *C. Ciod na dreuchdan a tha Crìosd a' cur an gnìomh mar ar Fear-saoraidh ?*

F. Tha Crìosd mar ar Fear-saoraidh, a' cur an gnìomh dreuchdan Faidh, Sagairt agus Rìgh, araon ann an staid irioslachaidh agus ardachaidh.

24. *C. Cionnas a tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Faidh an gnìomh ?*

F. Tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Fàidh an gnìomh, le toil De chum ar slàinte fhoills-eachadh dhuinn, le fhocal agus le Spiorad.

25. C. *Cionnas a tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Sagairt an gnìomh?*

F. Tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Sagairt an gnìomh le e féin a thoirt suas aon uair mar iobairt, chum ceartas Dè a dhìoladh, agus sinne a dheanamh réidh ri Dia agus le gnath-eadarghuidhe a dheanamh air ar son.

26. C. *Cionnas a tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Rìgh an gnìomh.*

F. Tha Crìosd a' cur dreuchd Rìgh an gnìomh le sinne chur fo cheannsal da féin, le'r riaghladh agus ar dìonadh, agus le cosgadh a chur, is buaidh a thoirt, air na h-uile a ta 'nan naimhdibh dhasan agus dhuinne.

27. C. *Cionnas a bha Crìosd air irioslachadh?*

F. Bha Crìosd air irioslachadh le bhi air a bhreith, agus sin ann an staid ìosail, air a dheanamh fuidh'n lagh, dol fuidh thruaighibh na beatha so, fuidh fheirg Dhé agus fuidh bhàs malluichte a' chroinn cheusaidh, le bhi air adhlacadh, agus le fuireach fuidh chumhachd a' bhais ré seal.

28. C. *Cionnas a ta Crìosd air ardachadh?*

F. A ta Crìosd air ardachadh le aiseirigh o na marbhaibh air an treas là, le dhol suas air nèamh, le suidhe air deaslainn Dhe an Athar.

gus le teachd a thoirt breith air an t-saoghal
ir an la dheireannach.

29. C. *Cionnas a tha sinn air ar deanamh 'nar
uchd co-pairt do'n t-saorsa a choisinn Crìosd?*

F. Tha sinn air ar deanamh 'nar luchd
o' pairt do'n t-saorsa a choisinn Crìosd, le
bhi air a cur ruinn gu h-eifeachdach le a
piorad Naomh-san.

30. C. *Cionnas a tha 'n Spiorad a' cur
ruinn na saorsa a choisinn Crìosd?*

F. Tha 'n Spiorad a' cur ruinn na saorsa
choisinn Crìosd, le creidimh oibreachadh
nnain, agus ar dlù-cheangal le sinn ri Crìosd
ar gairm eifeachdach.

31. C. *Ciod i a ghairm eifeachdach.*

F. 'Si a' ghairm eifeachdach obair Spioraid
Dé, leis am bheil e 'gar toirt gu mothachadh
'ar cionta agus d'ar truaighe, a' soillseachadh
r n-inntinn le eòlas Chriòsd ag ath-nuadh-
chadh ar toile, agus mar sin gar deanamh
eònach agus comasach air Iosa Crìosd a
hlù-ghabhail d'arn-ionnsuidh, mar a tha e air
thairgseadh dhuinn gu saor anns an t-soisgeul.

32. C. *Ciod na sochairean a tha iadsan a
ta air an gairm gu h-eifeachdach a fhaghail
anns a bheatha so?*

F. Tha iadsan a ta air an gairm gu h-eif-
achdach a' faghail anns a' bheatha so fi-
eanachaidh, uchd mhacachd, naomhachaidh,
gus gach aon sochair a ta sa bheatha so 'nan
uideachd sin, no a sruthadh uatha.

33. C. *Ciod e fireanachadh?*

F. Is e fireanachadh gnìomh saor ghean maith Dhè, leis am bheil e a' maitheadh dhuinn ar n-uile pheacaidh, agus a gabhail ruinn mar fhireanaibh na fhianais, agus sin amhain air sgàth fireantachd Chrìosd, air meas dhuinn, is air a gabhail thugainn le creidimh a mhain.

34. C. *Ciod i uchd-mhacachd?*

F. 'Si uchd-mhacachd gnìomh saor ghean maith Dhè, leis am bheil sinn air ar gabhail ann an àireamh, agus a' faghail còir air gach dlighe a bhuineas do chloinn Dhé.

35. C. *Ciod e naomhachadh?*

F. 'Se naomhachadh obair saor-ghràis Dè leis am bheil sinn air ar n-athnuadhachadh san duine gu h-iomlan, a rèir coslais Dè, agus air ar deanamh comasach ni's mo agun ni's mò gu bàsachadh do pheacadh, is teach beo do fhireantachd.

36. C. *Ciod na sochairean a ta sa' bheatha so a' teachd an cuideachd no a sruthadh a fhireanachadh, uchd-mhacachd agus naomhachadh?*

F. 'Siad na sochairean a ta sa' bheatha sa' teachd an cuideachd no a sruthadh o fhireanachadh, uchd mhacachd agus naomhachadh, dearbh-bheachd air gràdh Dhè, sit coguis aoibhneas anns an Spiorad Naomh fàs ann an gràs, agus buanachadh ann gu ruig a' chrìoch.

37. C. *Ciod na sochairean a ta creidmheach faghail o Chriosd ri h-am am bairs ?*

F. Tha anama nua creidmheach ri h-am bairs air an deanamh iomlan ann an aomhachd, is air ball a' dol gu glòir : agus ta an cuirp, air dhoibh bhi sìor-cheangailte Chriosd, a gabhail fois 'uan uaighibh gu aig an aiseirigh.

38. C. *Ciod na sochairean a ta creidmheach faghail o Chriosd anns an aiseirigh ?*

F. 'San aiseirigh, bithidh na creidmheach air dhoibh bhi air an togail suas ann an glòir, air an aideachadh gu follaiseach, is air an earadh air la a' bhreitheanais, agus air an eanamh uile-bheannaichte ann an Dia a n-mhealtuinn gu sìorruidh.

39. C. *Ciod e' na dleasdanas a tha Dia ag iarraidh air an duine ?*

F. 'Se'n dleasdanas a tha Dia ag iarraidh air an duine, ùmhlachd d'a thoil a ta foillsichte.

40. C. *Ciod an riaghailt ùmhlachd a thug Dia air tús do 'n duine ?*

F. B'i an riaghailt ùmhlachd a thug Dia air tús do'n duine, lagh nam modhanna.

41. C. *C' àit am bheil lagh nam modhanna air a chur sìos gu h-aithgear ?*

F. Tha lagh nam modhanna air a chur sìos gu h-aithgear anns na deich àitheantaibh.

42. C. *Ciod is suim do na deich àitheantaibh ?*

F. 'Si is suim do na deich àitheantaibh, An

Tighearn ar Dia a ghràdbachadh le' r n-uile chridhe, le' r n-uile anam, le' r n-uile neart, agus le' r n-uile inntin; agus ar coimbearsnaich a ghràdbachadh mar sinn fein.

43. C. *Ciod e roimh-ràdh nan deich àitheantan?*

F. Tha roimh-ràdh nan deich àitheantan air a chur sìos anns na briathraibh so, “ *I mise an Tighearna do Dhia, a tbug a mach thi a tìr na b-Eiphit, a tigb na daorsa.*”

44. C. *Ciod a tha roimh-ràdh nan deich àitheantan a' teagasg dhuinn?*

F. Tha roimh-ràdh nan deich àitheantan a teagasg dhuinn, a chionn gur e Dia is Tighearn ann, agus gur e is Dia agus Fear saoraidh dhuinne, uime sin gu bheil e d'-fhiachaidh oirnn àitheantan uile a choimhead.

45. C. *Ciod i a' cheud àithne?*

F. 'Si a' cheud àithne, “ *Na biodh Dèe sam bith eile agad a' m' latbair-sa.*”

46. C. *Ciod a tha a' cheud àithne ag iarraidh?*

F. Tha a' cheud àithne ag iarraidh oirnn aithneachadh agus aideachadh gur e Dia a' mhàin an Dia fìor, agus ar Dia-ne; agus aoradh is glòir a thoirt dha do reir sin.

47. C. *Ciod a tha a' cheud àithne a' toirmeasg?*

F. Tha a' cheud àithne a toirmeasg ar Dia fìor àicheadh, no dearmad a dheanamh

air aoradh agus glòir a thoirt da mar Dhia, agus mar ar Dia-ne; no n' t-aoradh agus a glòir a dhlighear dhasan a mhàin, a thoirt do neach air bith eile.

48. C. Ciod a tha gu sònraicht' air a theag-sg dhuinn leis na briathraibh so sa' cheud àithne 'a'm' làthair-sa?"

F. Tha na briathra so sa' cheud àithne 'a'm' làthair-sa' a' teagasg dhuinn, gu bheil Dia, d'an léir na h-uile nithe, a toirt aire do'n pheacadh so, eadhon, dia sam bith eile bhi againn, agus gu bheil e ro-dhiomhaich air a shon.

49. C. Ciod i'n dara àithne?

F. 'Si 'n dara àithne, "Na dean dhuit féin dealbh snaidhte, no coslas sam bith a dh'aon ni, a ta sna néamhaibh shuas, no air an t-amb sbios, no sna h-uisgeachaibh fuidh 'n t-amb. Na crom thu féin sìos doibh, agus na lean seirbhis doibh; oir mis an Tighearna do Dbia, is Dia eudmhor mi, a'leantuinn aingidh-achd nan aithriche air a' chloinn, air an treas, agus air a' cheathramh ginealach dhuibhsan a bh'fhuatbaicheas mi; agus a nochdadh tròcair do mhèltibh dhiubhsan a ghràdhaicheas mi, agus a choimhideas m' àitbeanta."

50. C. Ciod a tha 'n dara àithne ag iar-uidh?

F. Tha 'n dara àithne ag iarraidh gabhail

ris gach uile ghnè aoraidh agus òrduig dhiadhaidh a dh'àithn Dia 'na fhocal, agus an coimhead agus an gleidheadh fìor-ghla agus iomlan.

51. C. *Ciod a tha 'n dara àithne a' toir measg?*

F. Tha 'n dara àithne a toirmeasg aorad a thoirt do Dhia le dealbhaibh, no air sheòsam bith eile nach 'eil orduichte 'na fhocal.

52. C. *Ciod na reusoin a tha ceangailte ri an dara àithne?*

F. 'Siad na reusoin a tha ceangailte ris a dara àithne, ard-uachdaranachd Dhé os a cionn, a shealbh-chòir annainn, agus an t-eu a ta aige d'e aoradh fein.

53. C. *Ciod i an treas àithne?*

F. 'Si 'n treas àithne, “ Na tabhair ainm an Tighearna do Dhé an diombanas; oir chmbeas an Tighearna neo-chiontach esan a bbea ainm an diombanas.

54. C. *Ciod a tha 'n treas àithne ag iarraidh?*

F. Tha 'n treas àithne ag iarraidh ainm ean, buaidhean, feartan, òrduighean, briathran, agus oibre Dhé a ghnàthachadh g naomh, agus gu h-urramach.

55. C. *Ciod a tha 'n treas àithne a toirmeasg?*

F. Tha 'n treas àithne a toirmeasg mi-naomhachadh no mi-ghnathachadh ni sa

ith leis am bhéil Dia ga fhoillseachadh fein.

56. C. *Ciod an reuson a tha ceangailte ris n treas àithne?*

F. 'Se 'n reuson a tha ceangailte ris an reas àithne, ge d' fheud luchd-briseadh na làithne, so dol as o dhiòghaltas o làimh haoine, gidheadh nach fuiling an Tighearn r Dia dhoibh dol as o cheart bhreitheanas ein.

57. C. *Ciod i a' cheathramh àithne?*

F. 'Si a cheathramh aithne, " *Guimbnich là na Sàbaid a naomhachadh. Séa laithnean saothraichidh tu, agus ni thu t' obair uile. Ach air an t-seachdamh là tha sàbaid an Tighearna to Dhé: air an là sin na dean obair sam bith, hu fein, no do mbac, no do nighean, a' òglach, no do bhan-oglach, no d' ainmibh, no do choigreach a ta 'n taobh a stigh do d' gheataibh: air ann an séa laithibh rinn an Tighearna na rèamban agus an talamh, an fhairge, agus gach ni a ta anna; agus ghabh e fois air an t seachdamh la: air an aobhar sin bheannaich an Tighearna là na Sàbaid agus naombaich se e."*

58. C. *Ciod a tha a' cheathramh aithne ag iarraidh?*

F. Tha a' cheathramh àithne ag iarraidh na h-amanna suidhichte a dh'òrduich Dia na' fhocal a choimhead naomha dha; gu sònraichte aon là iomlan do na seachd laithibh, gu bhith 'na shàbaid naomha dha fein

59. C. *Ciod an là do na seachd laithibh a dh'orduich Dia gu bhi na shàbaid?*

F. O thoiseach an t-saoghail gu aiseirigh Chrìosd, dh'orduich Dia an seachdamh là do'n t-seachduinn gu bhi na shàbaid, agus riamh o sin gu ruig deireadh an t-saoghail, a' cheud là do'n t-seachduin; 'si sin Sabaid nan Crìosduidhean.

60. C. *Cionnas is còir an t-Sabaid a naomhachadh?*

F. Is còir an t-Sàbaid a naomhachadh le tàmh naomh a ghabhail rè fad an là sin, eadhon o gach uile ghnothuch saoghalta agus cluiche a ta céadaichte air laithibh eile, agus leis an ùine uile a bhuileachadh ann an oibribh na diadhachd gu diomhair agus gu follaiseach, saor o mheud is a ta feumail a chaitheamh ann an oibribh na h-éigin agus na tròcaire.

61. C. *Ciod a tha a' cheathramh àithne a toirmeasg?*

F. Tha a' cheathramh àithne a' toirmeasg na dleasdanas a tha air an iarruidh oirnn a dhearmad no dheanamh le mi chùram, an t-sàbaid a mhi-naomhachadh le diomhanas, no le nì sam bith a dheanamh a ta cronail, no le smuaintibh, briathraibh no gnìomh-araibh neo-fheumail mu'r gnothuichibh saoghalta, no ri cluiche agus sùgradh.

62. C. *Ciod na reusoin a tha ceangailte ris a' cheathramh àithne?*

F. 'S iad na reusoin a tha ceangailte ris a' heathramh aithne, gu bheil Dia a' ceadachadh dhuinn seà laithe do'n t-seachdain air an ar gnothuichean fein, gu bheil e g' ag-adh còir àraid air an t-seachdamh la, gu 'thug e fein duinn eisempleir, agus gu do pheannaich e la na Sàbaide.

63. C. *Ciod i a' chùigeadh àithne?*

F. 'Si a' chùigheadh àithne, "Tabhair o-oir do t' athair, agus do d' mhathair; a chum is gu 'm bi do laithean buan air an fhearann a ba 'n Tighearna do Dbia a toirt dbuit."

64. C. *Ciod a tha a' chùigeadh àithne ag iarraidh?*

F. Tha a' chùigheadh àithne ag iarraidh an t-urram a ghleidheadh, agus an dleasdanas a choi-lionadh, a bhuineas do gach neach anns gach inbhe agus daimh sam bi iad, ma 's ann an inbhe aird no'n inbhe iosail, no 'n coimeas inbhe.

65. C. *Ciod a tha a' chùigeadh àithne a' toirmeasg?*

F. Tha a' chùigeadh àithne a' toirmeasg ni sam bith a dhearmad no dheanamh an aghaidh an urraim agus an dleasdanas a bhuineas do gach neach, a réir an inbhe agus an dàimh fa leith.

66. C. *Ciod an reuson a tha ceangailte ris a' chùigeadh àithne?*

F. 'Se 'n reuson a tha ceangailte ris a' chùigeadh aithne, gealladh air saoghal fada

agus soirbheachadh (a reir mar a fhreagra sin do ghloir Dhe, is d'an leas fein) do nì luchd-coimhid na h-àithne so.

67. C. *Ciod i 'n t-seathadh àithne?*

E. 'Si 'n seathadh àithne, "Na dean mortadb."

68. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-seathadh àithne a iarruidh?*

E. Tha 'n t-seathadh àithne ag iarruidh gach uile dhìchill laghail chum ar beatha fein, is beatha dhaoin' eile a choimhead.

69. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-seathadh àithne a toirmeasg?*

E. Tha 'n t-seathadh àithne a' toirmeasg ar beatha féin, na beatha ar coimhearsnaich a thoirt ar falbh gu h-eucorach, no nì sam bith a chuidicheas gu sin a dheanamh.

70. C. *Ciod i 'n t-seachdamh àithne?*

E. 'Si 'n t-seachdamh àithne, "Na dean adbaltrannas?"

71. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-seachdamh àithne ag iarruidh?*

E. Tha 'n t-seachdamh àithne ag iarruidh ar geannuidheachd féin is geannuidheachd ar coimhearsnaich a choimhead, ann an cridhe, an cainnt, agus am beusaibh.

72. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-seachdamh àithne a toirmeasg?*

E. Tha 'n t-seachdamh àithne a' toirmeasg gach uile smuain, bhriathar agus ghnìomh neo-geannuidh.

73. C. *Ciod i'n t-ochdamh àithne?*

E. 'Si 'n t-ochdamh àithne, "Na dean gaduicheachd."

74. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-ochdamh àithne ag iarraidh?*

E. Tha'n t-ochdamh àithne ag-iarraidh gach meadhon laghail a gnàthachadh chum naoin agus saibhreas fhaotainn is a mheudachadh dhuinn féin, agus do dhaoin' eile.

75. C. *Ciod a tha 'n t-ochdamh àithne a toirmeasg?*

E. Tha'n t-ochdamh àithne a' toirmeasg gach ni a bhacas ar maoin agus saibhreas fein, no maoin agus saibhreas ar coimhearsnaich gu h-eucorach.

76. C. *Ciod i an naothadh àithne?*

F. 'Si an naothadh àithne, "N tabhair fianuis bhréige 'n aghaidh do coimhearsnaich?"

77. C. *Ciod a tha 'n naothadh àithne ag iarraidh?*

F. Tha'n naothadh àithne ag iarraidh an fhìrinn a choimhead eadar duin' is duine, agus ar deagh ainm fein is deagh ainm ar coimhearsnaich a sheasamh, gu sònraichte ann am fianuis a thabhairt.

78. C. *Ciod a tha 'n naothadh àithne a toirmeasg?*

F. Tha'n naothadh àithne a toirmeasg gach ni a bhios cronail do'n fhìrin, no a ni coire d' ar deagh ainm fein, no do dheagh ainm ar coimhearsnaich.

79. C. Ciod i 'n deicheamh àithne?

F. 'Si 'n deicheamh àithne, "Na sanntaich tigh do choimhearsnaich; na sanntaibean do choimhearsnaich, no òglach, no bhanoglach, no dhamb, no asal, no aon ni a's le a choimhearsnaich."

80. C. Ciod a tha 'n deicheamh àithne a iarraidh?

F. Tha 'n deicheamh àithne ag iarraidh bhith làn thoilichte le 'r staid féin, agus rùceart agus seirceil a bhith aguinn 'nar cridh do 'r coimhearsnach is do gach ni a bhuineas da.

81. C. Ciod a tha 'n deicheamh àithne a toirmeasg?

F. Tha 'n deicheamh àithne a' toirmeasg gach uile thalach air ar staid féin, farma agus doilghios air son maith ar coimhearsnaich, agus gach togradh is rùn ea-cneas do ni sam bith a ta aige.

82. C. Am bheil neach sam bith comasach air aitheanta Dhé a choimhead gu foirfe?

F. O leagadh ar ceud sinnsearra, cha 'eil neach sam bith nach 'eil ach 'na dhuinn a mhàin, comasach air aitheanta Dhé choimhead gu foirfe sa bheatha so, ach tha na h-uile gach là 'gam briseadh ann an smuain, ann am briathar, is ann an gnìomh.

83. C. Am bheil, gach uile bbriseadh lùgha coimeas ann an uamharachd?

F. Tha cuid do pheacaibh ionnta féin, agus le iomadh gnè antromachaidh, ni's iomhara na chéile am fianuis Dé.

84. *C. Cìod a tha gach aon pheacadh o' toilltinn?*

F. Tha gach aon pheacadh a' toilltinn eirge agus mallachaidh Dhé araon anns a' bheatha so, agus anns a' bheatha a ta ri eachd.

85. *C. Cìod a tha Dia ag iarraidh uainnehum as gu feud sinn dol as o fheirg agus o mhallachadh-san a thoill sinn le'r peacaibh?*

F. Chum dol as o fheirg agus o mhallachadh Dhé a thoill sinn le'r peacaibh, tha Dia ag iarraidh uainn creidimh ann an Iosa Crìosd, aithreachas chum beatha, maille ri nàthachadh dìchiollach gach meadhoin o'n eith muigh leis am bheil Crìosd, a' pàirtachadh ruinn shochairan na saorsa.

86. *C. Cìod e creidimh ann an Iosa Crìosd?*

F. Creidimh ann an Iosa Crìosd, is gràs slàinteil e, leis am bheil sinn a' gabhail ris, agus ag earbsadh as 'na aonar air son slainte, nar a ta e air thairsgeadh dhuinn anns an soisgeul.

87. *C. Cìod e aithreachas chum beatha?*

F. Aithreachas chum beatha, is gràs slàinteil e, leis am bheil am peacach (àir dha mothachadh ceart a ghabhail d'a pheacadh, agus do throcair Dhé ann an Crìosd) le doilghios

agus fuath d' a pheacadh, a pilleadh naig
gu Dia, le làn rùn agus dìchioll air nuac
ùmhachd a thoirt da.

88. C. *Ciod na meadhona o'n leth muigh
leis am bheil Crìosd a pàirteachadh ruinn
shochairean na saorsa?*

F. 'Siad na meadhona o'n leth muigh le
am bheil Crìosd a pàirteachadh ruinn shoel
airean na saorsa, òrduighean fein, gu h-àra
am focal, na sàcramainte, agus urnuigh;
ta uile air an deanamh éifeachdach chum
slàinte do na daoineibh taghta.

89. C. *Cionnas a tha 'm focal air a dhean
amb éifeachdach chum slàinte?*

F. Tha Spiorad Dhe a' deanamh leugl
aidh an fhocail, ach gu h-àraid i shearmoi
achaidh, 'na mheadhon éifeachdach chum
peacaich a thoirt gu mothachadh is gu ion
pochadh, agus gu'n togail suas ann an naomh
achd is an co-fhurtachd, tre chreidimh, chum
slàinte.

90. C. *Cionnas is còir am focal a leughadh
agus éisdeachd, chum's gu bi e éifeachdach chum
slàinte?*

F. A chum 's gu bi am focal éifeachdach
chum slàinte, is feumail duinn aire a thoirt
da le dùrachd, ullachadh agus urnuigh,
ghabhail thugainn le creidimh agus gràd
a thasgaidh 'nar cridheachaibh, agus a chum
an gnìomh 'nar caithe-beatha.

91. C. *Cionnas a tha na sàcramainte air an deanamh 'nam meadhonaibh éifeachdach chum slàinte.*

F. Tha na sàcramainte air an deanamh 'nam meadhonaibh éifeachdach chum slàinte, na 'n ann o bhrìgh sam bith ann ta féin, no an ti a fhrithcheileas iad, ach tre bheannachadh Chrìosd a mhàin, agus oibreachadh a pioraid ann ta-san a ghabhas iad le creidimh.

92. C. *Ciod e sàcramaint ?*

F. Ordugh naomh a chuireadh air chois le Chrìosd, anns am bheil Chrìosd agus sochairean 'chùmhnainte nuaidh, air an samhachadh, air an daingneachadh, agus air an cur ris na creidimhich, le comharaibh faicsinneach.

93. C. *Ciod iad sàcramainte an Tiomnaidh Nuaidh.*

F. 'Siad sàcramainte an Tiomnaidh Nuaidh baisteadh agus Suipeir an Tighearna.

94. C. *Ciod e'm baisteadh ?*

F. Is sàcramainte, anns am bheil ionnladh le h-uisge, ann an ainm an Athar, agus a' Mhic, agus an Spioraid Naoimh, a' ciallachadh, agus a' daingneachadh, gu bheil sinn air suidheachadh ann an Chrìosd, agus 'nar rìghd-co-pairt de shechairibh cumhnainte an gràs, agus gu bheil sinn fuìdh ghealladh do'n Tighearna gu bi sinn leis-san.

95. C. *Co d'an còir am baisteadh a fhrithchealladh ?*

F. Cha chòir am baisteadh a fhrithéaladh do neach air bith a tha 'n taobh a muigh do'n eaglais fhaicsinnich, gus an aidich e a chreidimh ann an Crìosd, agus ùmhlachd dha ach is còir naoidheana na muinntir a fa 'nan buill do'n eaglais fhaicsinnich a bhaisteadh.

96. **C.** *Ciod i suipeir an Tighearna?*

F. Is sàcramaint i, anns am bheil bà Chrìosd air fhoillseachadh, le aran agus fìor a thabhairt agus a ghabhail a réir ordnigh fein; agus tha iadsan a ghabhas so gu h-iomchuidh, air an deanamh (cha 'n ann air mhodh feòlmhar ach tre chreidimh) 'nan luchd co-pairt d' a chorp agus d' a fhuil-san, le uile shochairibh, chum am beathachaidh spioradail, agus am fàs ann an gràs.

97. **C.** *Ciod is feumail a dheanamh chum suipeir an Tighearna a ghabhail gu h-iomchuidh?*

F. Is feumail doibhsan leis am b' àill suipeir an Tighearna a ghabhail gu h-iomchuidh, iad féin a cheasnachadh do thaobh an eòlais chum corp an Tighearna aithneachadh do thaobh an creidimh chum an t-anam a bheathachadh leis, do thaobh an aithreachais an gràidh, agus an nuadh-ùmhlachd; air eagall air teachd dhoibh gu neo-iomchuidh, gu rith agus gu'n òl iad breitheanas dhoibh fein.

98. **C.** *Ciod i urnuigh?*

F. 'Si urnuigh bhi cur suas ar n-aith-chuinge ri Dia air son nithe do réir a thoile

ann an ainm Chrìosd, ag aideachadh ar peacaidh, agus a' toirt buidheachais da airson a thìodhlaca.

99. C. *Ciod an riaghailt a thug Dia dhuinn 'gar seòladh ann an urnuigh a dheanamh?*

F. Tha focal De gu h-uile 'gar seòladh ann an urnuigh a dheanamh; ach is i'n riaghailt shònraichte a sheolas sinn, an urnuigh sin a theagaisg Crìosd d'a dheiscioblùibh, r'n goirear gu coitchionn "*urnuigh an Tighearna*".

100. C. *Ciod a tha roimh-radh urnuigh an Tighearna a' teagasg dhuinn?*

F. Tha roimh-radh urnuigh an Tighearna (eadhon "*Ar n-Athair ata air neamh*") a' teagasg dhuinn teachd am fagus do Dhia eis gach uile urram, naomh agus muinghin, nar chloinn chum an Athar, a ta comasach agus toileach air cuideachadh leinn; agus gur còir dhuinn urnuigh a dheanamh maille ri daoine eile, agus air an son.

101. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a guidheadh anns 'cheud iarrtus?*

F. 'Sa cheud iarrtus (eadhon, "*Gu naomh-ùichear t-ainm*") tha sinn a guidheadh gu na toil le Dia sinne agus daoine eile a dheanamh comasach air e fein a ghlòrachadh anns gach aon ni leis am bheil e 'ga fhoillseachadh fein; agus gu stiùradh e na h-uile nithe bhon a ghlòire fein.

102. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a' guidheadh anns an dara iarrtus?*

F. 'San dara iarrtus (eadhon, "Gu tigeadh do rìoghachd") tha sinn a' guidheadh, Gu biodh rìoghachd Shatain air a sgrios, agus rìoghachd nan gràs air a' meudachadh; gu bi sinn féin is daoine eile air ar toirt d'a lì-ionnsuidh, agus air ar coimhead innte; agus gu biodh rìoghachd na glòire air a luathachadh.

103. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a' guidheadh anns an treas iarrtus?*

F. 'San treas iarrtus (eadhon, "Gu deanar do thoil air thalamh mar a nìhear air nèamh") tha sinn a' guidheadh, Gu deanadh Dia sinn comasach agus deònach le ghràs, gu eòlas a ghabhail air a thoil, agus a bhi freagàrach is ùmhal d' i anns gach aon nì, mar a ta na lìaingil air nèamh.

104. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a' guidheadh anns a' cheathramh iarrtus?*

F. 'Sa cheathramh iarrtus (eadhon, "Tabhair dhuinn an diugh ar n-aran lathail") tha sinn a' guidheadh, Gu faigheamaid, do shaor thoibheartas Dé, cuibhrionn chuimsich do nìthe maithe na beatha so, is gu mealamaid a bheannachadh leo.

105. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a' guidheadh anns a' chuigheadh iarrtus?*

F. 'Sa chùigeadh iarrtus (eadhon, "*Agus maitb dhuinn ar fiacha, mar a mhaitheamaid d' ar luchd-fiacha*") tha sinn a' guidheadh, Gu maitheadh Dia duinn gu saor ar n-uile pheacaidh, air sgà Chrìosd: agus is mò ar misneach so iarruidh, gu bheil sinn air ar neartachadh, trid a ghrais, gu maitheanas a thoirt o'r cridhe do dhaoineibh eile.

106. C. *Ciod a tha sinn a' guidheadh anns an t-seathadh iarrtus?*

F. 'San t-seathadh iarrtus (eadhon, "*Agus na leig sinn am buaireadh, ach saor sinn o olc*") tha sinn a' guidheadh, Dia 'gar gleidheadh o bhi air ar buaireadh chum peacaidh, no ar cumail suas agus ar saoradh 'huair a bhuairear sinn.

107. C. *Ciod a tha co'-dhùnadh urnuigh an Tighearna a' teagasg dhuinn?*

F. Tha co'dhùnadh urnuigh an Tighearna (eadhon, "*Oir is leatsa an rioghachd, agus a' chumhachd, agus a' ghloir, gu sìorruidh, Amen*") a' teagasg dhuinn misneach ann an urnuigh a gabhail o Dhia a mhàin, agus ann an n-urnuigh esan a mholadh, le rioghachd, cumhachd, is glòir a thabhairt da. Agus mar dhearbha air ar miann, agus ar làn-earbsadh ri éisdeachd fhaghail, tha sinn ag radh', *Amen*.

NA DEICH AITHEANTA.

EXODUS XX.

Labhair Dia na briathra so uile, ag ràdh,
Is mis' an Tighearna do Dhia, a thug a-
mach thu a tìr na h-Eiphit, a tigh na
daorsa.

I. Na biodh dée sam bith eile agad a'm'
làthair sa.

II. Na dean dhuit fèin dealbh snaidhte, no
coslas sam bith a dh'aon ni, a ta sna nèamh-
aibh shuas, no air an talamh shios, no sna
h-uisgeachaibh fuidh 'n talamh. Na crom thu
fein sìos doibh, agus na dean seirbhis doibh :
oir mis an Tighearna do Dhia, is Dia eud-
mhor mi, a' leantuinn aingidheachd nan aith-
reacha air a' chloinn, air an treas, agus air a'
cheathramh ginealach dhiubhsan a dh'fhuath-
aicheas mi, agus a nochdadh tròcair do mhìl-
tibh dhiubhsan a ghràdhaicheas mi, agus a
choimhideas m'aitheanta.

III. Na tabhair ainm an Tighearna do
Dhe an dìomhanas: oir cha mheas an Tigh-
earna neo-chiontach esan a bheir ainm an
dìomhanas.

IV. Cuimhnich là na sàbaid a naomh-
achadh. Seà laithean saothraichidh tu, agus

ni thu t'obair uile. Ach air an t-seachdamh là tha sàbaid an Tighearna do Dhe; air an là sin na dean obair sam bith, thu fein, no do mhac, no do nighean, d'oglach, no do bhan-oglach, no d'ainmhidh, no do choigreach a ta' n taobh a stigh do d' gheataibh; oir ann an sèa laithibh rinn an Tighearna na nèamhan agus an talamh, an fhairge, agus gach ni a ta annta; agus ghabh e fois air an t-seachdamh là; air an aobhar sinn bheannaich an Tighearna là na sàbaid, agus naomhaich se e.

V. Tabhair onoir do t'athair, agus do d' mhàthair; a chum as gu'm bi do làithean buan air an fhearann a tha'n Tighearna do Dhia a'toirt dhuit.

VI. Na dean mortadh.

VII. Na dean adhaltranas.

VIII. Na dean gaduigheachd.

IX. Na tabhair fianais bhrèige 'n aghaidh do choimhearsnaich.

X. Na sanntaich tigh do choimhearsnaich; na sanntaich bean do choimhearsnaich, no òglach, no bhan-oglach, no dhamh, no asal, no aon ni a's le do choimhearsnaich.

URNUIGH AN TIGHEARNA.

MATA VI.

Ar n-Athair a ta air nèamh, Gu naomh-
aichear t-ainm. Gu tigeadh do rìoghachd.
Gu deanar do thoil air thalamh, mar a nith-
ear air nèamh. Tabhair dhuinn an diugh ar
n-aran lathail. Agus maith dhuinn ar fiacha,
mar a mhaithreamaid d'ar luchd-fiacha. A-
gus na leig sinn am buaireadh, ach saor sinn
o olc : Oir is leatsa an rìoghachd, agus an
cumbhachd, agus a' ghlòir, gu sìorruidh.
Amen.

A' CHREID.

Creideam ann an Dia an t-Athair Uile-
chumbhachdach, Cruith-fhear nèimh agus na
talmhainn ; agus ann an Iosa Crìosd, aon
mhac-san, ar Tighearna, neach a ghineadh
o'n Spiorad Naomh, a rugadh leis an Oigh
Muire, a dh'fhuiling fuidh Phontius Pilat, a
cheusadh, a fhuair bàs agus a dh'adhlaic-
each, a chaidh sìos do staid nam marbh, a
dh'eirich a ris o na marbhaidh air an treas
là, a chaidh suas air nèamh, agus a ta 'na
uidhe air deas laimh Dhe an Athair Uile-

chumhachdaich agus as sin a thig a thoirt breith air na beothaibh agus air na marbhaibh. Creideam anns an Spiorad naomh, anns an eaglais naoimh choitchionn, ann an co chomunn nan naomh, ann am maitheanas peacaidh, ann an aiseirigh a' chuirp, agus anns a' bheatha mhairtheannaich. Amen.

URNUIGH MHADAINN.

O Dhe throcairich, agus Athair, trìd Iosa Crìosd amhairc a nuas le ìochd air creutair truagh ata air tuitim uait. Chuaidh mi air seachran uaits o'n bhroinn, seadh ghineadh agus rugadh mi fos ann am peacadh. O thoir mothachadh dhamb, arson air mo pheacaidh 's air mo thruaighe, gu bheil mi salach agus truagh, dall agus lomnochd, am feadh 'sa tha mi as eug'ais Chrìosd. Ann an ceartas ata mi toiltinn feirg agus ifrinn; agus mur gleidheadh tusa Slanai-fhear dhamh, bhithinn cailte gu brath.

O Dhe dean eolach mi ar Crìosd mo Shlanai-fhear; agus biodh m' anam neo-ghlan ar ionnlad ann an tobar fhola phriseil: Agus oibrich annam aithreachas thaobh Dhe, agus creidimh thaobh an Tighearna Iosa Crìosd.

O gu 'm bithinn a 'm aon do dheiscioblaibh Chrìosd, air mo theagasg le aitheanta, air mo cheannach le fhuil, agus a 'm fhear-leanmhuin air eisiomplair a bheatha.

A Thighearna, thoir gràs dhamh chum gradh thoirt dhuits' le m' uile chridhe, agus luaidh thoirt air t-Ainm le h-urram, 's do shabaide choimhead le tlachd, agus t-fhocal eisteachd le furachras.

O Dhe, na tionnsgain ann an breitheamhnas le peacach truach droch thoilltineach. 'S leat fein mi thaobh co-cheangail mo bhaisteged, mo thruaighe, bha mi neo-sheasmhach fealltach ann sa cho-cheangal sin, dhearmaid mi Dia mo Chruthai-fhearr, mo Shlanai-fhear agus mo Naomhai-fhear, d'an roibh m' 'n ceangal; agus dh' eist mi ris an Diabhol an saoghal, agus an fheoil, ris an do chui mi cùl.

O Dhe na leig do 'm pheacadh 's do 'n aimideachd sruth do throcair chaoimh thionndadh uam an diu: ach deun e na l aithreachais agus maithreamhnais do 'm a nam. Nochd thu fein a'd Athair rèidh rium agus gabh rium, mar do dhuine cloinne fein air sgath do Mhic ionmhuinn Iosa Crìosd ann sa bheil do mhor-thoill; Dhasan, maille riuts, agus ris an Spiorad Naomh, gu roibh glòir gu sìorruidh. Amen.

URNUIGH FHEASCAIR.

O DHE naomh ata ghloirmhor, thug thusa an la 'n diu agus ioma le eile dhamh, dh' oibreachadh 'mach mo shlainte : Ach mo thruaighe ! mhi, bhuilich mi m' aimsir, 's mhi naomhaich mi do shabaidibh, agus dhi chuimhuich mi m' anam agus mo Shlanai-fhear. Rugadh mi ann am peacadh ; agus chaith mi mo bheatha ann am peacadh ; agus bha mi neo churamach mu 'n obair sinn chum an do chruthaicheadh mi. O DHE is creutair ro chionntach mi, ata aireamh mo pheacaidh ro-mhor, agus an gne ro screitidh. *Ach agads' tha maitbeamhnas chum 's gu'n gabht' eagal rombad.* A Thighearna bàth mo pheacaidh ann 'n cuan fola' Chrìosd, chum 's nach bàite m' anam ann 'n cuan t-fheirgs'.

Bheirim buidheachas dhuits, O Tighearna ar son la na sabaide, an soisgeul, agus meadh-onaibh, na slainte. O naomhaich mo chridhe, agus neartaich mo chuimhne chum greim dheanamh air t' fhocal ; agus deonuich dhomh cha'n e mhain bhi am fhear-eisteachd, ach am fhear deanaimh an fhocail. A Thighearna oibrich annam fìor chreidimh gradh laiste, agus beo dhochas. O gu'n eignicheadh gradh Chrìosd mi chum teicheadh o pheacadh agus chum ruith ann 'n slighibh'd aith-eantibhs !

O Thighearna cuidich leam ar feascar an la 'n diu cuimhneach air feascar mo bheatha, agus oidhche bhàis a ta teannadh orm, ann 's nach urrain aon neach obair sam bith a dheanamh. O gu'm bithinn glie chum ull-mhachadh air chionn na h-oidhche sin; agus feum a dheanamh do Chrìosd mar'm Urras, a dhioladh m' fhiacha, agus a reiteacadh mo chuisse chum air chionn a bhàis gu'm bidh sìth deadh-choguis agam, agus dochas le deadh adhbhar re tachairt air Breitheamh reidh rium agus sabaid shiorruidh mhealltuin maille re Crìosd shuas air neamh gun oidhche na la ei e seachdmhuin re teachd na dheidh! Agus son iule ata mi guidhe ar sga Iosa Crìosd mo Slainn-fhear. *Amen.*

ALLTACH roimh BHIADH.

DHE bheannuicht, thoir maitheamhnas dhuinn ann n'ar peacaidh; bi reidh ruinn, agus buin o na tiodhlacaibh so a' mal-lucha ata ag leanmhuin riu air son ar peacaidh; agus naomhaich na sochaire so chum ar feim, agus deònaich dhuinn ith agus òl chum do ghlòirs', air sgàth Iosa Crìosd. *Amen.*

ALLTACH an deigh BIDH.

BHEIRMID buidheachas dhuit O Dhe ghras-
mhoir air son Chrìosd, agus gach beann-
acha thug thu dhuinn maille ris, buidheach-
as duits a bheathaich ar cuirp ann san ams'.
O biodh an tiodhlac so na arlas tiodhlac-
aibh is mo agus is fearr air an ullmhachadh
dhuinn ann 'n Chrìosd, agus deonnich dhuinn
saoithreachadh air son a' bhìdh nach teirig,
ach a mhaireas chum na beatha bhithbhuain,
arid Iosa Chrìosd. *Amen.*

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID
IN METRE.

Translated and diligently compared with
THE ORIGINAL TEXT,
AND
FORMER TRANSLATIONS.

*More plain, smooth, and agreeable to the Text,
than any heretofore.*

Allowed by the Authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk
of Scotland, and appointed to be sung in
Congregations and Families.



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PSALM I.

THAT man hath perfect blessed-
who walketh not astray [ness]
In counsel of ungodly men,
nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
2 But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
on his law day and night.
3 He shall be like a tree that grows
near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
and his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth shall prosper well.
4 The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
which wind drives to and fro.
5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
shall wicked men appear.
6 For why: the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
shall quite be overthrown.

PSALM II.

WHY rage the Heathen? and vain
things
why do the people mind?
2 Kings of the earth do set themselves,
and princes are combin'd,
To plot against the Lord, and his
Anointed, saying thus,
3 Let us asunder break their bands,
and cast their cords from us.
4 He that in heaven sits shall laugh;
the Lord shall scorn them all
5 Then shall he speak to them in wrath,
in rage he vex them shall.
6 Yet, notwithstanding, I have him
to be my King appointed;
And over Sion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed.
7 The sure decree I will declare;
the Lord hath said to me,
Thou art mine only Son; this day
I have begotten thee
8 Ask of me, and for heritage
the Heathen I'll make thine;
And, for possession, I to thee
will give earth's utmost line.
9 Thou shalt, as with a weighty rod
of iron, break them all;
And, as a potter's sherd, thou shalt
them dash in pieces small.
10 Now therefore, kings, be wise; be
ye judges of the earth [taught].
11 Serve God in fear and see that ye
join trembling with your mirth.
12 Kise ye the Son, lest in his ire
ye perish from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn.
Bless'd all that on him Ray.

PSALM III.

O LORD, how are my foes increas'd!
against me many rise
2 Many say of my soul, For him
in God no succour lies.
3 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
th' uplifter of mine head.
4 I cry'd, and, from his holy hill,
the Lord me answer made.
5 I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;
for God sustained me
6 I will not fear though thousands tea
set round against me be.
7 Arise, O Lord; save me, my God;
for thou my foes hast broke
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
of wicked men hast broke.
8 Salvation doth appertain
unto the Lord alone:
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
thy people is upon.

PSALM IV.

GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my prayer; thou hast
enlarg'd me in distress.
2 O ye the sons of men! how long
will ye love vanities?
How long my glory turn to shame,
and will ye follow lies?
3 But know, that for himself the Lord
the godly man doth choose.
The Lord, when I on him do call,
to hear will not refuse.
4 Fear, and sin not; talk with your
on bed, and silent be. [heart]
5 Offerings present of righteousness,
and in the Lord trust ye.
6 O who will shew us any good?
is that which many say:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.
7 Upon my heart, bestow'd by thee,
more gladness I have found
Than they, even then, when corn and
did most with them abound. [wine]
8 I will both lay me down in peace,
and quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
in safety, Lord, dost make.

PSALM V.

GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
my meditation weigh.
2 Hear my loud cry, my King, my God;
for I to thee will pray.
3 Lord, thou shalt call, hear my voice:
I early will direct
My prayer to thee; and, looking up,
an answer will expect.
4 For thou art not a God that doth
in wickedness delight;
Neither shalt evil dwell with thee,
5 Nor fools stand in thy sight.

All that ill-doers are thou hat'st;

6 Cutt'st off that liars be:

The bloody and deceitful man
abhorred is by thee.

7 But I into thy house will come
in thine abundant grace;

And I will worship in thy fear
toward thy holy place.

8 Because of those mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteousness

Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
make straight before my face.

9 For in their mouth there is no truth,
their inward part is ill;

Their throat's an open sepulchre,
their tongue doth flatter still.

10 O God, destroy them; let them be
by their own counsel quell'd:

Them for their many sins cast out,
for they 'gainst thee rebell'd.

11 But let all joy that trust in thee,
and still make shouting noise;

For them thou sav'st let all that love
thy name in thee rejoice.

12 For, Lord, unto the righteous man
thou wilt thy blessing yield:

With favour thou wilt compass him
about, as with a shield.

PSALM VI.

LORD, in thy wrath rebuke me not;
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me.

2 Lord, pity me, for I am weak:

Heal me, for my bones vexed be.

3 My soul is also vexed sore; [make?]
But, Lord, how long stay wilt thou

4 Return, O Lord, my soul set free;

O save me, for thy mercies' sake.

5 Because those that deceased are
Of thee shall no remembrance have;

And who is he that will to thee

Give praises lying in the grave?

6 I with my groaning weary am,

I also all the night my bed

Have caused for to swim; and I

With tears my couch have watered.

7 Mine eye, consum'd with grief, grows

Because of all mine enemies [old.

8 Hence from me, wicked workers all;

For God hath heard my weeping cries.

9 God hath my supplication heard,

My pray'r received graciously. [foes,

10 Sham'd and sore vex'd be all my

Sham'd and back turned suddenly.

Another of the same.

IN thy great indignation,

1 O Lord, rebuke me not;

Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand
in thy displeasure hot.

2 Lord, I am weak, therefore on me
have mercy, and me spare:

Heal me, O Lord, because thou know'st
my bones much vexed are.

3 My soul is vexed sore: but, Lord,
how long stay wilt thou make?

4 Return, Lord, free my soul; and save
me, for thy mercies' sake.

5 Because of thee in death there shall
no more remembrance be:

Of those that in the grave do lie,
who shall give thanks to thee?

6 I with my groaning weary am,
and all the night my bed

I caused for to swim; with tears
my couch I watered.

7 By reason of my vexing grief
mine eye consumed is;

It waxeth old, because of all
that be mine enemies.

8 But now, depart from me all ye
that work iniquity:

For why? the Lord hath heard it
when I did mourn and cry. [voice

9 Unto my supplication
the Lord did hearing give:

When I to him my prayer make,
the Lord will it receive

10 Let all be sham'd and troubled for
that en'mies are to me;

Let them turn back, and suddenly
ashamed let them be.

PSALM VII.

O LORD my God, in thee do I
my confidence repose:

Save and deliver me from all

my persecuting foes;

2 Lest that the enemy my soul

should, like a lion tear,

In pieces rending it, while there
is no deliverer.

3 O Lord my God, if it be so
that I committed this;

If it be so that in my hands
iniquity there is:

4 If I rewarded ill to him

that was at peace with me;

(Yea, ev'n the man that without cause
my foe was I did free;)

5 Then let the foe pursue and take
my soul, and my life thrust

Down to the earth, and let him lay
mine honour in the dust.

6 Rise in thy wrath, Lord, raise thy
for my foes raging be; [self

And, to the judgment which thou hast
commanded wake for me

7 So shall th' assembly of thy folk
about encompass thee:

Thou therefore, for their sakes, return
unto thy place on high.

8 The Lord he shall the people judge

my judge, JEHOVAH, be,

After my righteousness, and mine
integrity in me.

9 O let the wicked's malice end;
but stablish steadfastly

The righteous, for the righteous God
the hears and reins doth try.

10 In God, who saves th' upright in
is my defence and stay. [heart,

11 God just men judgeth, God is wroth
with ill men ev'ry day.

PSALMS VIII, IX, X.

- 12 If he do not return again,
then he his sword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
and hath it ready set:
13 He also hath for him prepar'd
the instruments of death;
Against the persecutors he
his shafts ordained hath.
14 Behold, he with iniquity
doth travail, as in birth;
A mischief he conceived hath,
and falsehood shall bring forth.
15 He made a pit, and digg'd it deep,
another there to take;
But he is fall'n into the ditch
which he himself did make.
16 Upon his own head his mischief
shall be returned home;
His violent dealing also down
on his own pate shall come.
17 According to his righteousness
the Lord I'll magnify;
And will sing praise unto the name
of God that is most high.

PSALM VIII.

- H**OW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!
Who hast thy glory far advanc'd
above the starry frame.
2 From infants' and from sucklings'
thou didst strength ordain, [mouth
For thy foes' cause, that so thou might'st
th' avenging foe restrain.
3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
which were by thee ordain'd,
4 Then say I, What is man, that he
remember'd is by thee?
Or what the son of man, that thou
so kind to him should'st be?
5 For thou a little lower hast
him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
thou crown'd hast his head.
6 Of thy hands' works thou mad'st him
all under's feet didst lay; [Lord,
7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
that in the field do stray;
8 Fowls of the air, fish of the sea,
all that pass through the same.
How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!

PSALM IX.

- L**ORD, thee I'll praise with all my
thy wonders all proclaim. [heart,
2 In thee, most High, I'll greatly joy,
and sing unto thy name: [fell,
3 When back my foes were turn'd they
and perish'd at thy sight: [cause;
4 For thou maintain'dst my right and
on throne sat'st judging right.
5 The Heathen thou rebuked hast,
the wicked overthrown;
Thou hast put out their names, that
may never more be known. [they

- 6 O en'my! now destructions have
an end perpetual:
Thou cities raz'd, perish'd with them
is their memorial.

- 7 God shall endure for aye; he doth
for judgment set his throne;
8 In righteousness to judge the world,
justice to give each one.
9 God also will a refuge be
for those that are oppress'd;
A refuge will he be in times
of trouble to distress'd.
10 And they that know thy name, in
their confidence will place: [these
For thou hast not forsaken them
that truly seek thy face
11 O sing ye praises to the Lord
that dwells in Sion hill;
And all the nations among
his deeds record ye fill.

- 12 When he enquireth after blood,
he then rememb'reth them:
The humble folk he not forgets
that call upon his name
13 Lord, pity me; behold the grief
which I from foes sustain;
Ev'n thou, who from the gates of death
dost raise me up again;
14 That I, in Sion's daughters' gates,
may all thy praise advance;
And that I may rejoice always
in thy deliverance.
15 The Heathen are sunk in the pit
which they themselves prepar'd;
And in the net which they have hid
their own feet fast are snar'd.
16 The Lord is by the judgment known
which he himself hath wrought:
The sinners' hands do make the snares
wherewith themselves are caught.
17 They who are wicked into hell
each one shall turned be;
And all the nations that forget
to seek the Lord most high.

- 18 For they that needy are shall not
forgotten be alway;
The expectation of the poor
shall not be lost for aye.
19 Arise, Lord, let not man prevail;
judge Heathen in thy sight:
20 That they may know themselves but
the nations, Lord, asright. [men,

PSALM X.

- W**HEREFORE is it that thou, O
dost stand from us afar? [Lord,
And wherefore hidest thou thyself
when times so troublous are?
2 The wicked in his loftiness
doth persecute the poor:
In these devices they have fram'd
let them be taken sure.
3 The wicked of his heart's desire
doth talk with boasting great;
He bleisseth him that's covetous,
whom yet the Lord doth hate.

PSALMS XI, XII, XIII.

- 4** The wicked, 'through his pride of
on God he doth not call; [face,
And in the counsels of his heart
the Lord is not at all.
- 5** His ways they always grievous are;
thy judgments from his sight
Removed are: at all his foes
he puffeth with despight.
- 6** Within his heart he thus hath said,
I shall not moved be;
And no adversity at all
shall ever come to me.
- 7** His mouth with cursing, fraud, de-
is fill'd abundantly; [ceit,
And underneath his tongue there is
mischief and vanity.
- 8** He closely sits in villages;
he slays the innocent:
Against the poor that pass him by
his cruel eyes are bent.
- 9** He, lion-like, lurks in his den;
he waits the poor to take;
And when he draws him in his net,
his prey he doth him make.
- 10** Himself he humbleth very low,
he croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
may by his strong ones fall.
- 11** He thus hath said within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot;
He hides his countenance, and he
for ever sees it not.
- 12** O Lord, do thou arise; O God,
lift up thine hand on high:
Put not the meek afflicted ones
out of thy memory.
- 13** Why is it that the wicked man
thus doth the Lord despise?
Because that God will it require
he in his heart denies.
- 14** Thou hast it seen; for their mischief
and spite thou wilt repay:
The poor commits himself to thee;
thou art the orphan's stay.
- 15** The arm break of the wicked man,
and of the evil one;
Do thou seek out his wickedness,
until thou findest none.
- 16** The Lord is king through ages all,
ev'n to eternity;
The Heathen, people from his land
are perish'd utterly.
- 17** O Lord, of those that humble are
thou the desire didst hear;
Thou wilt prepare their heart; and
to hear wilt bend thine ear; [thou
- 18** To judge the fatherless, and those
that are oppress'd fore;
That man, that is but sprung of earth,
may them oppress no more.

PSALM XI.

I IN the Lord do put my trust;
how is it then that ye
Say to my soul, Flee, as a bird,
unto your mountain high?

- 2** For, lo, the wicked bend their bow
their shafts on firing they fit;
That those who upright are in heart
they privily may hit.
- 3** If the foundations be destroy'd,
what hath the righteous done?
- 4** God in his holy temple is,
in heaven is his throne:
His eyes do see, his eyelids try
5 men's sons. The just he proves
But his soul hates the wicked man,
and him that violence loves.
- 6** Snares, fire and brimstone, furi-
on sinners he shall rain: [storms
This, as the portion of their cup,
doth unto them pertain.
- 7** Because the Lord most righteous doth
in righteousness delight;
And with a pleasant countenance
beholdeth the upright.

PSALM XII.

- H**ELP, Lord, because the godly man
doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
the faithful do decay.
- 2** Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
and lips of flattery.
- 3** God shall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
tongues that speak proudly thus,
- 4** We'll with our tongue prevail, our
are ours: whose lord o'er us? [lip
- 5** For poor oppress'd, and for the sigh
of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
from such as him defy.
- 6** The words of God are words most
they be like silver try'd [pure,
In earthen furnace, seven times
that hath been purify'd.
- 7** Lord, thou shalt them preserve and
for ever from this race. [keep
- 8** On each side walk the wicked, when
vile men are high in place.

PSALM XIII.

- H**OW long wilt thou forget me
shall it for ever be? [Lord
O how long shall it be that thou
wilt hide thy face from me?
- 2** How long take counsel in my soul,
still sad in heart, shall I?
How long exalted over me
shall be mine enemy?
- 3** O Lord my God, consider well,
and answer to me make:
Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
of death me overtake:
- 4** Lest that mine enemy should say,
Against him I prevail'd;
And those that trouble me rejoice,
when I am mov'd and fail'd.
- 5** But I have all my confidence
thy mercy set upon;
My heart within me shall rejoice
in thy salvation.

3 I will unto the Lord my God
sing praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
to me abundantly.

PSALM XIV.

THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:

They are corrupt, their works are vile;
not one of them doth good.

2 Upon men's sons the Lord from
did cast his eyes abroad, [heav'n

To see if any understood,
and did seek after God.

3 They altogether filthy are,
they all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
yea, sure there is not one.

4 These workers of iniquity
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?

5 There fear'd they much; for God is
the whole race of the just. [with

6 You shame the counsel of the poor,
because God is his trust.

7 Let Isr'el's help from Sion come:
when back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall sing.

PSALM XV.

WITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
who shall abide with thee?

And in thy high and holy hill
who shall a dweller be?

2 The man that walketh uprightly,
and worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
so doth he truth express.

3 Who doth not slander with his
tongue to his friend doth hurt; [tongue,
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
take up an ill report

4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd;
but those that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
though to his hurt he swear.

5 His coin puts not to usury,
nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus
shall never moved be.

PSALM XVI.

LORD, keep me; for I trust in thee.
2 To God thus was my speech,

Thou art my Lord; and unto thee
my goodness doth not reach:

3 To saints on earth, to th' excellent,
where my delight's all plac'd.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiply'd
to other gods that haste:

Of their drink-offerings of blood
I will no offering make;

Yea, neither I their very names
up in my lips will take.

5 God is of mine inheritance
and cup the portion;

The lot that fallen is to me
thou dost maintain alone.

6 Unto me happily the lines
in pleasant places sell;

Yea, the inheritance I got
in beauty doth excel.

7 I bless the Lord, because he doth
by counsel me conduct;
And in the seasons of the night
my reins do me instruct.

8 Before me still the Lord I set:
sith it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be.

9 Because of this my heart is glad,
and joy shall be express
Ev'n by my glory; and my flesh
in confidence shall rest.

10 Because my soul in grave to dwell
shall not be left by thee;
Nor wilt thou give thine Holy One
corruption to see.

11 Thou wilt me shew the path of life,
of joys there is full store
Before thy face; at thy right hand
are pleasures evermore.

PSALM XVII.

LORD, hear the right, attend my
L unto my pray'r give heed, [cry,
That doth not in hypocrisy
from feigned lips proceed.

2 And from before thy presence forth
my sentence do thou send:
Toward these things that equal are
do thou thine eyes intend.

3 Thou prov'dst mine heart, thou
visit'st me
by night; thou didst me try,

Yet nothing found'st; for that my
shall not sin, purpos'd I. [mouth

4 As for men's works, I, by the word
that from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preserve out of the paths
wherein destroyers go.

5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
in those thy paths divine,
So that my footsteps may not slide
out of those ways of thine.

6 I called have on thee, O God,
because thou wilt me hear:

That thou may'st hearken to my
to me incline thine ear. [speech,

7 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
thou that, by thy right hand,
Sav'st them that trust in thee from
that up against them stand. [these

8 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
in thy wings shade me close

9 From lewd oppressors, compassing
me round, as deadly foes.

10 In their own fat they are inclos'd;
their mouth speaks loftily.

11 Our steps they compass'd; and to
down bowing set their eye. [ground

12 He like unto a lion is
that's greedy of his prey.

Or lion young, which lurking doth
in secret places stay.

13 Arise, and disappoint my foe,
and cast him down, O Lord:

My soul save from the wicked man,
the man which is thy sword.

14 From men, which are thy hand, O
from worldly men me save, [Lord,
Which only in this present life
their part and portion have.

Whose belly with thy treasure hid
thou fill'st: they children have

15 plenty; of their goods the rest
they to their children leave.

15 But as for me, I thine own face
in righteousness will see;

And with thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfy'd shall be.

PSALM XVIII.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my
strength.

2 My fortress is the Lord,

My rock, and he that doth to me
deliverance afford:

My God, my strength, whom I will
a buckler unto me, [trust,

The horn of my salvation,
and my high tower, is he.

3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
of praises, will I cry;

And then shall I preserved be
safe from mine enemy.

4 Floods of ill men affrighted me,
death's pangs about me went;

5 Hell's sorrows me environed;
death's snares did me prevent.

6 In my distress I call'd on God,
cry to my God did I;

He from his temple heard my voice,
to his ears came my cry

7 Th' earth, as affrighted, then did
trembling upon it seiz'd: [shake,

The hills' foundations moved were,
because he was displeas'd.

8 Up from his nostrils came a smoke,
and from his mouth there came

Devouring fire, and coals by it
were turned into flame.

9 He also bowed down the heav'ns,
and thence he did descend;

And thickest clouds of darkness did
under his feet attend.

10 And he upon a cherub rode,
and thereon he did fly;

Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
his flight was from on high.

11 He darkness made his secret place:
about him, for his tent,

Dark waters were, and thickest clouds
of th' airy firmament.

12 And at the brightness of that light,
which was before his eye,

Histhick clouds pass'd away, hailstones
and coals of fire did fly.

13 The Lord God also in the heav'ns
did thunder in his ire;

And there the Highest gave his voice
hailstones and coals of fire.

14 Yea, he his arrows sent abroad,
and them he scattered;

His lightnings also he shot out,
and them discomfited.

15 The waters' channels then were
the world's foundations vast [seen
At thy rebuke discover'd were,
and at thy nostrils' blast.

16 And from above the Lord sent down
and took me from below;

From many waters he me drew,
which would me overflow.

17 He me reliev'd from my strong foes
and such as did me hate;

Because he saw that they for me
too strong were, and too great.

18 They me prevented in the day
of my calamity;

But even then the Lord himself
a stay was unto me.

19 He to a place where liberty
and room was hath me brought;

Because he took delight in me,
he my deliverance wrought.

20 According to my righteousness
he did me recompense,

He me repaid according to
my hands' pure innocence.

21 For I God's ways kept, from my
did not turn wickedly. [God

22 His judgments were before me, I
his laws put not from me.

23 Sincere before him was my heart
with him upright was I;

And watchfully I kept myself
from mine iniquity.

24 After my righteousness the Lord
hath recompensed me,

After the cleanness of my hands
appearing in his eye.

25 Thou gracious to the gracious art
to upright men upright:

26 Pure to the pure, froward thou
unto the froward wight. [kyth'st

27 For thou wilt the afflicted save
in grief that low do lie:

But wilt bring down the countenance
of them whose looks are high.

28 The Lord will light my candle so,
that it shall shine full bright:

The Lord my God will also make
my darkness to be light.

29 By thee through troops of men
and them discomfit all; [break,

And, by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall.

30 As for God, perfect is his way:
the Lord his word is try'd;

He is a buckler to all those
who do in him confide.

31 Who but the Lord is God? but he
who is a rock and stay? [strength,

32 'Tis God that girdeth me with
and perfect makes my way.

33 He made my feet swift as the hinds,
set me on my high places.
34 Mine hands to war he taught, mine
brake bows : ffeel in pieces. [arms
35 The shield of thy salvation
thou d'eft on me bestow :
Thy right hand held me up, and great
thy kindness made me grow.

36 And in my way my steps thou hast
enlarged under me,
That I go safely, and my feet
are kept from sliding free.
37 Mine enemies I pursued have,
and did them verake;
Nor did I turn again till I
an end of them did make. [rise;

38 I wounded them, they could not
they at my feet did fall. [for war;
39 Thou girdedst me with strength
my foes thou brought'st down all :
40 And thou hast giv'n to me the necks
of all mine enemies;
That I might them destroy and slay,
who did against me rise.

41 They cried out, but there was none
that would or could them save;
Yea, they did cry unto the Lord,
but he no answer gave.
42 Then did I beat them small as dust
before the wind that flies;
And I did cast them out like dirt
upon the street that lies.

43 Thou mad'st me free from people's
and Heathen's head to be: [rise,
A people whom I have not known
shall service do to me.
44 At hearing they shall me obey,
to me they shall submit.
45 Strangers for fear shall fade away,
who in close places sit.

46 God lives, blest'd be my Rock; the
of my health praised be. [God
47 God doth avenge me, and subdues
the people under me.
48 He saves me from mine enemies;
yea, thou hast liften me
Above my foes; and from the man
of violence set me free.

49 Therefore to thee will I give thanks
the Heathen folk among;
And to thy name, O Lord, I will
sing praise in a song.
50 He great deliverance gives his king:
he mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
and his seed without end.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'n's God's glory do de-
clare,
the skies his hand-works preach.
2 Day utters speech to day, and night
to night doth knowledge teach.
3 There is no speech nor tongue to
their voice doth not extend: [which
4 Their line is gone thro' all the earth,
their words to the world's end.

In them he set the sun a tent;
5 Who, bridegroom-like, forth goes
From his chamber, as a strong man doth
to run his race rejoice.
6 From heav'n's end is his going forth,
circling to th' end again;
And there is nothing from his heat
that hidden doth remain.

7 God's law is perfect, and converts
the soul in sin that lies :
God's testimony 's most sure,
and makes the simple wise.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right,
and do rejoice the heart :
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
light to the eyes impart.

9 Unspotted is the fear of God,
and doth endure for ever :
The judgments of the Lord are true
and righteous altogether.
10 They more than gold, yea, much
to be desired are : [fine gold,
Than honey, honey from the comb
that droppeth, sweeter far.

11 Moreover, they thy servant wara
how he his life should frame :
A great reward provided is
for them that keep the same.
12 Who can his errors understand ?
O cleanse thou me within
13 From secret faults. Thy servant
from all presumptuous sin : [keep

And do not suffer them to have
dominion over me :
Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much sin shall be.
14 The words which from my mouth
proceed,
the thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my strength
and my Redeemer art.

PSALM XX.

JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
when trouble he doth send.
And let the name of Jacob's God
thee from all ill defend.
2 O 'et him help send from above,
out of his sanctuary :
From Sion, his own holy hill,
let him give strength to thee.

3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
accept thy sacrifice: [fulfil
4 Grant thee thine heart's wish, and
thy thoughts and counsel wise.
5 In thy salvation we will joy;
in our God's name we will
Display our banners : and the Lord
thy prayers all fulfil.

6 Now know I God his king doth save :
he from his holy heav'n
Will hear him, with the saving strength
by his own right hand giv'n.
7 In chariots come put confidence,
some horses trust upon :
But we remember will the name
of our Lord God alone.

8 We rise, and upright stand, when
are bowed down, and fall. [the
9 Deliver, Lord; and let the King
us hear, when we do call.

PSALM XXI.

THE king in thy great strength, O
shall very joyful be. [Lord,

In thy salvation rejoice

how vehemently shall he!

2 Thou hast bestowed upon him
all that his heart would have;
And thou from him didst not withhold
whate'er his lips did crave.

3 For thou with blessings him pre-
of goodness manifold; [vent'st
And thou hast set upon his head
a crown of purest gold.

4 When he desired life of thee,
thou life to him didst give;
Ev'n such a length of days, that he
for evermore should live.

5 In that salvation wrought by thee
his glory is made great;
Honour and comely majesty
thou hast upon him set.

6 Because that thou for evermore
most blessed hast him made;
And thou hast with thy countenance
made him exceeding glad.

7 Because the king upon the Lord
his confidence doth lay;
And thro' the grace of the most High
shall not be mov'd away.

8 Thine hand shall all those men find
that en'mies are to thee; [out
Ev'n thy right hand shall find out those
of thee that haters be.

9 Like fiery ov'n thou shalt them make,
when kindled is thine ir-;
God shall them swallow in his wrath
devour them shall the fire [destroy.

10 Their fruit from earth thou shalt
their seed men from among:

11 For they beyond their might 'gainst
did plot mischief and wrong. [thee

12 Thou therefore shalt make them
turn back,

when thou thy shafts shalt place
Upon thy strings, made ready all
to fly against their face.

13 In thy great pow'r and strength, O
be thou exalted high; [Lord,

So shall we sing with joyful hearts,
thy power praise shall we.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why hast thou me
for 'aken? why so far

Art thou from helping me, and from
my words that roaring are?

2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
yet am not heard by thee:

And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But thou art holy, thou that dost
inhabit Isr'el's praise,

4 Our fathers hop'd in thee, they hop'd,
and thou didst them release.

5 When unto thee they sent their cry,
to them deliverance came:

Because they put their trust in thee,
they were not put to shame.

6 But as for me, a worm I am,
and as no man am priz'd:

Reproach of men I am, and by
the people am despis'd.

7 All that me see laugh me to scorn;
shoot out the lip do they;

They nod and shake their heads at me,
and, 'mocking, thus do say,

8 This man did trust in God, that he
would free him by his might:

Let him deliver him, sith he
had in him such delight.

9 But thou art he out of the womb
that didst me safely take;

When I was on my mother's breast,
thou me to hope didst make.

10 And I was cast upon thy care,
ev'n from the womb till now;

And from my mother's belly, Lord,
my God and guide art thou.

11 Be not far off, for grief is near,
and none to help is found.

12 Bulls many compass me, streng
of Bashan me 'urround. [bulls

13 Their mouths they open'd wide on
upon me gape did they, [me,

Like to a lion ravenous
and roaring for his prey.

14 Like water I'm pour'd out, my
all out of joint do part: [bones

Amidst my bowels, as the wax,
so melted is my heart.

15 My strength is like a potsherd dry'd;
my tongue it cleaveth fast.

Unto my jaws; and to the dust
of death thou brought me fast.

16 For dogs have compass'd me about
the wicked, that did meet

In their assemb'y, me inclos'd;
they pierc'd my hands and feet.

17 I all my bones may tell; they do
upon me look and stare.

18 Upon my vesture lots they cast,
and clothes among them share.

19 But be not far, O Lord, my strength;
haste to give help to me.

20 From sword my soul, from pow'r of
my darling set thou free. [dogs

21 Out of the roaring lion's mouth
do thou me shield and save:

For from the horns of unicorns
an ear to me thou gave.

22 I will shew forth thy name unto
those that my brethren are

Amidst the congregation
thy praise I will declare.

23 Praise ye the Lord, who do him
him glorify all ye [feet;

The seed of Jacob; fear him all
that Isr'el's children be.

PSALMS XXIII, XXIV, XXV.

- 14 For he despis'd not nor abhorr'd
th' afflicted's misery;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
when he to him did cry.
- 25 Within the congregation great
my praise shall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
shall be perform'd by me.
- 26 The meek shall eat, and shall be
they also praise shal give [fill'd];
Unto the Lord that do him seek:
your heart shall ever live.
- 27 All ends of th' earth remember
and turn the Lord unto; [shall,
All kindreds of the nations
to him shall homage do:
28 Because the kingdom to the Lord
doth appertain as his;
Likewise among the nations
the Governor he is.
- 29 Earth's fat ones eat, and worship
all wh. to dust descend [shall:
Shall bow to him; none of them can
his soul from death defend.
- 30 A seed shall service do to him;
unto the Lord it shall
Be for a generation
reckon'd in ages all.
- 31 They shall come, and they shall de-
his truth and righteousness [clare
Unto a people yet unborn,
and that he hath done this.

PSALM XXIII.

- T**HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want.
- 2 He makes me d. wn to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
- 3 My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
ev'n for his own name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
yet will I fear none ill: [vale,
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
- 5 My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

- T**HE earth belongs unto the Lord,
and all that it contains;
The world that is inhabited,
and all that there remains.
- 2 For the foundations thereof
he on the seas did lay,
And he hath it established
upon the floods to stay.
- 3 Who is the man that shall ascend
into the hill of God?

- Or who within his holy place
shall have a firm abode?
- 4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart
and unto vanity [is pure,
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
nor sworn deceitfully.
- 5 He from th' Eternal shall receive
the blessing him up on,
And righteousness, ev'n from the God
of his salvation.
- 6 This is the generation
that after him enquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
with their whole heart's desire.
- 7 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
- 8 But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in
and strong in battle is. might
- 9 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye
doors that do last for aye, [doors,
Be lifted up, that so the King
of glory enter may.
- 10 But who is he that is the King
of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
the King of glory is.

PSALM XXV.

- T**O thee I lift my soul:
2 O Lord I trust in thee:
My God, let me not be ashamed,
nor foes triumph o'er me.
- 3 Let none that wait on thee
be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause trans-
let shame upon them fall. [gress,
- 4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
thy paths, O teach thou me:
5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
therein my teacher be:
For thou art God that dost
to me salvation send,
And I upon thee all the day
expecting do attend.
- 6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
have been of old for ever.
- 7 My sins and faults of youth
do thou, O Lord, forget:
After thy mercy think on me,
and for thy goodness great.
- 8 God good and upright is:
the way he'll sinners show.
- 9 The meek in judgment he will guide,
and make his path to know
- 10 The whole paths of the Lord
are truth and mercy sure,
To those that do his cov'nant keep,
and testimonies pure.
- 11 Now, for thine own name's sake,
O Lord, I thee entreat

To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.

12 What man is he that fears
the Lord, and doth him serve?
Him shall he teach the way that he
shall choose, and still observe.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease;
and his posterity
shall flourish still, and of the earth
inheritors shall be.

14 With those that fear him is
the secret of the Lord;
The knowledge of his covenant
he will to them afford.

15 Mine eyes upon the Lord
continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
my feet out of the net.

16 Turn unto me thy face,
and to me mercy show;
Because that I am desolate,
and am brought very low.

17 My heart's griefs are increas'd:
me from distress relieve.

18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my sins forgive.

19 Consider thou my foes,
because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they against me bear.

20 O do thou keep my soul,
do thou deliver me:
And let me never be ashamed,
because I trust in thee.

21 Let uprightness and truth
keep me, who thee attend.

22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
from all his troubles send.

Another of the same.

TO thee I lift my soul, O Lord:
2 My God, I trust in thee:

Let me not be ashamed; let not
my foes triumph o'er me.

3 Yea, let thou none ashamed be
that do on thee attend:

Ashamed let them be, O Lord,
who without cause offend.

4 Thy ways, Lord, shew; teach me
thy paths:

5 Lead me in truth, teach me:
For of my safety thou art God;
all day I wait on thee.

6 Thy mercies, that most tender are,
do thou, O Lord, remember,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
have been of old for ever.

7 Let not the errors of my youth,
nor sins, remember'd be:

8 In mercy, for thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

9 The Lord is good and gracious,
he upright is also:
He therefore sinners will instruct
in ways that they should go.

10 The meek and lowly he will guide
in judgment just alway:

To meek and poor afflicted on:
he'll clearly teach his way

10 The whole paths of the Lord our
are truth and mercy sure, [God
To such as keep his covenant,
and testimonies pure.

11 Now, for thine own name's sake,
I humbly thee entreat [O Lord;
To pardon mine iniquity;
for it is very great.

12 What man fears God? him shall he
the way that he shall choose. [teach

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; his seed
the earth, as heirs, shall use.

14 The secret of the Lord is with
such as do fear his name;
And he his holy covenant
will manifest to them.

15 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes
continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
my feet out of the net.

16 O turn thee unto me, O God,
have mercy me upon;
Because I solitary am,
and in affliction.

17 Enlarg'd the griefs are of mine
me from distress relieve. [heart;

18 See mine affliction and my pain,
and all my sins forgive.

19 Consider thou mine enemies,
because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
which they against me bear.

20 O do thou keep my soul; O God,
do thou deliver me:

Let me not be ashamed; for I
do put my trust in thee.

21 O let integrity and truth
keep me, who thee attend.

22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
from all his troubles send.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
in mine integrity:

I trusted also in the Lord;
slide therefore shall not I.

2 Examine me, and do me prove;
try heart and reins, O God:

3 For thy love is before mine eyes,
thy truth's paths I have trod.

4 With persons vain I have not sat,
nor with dissemblers gone:

5 Th' assembly of ill men I hate;
to sit with such I shun.

6 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
and compass it will I:

7 That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
may publish and declare,

And tell of all thy mighty works,
that great and wondrous are.

8 The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;

Yea, in that place I do delight
where doth thine honour dwell.

9 With sinners gather not my soul,
and such as blood would spill:
10 Whose hands mischievous plots
corrupting bribes do fill. [right hand
11 But as for me, I will walk on
in mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
be merciful to me.
12 My foot upon an even place
doth stand with steadfastness:
Within the congregations
th' Eternal I will bless.

PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord's my light and saving
health,
who shall make me dismay'd?
My life's strength is the Lord, of whom
then shall I be afraid?
2 When as mine enemies and foes,
most wicked persons all,
To eat my flesh against me rose,
they stumbled and did fall.
3 Against me though an host encamp,
my heart yet fearless is:
Though war against me rise, I will
be confident in this.
4 One thing I of the Lord desir'd,
and will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
within God's house remain;
That I the beauty of the Lord
behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
may rev'rently enquire.
5 For he in his pavilion shall
me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
and on a rock me raise.
6 And now, ev'n at this present time,
mine head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes,
and round encompass me:
Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea, I
to God will praises sing.
7 O Lord, give ear unto my voice,
when I do cry to thee;
Upon me also mercy have,
and do thou answer me.
8 When thou didst say, Seek ye my
then unto thee reply [face,
Thus did my heart, Above all things
thy face, Lord, seek will I.
9 Far from me hide not thou thy face;
put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath: thou hast
an helper been to me.
O God of my salvation,
leave me not, nor forsake:
10 Tho' me my parents both should
the Lord will me up take. [leave,
11 O Lord, instruct me in thy way,
to me a leader be
In a plain path, because of those
that hatred bear to me.

12 Give me not to mine enemies' will;
for witnesses that lie
Against me risen are, and such
as breathe out cruelty.
13 I fainted had, unless that I
believed had to see
The Lord's own goodness in the land
of them that living be.
14 Wait on the Lord, and be thou
and he shall strength afford [strong,
Unto thine heart; yea, do thou wait,
I say, upon the Lord

PSALM XXVIII.

TO thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock;
hold not thy peace to me;
Lest like those that to pit descend
I by thy silence be.
2 The voice hear of my humble pray'rs,
when unto thee I cry;
When to thine holy oracle
I lift mine hands on high.
3 With ill men draw me not away
that work iniquity;
That speak peace to their friends, while
their hearts doth mischief lie. [in
4 Give them according to their deeds
and ills endeavoured:
And as their handy-works deserve,
to them be rendered.
5 God shall not build, but them de-
who would not understand [stroy,
The Lord's own works, nor did regard
the doing of his hand.
6 For ever blessed be the Lord,
for graciously he heard
The voice of my petitions,
and prayers did regard.
7 The Lord's my strength and shield;
upon him did rely; [my heart
And I am helped: hence my heart
doth joy exceedingly,
And with my song I will him praise.
8 Their strength is God alone:
He also is the saving strength
of his anointed one.
9 O thine own people do thou save,
bless thine inheritance;
Them also do thou feed, and them
for evermore advance.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE ye unto the Lord, ye sons
that of the mighty be,
All strength and glory to the Lord
with cheerfulness give ye.
2 Unto the Lord the glory give
that to his name is due;
And in the beauty of holiness
unto JEHOVAH bow.
3 The Lord's voice on the waters is:
the God of majesty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
of waters sitteth he.
4 A pow'ful voice it is that comes
out from the Lord most high;
The voice of that great Lord is full
of glorious majesty.

- 5 The voice of the Eternal doth
asunder cedars tear;
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
that Lebanon doth bear.
6 He makes them like a calf to skip,
ev'n that great Lebanon,
And, like to a young unicorn,
the mountain Sirion.
7 God's voice divides the flames of fire;
8 The desert it doth shake:
The Lord doth make the wilderness
of Kadesh all to quake.
9 God's voice doth make the hinds to
it makes the forest bare: [calve,
And in his temple ev'ry one
his glory doth declare.
10 The Lord sits on the floods; the
sits King, and ever shall [Lord
11 The Lord will give his people
strength
and with peace bless them all.

PSALM XXX.

- L**ORD, I will thee extol, for thou
hast lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
mad'st not mine enemy.
2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee,
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
and thou hast heaved me.
3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought
and rescu'd from the grave; [up,
That I to pit should not go down,
alive thou didst me save.
4 O ye that are his holy ones,
sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
his holiness record.
5 For but a moment lasts his wrath;
life in his favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
at morn doth joy arise.
6 In my prosperity I said,
that nothing shall me move.
7 O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
to stand strong by thy love:
But when that thou, O gracious God,
didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosp'rous state
turn'd into misery.
8 Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I caused to ascend:
My humble supplication
I to the Lord did send.
9 What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to pit?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise?
thy truth declare shall it? [Lord:
10 Hear, Lord, have mercy; help me,
11 Thou turned hast my sadness
To dancing; yea, my sackcloth loos'd,
and girded me with gladness;
12 That sing thy praise my glory may,
and never silent be.
13 Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

PSALM XXXI.

- I**N thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
I sham'd let me never be;
According to thy righteousness
do thou deliver me.
2 Bow down thine ear to me, with
send me deliverance: [speed
To save me, my strong rock be thou,
and my house of defence.
3 Because thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortress take;
Therefore do thou me lead and guide,
ev'n for thine own name's sake.
4 And sith thou art my strength, there-
pull me out of the net, [fore
Which they in subtilty for me
so privily have set.
5 Into thine hands I do commit
my spirit: for thou art he,
O thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth,
that hast redeemed me.
6 Those that do lying vanities
regard, I have abhorr'd:
But as for me, my confidence
is fixed on the Lord.
7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy:
for thou my miseries
Consider'd hast; thou hast my soul
known in adversities:
8 And thou hast not inclosed me
within the en'my's hand:
And by thee have my feet been made
in a large room to stand
9 O Lord, upon me mercy have,
for trouble is on me:
Mine eye, my belly, and my soul,
with grief consumed be.
10 Because my life with grief is spent,
my years with sighs and groans:
My strength doth fail; and for my sin
consumed are my bones.
11 I was a scorn to all my foes,
and to my friends a fear;
And specially reproach'd of those
that were my neighbours near:
When they me saw they from me fled.
12 Ev'n so I am forgot,
As men are out of mind when dead:
I'm like a broken pot.
13 For slanders I of many heard;
fear compass'd me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
to take my life away.
14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
upon thee I did lay;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
did confidently say.
15 My times are wholly in thine hand;
do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
and persecutors be.
16 Thy countenance to shine do thou
upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
for thy great mercies' sake.
17 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
for on thee call'd I have:

Let wicked men be sham'd, let them
be silent in the grave.
8 To silence put the lying lips,
that grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn,
on righteous men do lay.

9 How great's the goodness thou for
them
that fear thee keep'st in store,
And wrought'st for them that trust in
the sons of men before! [thee

10 In secret of thy presence thou
shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely
as in a tent, them hide. [shalt,

11 All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
for he hath magnify'd
His wondrous love to me within
a city fortify'd.

12 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to
with cries my mean I made. [thee

13 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plentifully
proud doers doth reward.

14 Be of good courage, and he strength
unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
doth on the Lord depend.

PSALM XXXII.

BLESSED is the man to whom
is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath done,
whose sin is covered.

2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit there is no guile,
nor fraud is found therein.

3 When as I did refrain my speech,
and silent was my tongue,
My bones then waxed old, because
I roared all day long.

4 For upon me both day and night
thine hand did heavy lie,
So that my moisture turned is
in summer's drought thereby.

5 I thereupon have unto thee
my sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity
I have not covered:

I will confess unto the Lord
my trespasses, said I;
And of my sin thou freely didst
forgive th' iniquity.

6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
his prayer make to thee;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
as found thou may'st be.

Surely, when floods of waters great
do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
nor once come near to him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou
from trouble keep me free: [shalt

Thou with songs of deliverance
about shalt compass me.

8 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
the way that thou shalt go;
And, with mine eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.

9 Then be not like the horse or mule,
which do not understand;
Whose mouth, lest they come near to
a bridle must command. [thee;

10 Unto the man that wicked is
his sorrows shall abound;
But him that trusteth in the Lord
mercy shall compass round.

11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad;
in him do ye rejoice:
All ye that upright are in heart,
for joy lift up your voice.

PSALM XXXIII.

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
it comely is and right, [voice,
That upright men, with thankful
should praise the Lord of might.

2 Praise God with harp, and unto him
sing with the psaltery;
Upon a ten-string'd instrument
make ye sweet melody.

3 A new song to him sing, and play
with loud noise skilfully;

4 For right is God's word, all his works
are done in verity.

5 To judgment and to righteousness
a love he beareth still;
The loving-kindness of the Lord
the earth throughout doth fill.

6 The heavens by the word of God
did their beginning take;
And by the breathing of his mouth
he all their hosts did make.

7 The waters of the seas he brings
together as an heap;
And in storehouses, as it were,
he layeth up the deep.

8 Let earth, and all that live therein,
with reverence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
dread him with one accord.

9 For he did speak the word, and done
it was without delay;
Established it firmly flood,
whatever he did say.

10 God doth the counsel bring to
nought
which Heathen folk do take;
And what the people do devise
of none effect doth make.

11 O but the counsel of the Lord
doth stand for ever sure;
And of his heart the purposes
from age to age endure.

12 That nation blessed is, whose God
JEHOVAH is, and these
A blessed people are, whom for
his heritage he chose.

13 The Lord from heav'n sees and hea-
all sons of men full well: [holds

14 He views all from his dwelling-place
that in the earth do dwell.

15 He forms their hearts alike, and all
their doings he observes.

16 Great hosts save not a king, much
no mighty man preserves. [strength]

17 An horse for preservation
is a deceitful thing;

And by the greatness of his strength
can no deliverance bring.

18 Behold, on those that do him fear
the Lord doth set his eye;

Ev'n those who on his mercy do
with confidence rely.

19 From death to free their soul, in
life unto them to yield. [dearth]

20 Our soul doth wait upon the Lord;
he is our help and shield.

21 Sith in his holy name we trust,
our heart shall joyful be.

22 Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
as we do hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

GOD will I bless all times; his
praise

my mouth shall still express.

2 My soul shall boast in God: the meek
shall hear with joyfulness.

3 Extol the Lord with me, let us
exalt his name together

4 I sought the Lord, he heard, and did
me from all fears deliver.

5 They look'd to him, and lighten'd
not shamed were their faces. [were:]

6 This poor man cry'd, God heard,
and say'd

Him from all his distresses.

7 The angel of the Lord encamps,
and round encompasseth

All those about that do him fear,
and them delivereth.

8 O taste and see that God is good:
who trusts in him is bless'd.

9 Fear God his pains: none that him
shall be with want oppress'd. [fear]

10 The lions young may hungry be,
and they may lack their food:

But they that truly seek the Lord
shall not lack any good.

11 O children, hither do ye come,
and unto me give ear;

I shall you teach to understand
how ye the Lord should fear.

12 What man is he that life desires,
to see good would live long? [guile]

13 Thy lips refrain from speaking
and from ill words thy tongue

14 Depart from ill, do good, seek
pursue it earnestly. [peace]

15 God's eyes are on the just; his ears
are open to their cry

16 The face of God is set against
those that do wickedly,

That he may quive out from the earth
cut off their memory.

17 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
he unto them gives ear;

And they out of their troubles all
by him deliver'd are.

18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
that be of broken spirit;

To them he safety doth afford
that are in heart contrite.

19 The troubles that afflict the just
in number many be;

But yet at length out of them all
the Lord doth set him free.

20 He carefully his bones doth keep
whatever can befall;

That not so much as one of them
can broken be at all.

21 Ill shall the wicked say; laid waste
shall be who hate the just.

22 The Lord redeems his servant
none perish that him trust. [soul]

PSALM XXXV.

PLEAD, Lord, with those that
plead; and fight

with those that fight with me.

2 Of shield and buckler take thou hold
stand up mine help to be.

3 Draw also out the spear, and do
against them stop the way

That me pursue: unto my soul,
I'm thy salvation, say.

4 Let them confounded be and sham
that for my soul have fought:

Who plot my hurt turn'd back be the
and to confusion brought.

5 Let them be like unto the chaff
that flies before the wind,

And let the angel of the Lord
pursue them hard behind.

6 With darkness cover thou their way
and let it slipp'ry prove;

And let the angel of the Lord
pursue them from above.

7 For without cause have they for us
their net hid in a pit,

They also have without a cause
for my soul digged it.

8 Let ruin seize him unawares;
his net he hid withal

Himself let catch; and in the same
destruction let him fall.

9 My soul in God shall joy; and glia
in his salvation be.

10 And all my bones shall say, O Lord
who is like unto thee,

Which dost the poor set free from him
that is for him too strong;

The poor and needy from the man
that spoils and does him wrong.

11 False witnesses rose; to my char-
things I not new they laid.

12 They, to the spoiling of my soul,
me all for good repaid.

13 But as for me, when they were sic
in a hole both fast I mourn'd:

My humbled soul did fast, my pray'
into my bosom turn'd.

PSALMS XXXVI, XXXVII.

4 Myself I did behave as he
had been my friend or brother;
heavily bow'd down, as one
that mourneth for his mother.

5 But in my trouble they rejoic'd,
gath'ring themselves together;
ea, abjects vile together did
themselves against me gather:
knew it not; they did me tear,
and quiet would not be.

6 With mocking hypocrites, at feasts
they gnash'd their teeth at me.

7 How long, Lord, look'st thou on
from those
destructions they intend
before my soul, from lions young
my darling do defend.

8 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
within th' assembly great;
and where much people gather'd are
thy praises forth will set.

9 Let not my wrongful enemies
proudly rejoice o'er me;
for who me hate without a cause,
let them wink with the eye.

10 For peace they do not speak at all;
but crafty plots prepare
against all those within the land
that meek and quiet are.

11 With mouths set wide, they 'gainst
Ha, ha! our eye doth see. [me said,
12 Lord, thou hast seen, hold not thy
Lord, be not far from me. [peace:
13 Stir up thyself; wake, that thou
judgment to me afford, [may'st
be'n to my cause, O thou that art
my only God and Lord.

14 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
after thy righteousness;
and let them not their joy 'gainst me
triumphantly express:

15 Nor let them say within their
Ah, we would have it thus; [hearts,
Nor suffer them to say, that he
is swallow'd up by us.

16 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that at my hurt are glad;
let those against me that do boast
with shame and scorn be clad.

17 Let them that love my righteous
be glad, shout, and not cease [cause
To say, The Lord be magnify'd,
who loves his servant's peace.

18 Thy righteousness shall also be
declared by my tongue;
the praises that belong to thee
speak shall it all day long.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE wicked man's transgression
within my heart thus says,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
is not before his eyes.

2 Because himself he flattereth
in his own blinded eye,
until the hatefulnes be found
of his iniquity.

3 Words from his mouth proceeding
fraud and iniquity: [are,
He to be wise, and to do good,
hath left off utterly.

4 He mischief, lying on his bed,
most cunningly doth plot:
He sets himself in ways not good,
ill he abhorreth not.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;
thy truth doth reach the clouds:
6 Thy justice is like mountains great;
thy judgments deep as floods:
Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
men's sons their trust shall place.

8 They with the fatness of thy house
shall be well satisfy'd;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
wilt drink to them provide.

9 Becau' of life the fountain pure
remains alone with thee;
And in that purest light of thine
we clearly light shall see.

10 Thy loving-kindness unto them
continue that thee know;
And still on men upright in heart
thy righteousness bestow.

11 Let not the foot of cruel pride
come, and against me stand;
And let me not removed be,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.

12 There fall'n are they, and ruin'd,
that work iniquities:
Cast down they are, and never shall
be able to arise.

PSALM XXXVII.

FOR evil-doers fret thou not
thyself unquietly;
Nor do thou envy bear to those
that work iniquity.

2 For, even like unto the grass,
soon be cut down shall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
they wither shall away.

3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
and be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
and verily have food.

4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
thine heart's desire to thee.

5 Thy way to God commit, him trust;
it bring to pass shall he.

6 And, like unto the light, he shall
thy righteousness display;
And he thy judgment shall bring forth
like noon-tide of the day.

7 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
wait for him: do not fret
For him who, prosp'ring in his way,
success in sin doth get.

8 Do thou from anger cease, and wrath
see thou forsake also:
Fret not thyself in any wise,
that evil thou should'st do.

9 For those that evil-doers are
shall be cut off and fall:
But those that wait upon the Lord
the earth inherit shall.

10 For yet a little while, and then
the wicked shall not be;
His place thou shalt consider well,
but it thou shalt not see.

11 But by inheritance the earth
the meek ones shall possess:
They also shall delight themselves
in an abundant peace.

12 The wicked plots against the just,
and at him whets his teeth:
13 The Lord shall laugh at him, be-
his day he coming seeth. [cause
14 The wicked have drawn out the
sword,
and bent their bow, to slay
The poor and needy, and to kill
men of an upright way.

15 But their own sword, which they
have drawn,
shall enter their own heart:
Their bows which they have bent shall
and into pieces part. [break,
16 A little that a just man hath
is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many such
as lewd and wicked are.

17 For sinners' arms shall broken be;
but God the just sustains.

18 God knows the just man's days,
their heritage remains. [and still
19 They shall not be ashamed when
the evil time do see; [they
And when the days of famine are
they satisfy'd shall be.

20 But wicked men, and foes of God,
as fat of lambs, decay;
They shall consume, yea, into smoke
they shall consume away.

21 The wicked borrows, but the same
again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy shews,
and gives his own away.

22 For such as blessed be of him
the earth inherit shall;
And they that cursed are of him
shall be destroyed all.

23 A good man's footsteps by the Lord
are ordered aright;
And in the way wherein he walks
he greatly doth delight.

24 Although he fall, yet shall he not
be cast down utterly;
Because the Lord with his own hand
upholds him mightily.

25 I have been young, and now am
yet have I never seen [old,
The just man left, nor that his seed
for bread have beggars been.

26 He's ever merciful, and lends:
his seed is blest'd therefore.

27 Depart from evil, and do good,
and dwell for evermore.

28 For God loves judgment, and it
leaves not in any case; [tain
They are kept ever: but cut off
shall be the sinner's race.

29 The just inherit shall the land,
and ever in it dwell:

30 The just man's mouth doth w
dom speak;
his tongue doth judgment tell.

31 In's heart the law is of his God,
his steps slide not away.

32 The wicked man doth watch t
and seeketh him to slay. [ju

33 Yet him the Lord will not forsak
nor leave him in his hands:
The righteous will be not condemn
when he in judgment stands.

34 Wait on the Lord, and keep t
and thee exalt shall he [wa
Th' earth to inherit; when cut off
the wicked thou shalt see.

35 I saw the wicked great in pow'r
spread like a green bay-tree:

36 He pass'd, yea, was not; him
but found he could not be. [fough

37 Mark thou the perfect, and beho
the man of uprightness;
Because that surely of this man
the latter end is peace.

38 But those men that transgresso
shall be destroy'd together; [a
The latter end of wicked men
shall be cut off for ever.

39 But the salvation of the just
is from the Lord above;
He in the time of their distress
their stay and strength doth prove

40 The Lord shall help, and them d
he shall them free and save [lives
From wicked men; because in him
their confidence they have.

PSALM XXXVIII.

IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand,
in thy displeasure hot.

2 For in me fast thine arrows stick,
thine hand doth press me fore:

3 And in my flesh there is no health
nor soundness any more.

This grief I have, because thy wrath
is forth against me gone;
And in my bones there is no rest,
for sin that I have done.

4 Because gone up above mine head
my great transgressions be;
And, as a weighty burden, they
too heavy are for me.

5 My wounds do stink, and are con
my folly makes it so. [rupt

6 I troubled am, and much bow
all day I mourning go. [down

7 For a disease that loathsome is
so fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
no soundness doth remain.

So feeble and infirm am I,
and broken am so sore,
hat, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.
O Lord, all that I do desire
is still before thine eye;
and of my heart the secret groans
not hidden are from thee.

O My heart doth pant incessantly,
my strength doth quite decay;
as for mine eyes, their wonted light
is from me gone away.

I My lovers and my friends do stand
at distance from my fore;
and those do stand aloof that were
kinsmen and kind before.

2 Yea, they that seek my life lay
who seek to do me wrong [snares
peak things mischievous, and deceits
imagine all day long.

3 But, as one deaf, that heareth not,
I suffer'd all to pass;
as a dumb man did become,
whose mouth not open'd was:

4 As one that hears not, in whose
ears are no reproofs at all. [mouth

5 For, Lord, I hope in thee; my God,
thou'lt hear me when I call.

6 For I said, Hear me, lest they
should

rejoice o'er me with pride;
and o'er me magnify themselves,
when as my foot doth slide.

7 For I am near to halt, my grief
is still before mine eye:

8 For I'll declare my sin, and grieve
for mine iniquity.

9 But yet mine enemies lively are,
and strong are they beside;
And they that hate me wrongfully
are greatly multiply'd.

10 And they for good that render ill,
as enemies me withstood;

11 Yea, ev'n for this, because that I
do follow what is good.

12 Forsake me not, O Lord; my God,
far from me never be.

13 O Lord, thou my salvation art,
haste to give help to me.

PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will look to my ways,
I left with my tongue I sin:

In sight of wicked men my mouth
with bridle I'll keep in.

2 With silence I as dumb became,
I did myself refrain

From speaking good; but then the
increased was my pain. [more

3 My heart within me waxed hot;
and, while I musing was,

The fire did burn; and from my tongue
these words I did let pass:

4 Mine end, and measure of my days,
O Lord, unto me show

What is the same; that I thereby
my frailty well may know.

5 Lo, thou my days an handbreadth
mine age is in thine eye [mad'st;
As nothing: sure each man at best
is wholly vanity.

6 Sure each man walks in a vain show;
they vex themselves in vain:

He heaps up wealth, and doth not
to whom it shall pertain. [know

7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for!
my hope is fix'd on thee.

8 Free me from all my trespasses,
the fool's scorn make not me.

9 Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
because this work was thine.

10 Thy stroke take from me; by the
of thine hand I do pine. [blow

11 When with rebukes thou dost cor-
man for iniquity, [reth

Thou wastes his beauty like a moth:
sure each man's vanity.

12 Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears
and pray'rs not silent be:

I sojourn as my fathers all,
and stranger am with thee.

13 O spare thou me, that I my strength
recover may again,

Before from hence I do depart,
and here no more remain.

PSALM XL.

I WAITED for the Lord my God,
and patiently did bear;

At length to me he did incline
my voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
and from the miry clay,

And on a rock he set my feet,
establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
our God to magnify:

Many shall see it, and shall fear,
and on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
upon the Lord relies;

Respecting not the proud, nor such
as turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord my God, full many are
the wonders thou hast done;

Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
above all thoughts are gone:

In order none can reckon them
to thee: if them declare,

And speak of them I would, they more
than can be number'd are.

6 No sacrifice nor offering
didst thou at all desire;

Mine ears thou bor'd: sin-off'ring thou
and burnt didst not require;

7 Then to the Lord these were my
I come, behold and see; [words,

Within the volume of the book
it written is of me:

8 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;

Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.

9 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach:
10 Lo, thou dost know, O Lord, that I
refrain'd not my speech.
10 I never did within my heart
conceal thy righteousness;
11 thy salvation have declar'd,
and shown thy faithfulness:
Thy kindness, which most loving is,
conceal'd have not I,
Nor from the congregation great
have hid thy verity.
11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from
O do thou not restrain; [me
Thy loving-kindness, and thy truth,
let them me still maintain.
12 For ills past reck'ning compass me,
and mine iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift mine eyes:
They more than hairs are on mine
thence is my heart dismay'd. [head,
13 Be pleas'd, Lord, to rescue me;
Lord, hasten to mine aid.
14 Sham'd and confounded be they all
that seek my soul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
and sham'd, that wish me ill.
15 For a reward of this their shame
confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha! to me.
16 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
who seeking thee abide;
Who thy salvation love, say still,
The Lord be magnify'd.
17 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
of me a care doth take:
Thou art my help and saviour,
my God, no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

BLESSED is he that wisely doth
the poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
the Lord will him deliver.
2 God will him keep, yea, save alive;
on earth he bless'd shall live;
And to his enemies' desire
thou wilt him not up give.
3 God will give strength when he on
of languishing doth mourn; [bed
And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
thou all his bed wilt turn.
4 I said, O Lord, do thou extend
thy mercy unto me;
O do thou heal my soul; for why?
I have offended thee.
5 Those that to me are enemies,
of me do evil say,
When shall he die, that so his name
may perish quite away?
6 To see me if he comes, he speaks
vain words: but then his heart
Keeps mischief to it, which he tells,
when forth he doth depart

7 My haters jointly whispering,
'gainst me my hurt devise.
8 Mischief, say they, cleaves fast
he li'eth, and shall not rise. [him
9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend
on whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
against me lifted high.
10 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
and up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
according to their ways.
11 By this I know that certainly
I favour'd am by thee;
Because my hateful enemy
triumphs not over me.
12 But as for me, thou me uphold'
in mine integrity;
And me before thy countenance
thou sett'st continually.
13 The Lord, the God of Israel,
be bless'd for ever then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XLII.

LIKE as the hart for water-brook
in thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
that come to thee I may.
2 My soul for God, the living God,
doth thirst: when shall I near
unto thy countenance approach,
and in God's sight appear?
3 My tears have unto me been meat
both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.
4 My soul is poured out in me,
when this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:
With them into God's house I went
with voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
the solemn holy days.
5 O why art thou cast down, my soul
why in me so dismay'd?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet
his countenance is mine aid.
6 My God, my soul's cast down in me
thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
and ev'n from Mizar hill.
7 At the noise of thy water-sprouts
deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
yea, and thy billows all.
8 His loving-kindness yet the Lord
command will in the day,
His song's with me by night; to God,
by whom I live, I'll pray:
9 And I will say to God my rock,
Why me forgett'st thou so?
Why, for my foes' oppression,
thus mourning do I go?
10 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
when my foes me upbraid;

Ev'n when by them, Where is thy
'tis daily to me said. [God?]

11 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
why, thus with grief oppress,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest:

For yet I know I shall him praise,
who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
yea, mine own God is he.

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my
against th' ungodly nation; [cause
from the unjust and crafty man,
O be thou my salvation.

For thou the God art of my strength;
why thrusts thou me thee fro' i
for th' enemy's oppression
why do I mourning go?

O send thy light forth and thy truth;
let them be guides to me,
and bring me to thine holy hill,
ev'n where thy dwellings be.

Then will I to God's altar go,
to God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
my harp I will employ.

Why art thou then cast down, my
what should discourage thee? [soul?
And why with vexing thoughts art
disquieted in me? [thou
still trust in God; for him to praise.
good cause I yet shall have:
He of my countenance is the health,
my God that doth me save.

PSALM XLIV.

O GOD, we with our ears have heard,
our fathers have us told,
What works thou in their days hadst
ev'n in the days of old. [done,

Thy hand did drive the Heathen out,
and plant them in their place;
Thou didst afflict the nations,
but them thou didst increase.

For neither got their sword the land,
nor did their arm them save;
But thy right hand, arm, countenance;
for thou them favour gave.

Thou art my King: for Jacob, Lord,
deliv'rances command.
Thro' thee we shall push down our
that do against us stand: [foes,

Ye, thro' thy name, shall tread down
that ris'n against us have. [those
For in my bow I shall not trust,
nor shall my sword me save.
But from our foes thou hast us sav'd,
our naters put to shame.

In God we all the day do boast,
and ever praise thy name.

But now we are cast off by thee,
and us thou putt'st to shame;
and when our armies do go forth,
thou go'st not with the same.
O Thou mak'st us from the enemy,
as at-hearted, to turn back;

And they who hate us for themselves
our spoils away do take.

11 Like sheep for meat thou gavest us;
'mong Heathen cast we be.

12 Thou didst for nought thy people
their price enrich'd not thee. [sell;

13 Thou mak'st us a reproach to be
unto our neighbours near;
Derision and a scorn to them
that round about us are.

14 A by-word also thou dost us
among the Heathen make;
The people, in contempt and spite,
at us their heads do shake.

15 Before me my confusion
continually abides;
And of my bashful countenance
the shame me ever hides:

16 For voice of him that doth ree
and speaketh blasphemy; [preach,
By reason of th' avenging foe,
and cruel enemy.

17 All this is come on us, yet we
have not forgotten thee;
Nor falsely in thy covenant
behav'd ourselves have we.

18 Back from thy way our heart not
turn'd;

our steps no straying made; [place,
19 Though us thou brak'st in dragons'
and cover'dst with death's shade.

20 If we God's name forgot, or
stretch'd

to a strange god our hands,
21 Shall not God search this out? for
heart's secrets understands. [he

22 Yea, for thy sake we're kill'd all
counted as slaughter-sheep. [day,

23 Rise, Lord, cast us not ever off;
awake, why dost thou sleep?

24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face?
forgett'st our cause distress'd,

25 And our oppression? For our soul
is to the dust down press'd:

Our belly also on the earth
fast cleaving, hold doth take.

26 Rise for our help, and us redeem,
ev'n for thy mercies' sake.

PSALM XLV.

MY heart brings forth a goodly
my words that I indite [thing:
Concern the King: my tongue's a pen
of one that swift doth write.

2 Thou fairer art than sons of men:
into thy lips is store
Of grace infus'd; God therefore thee
hath bless'd for evermore.

3 O thou that art the mighty One,
thy sword gird on thy thigh;
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
and with thy majesty.

4 For meekness truth, and righte-
in state ride prosperously; [cousness,
And thy right hand shall thee instruct
in things that fearful be.

- 5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the
of th' enemies of the King; [heart
And under thy subjection
the people down do bring.
- 6 For ever and for ever is,
O God, thy throne of might;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
a sceptre that is right.
- 7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
for God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.
- 8 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
a smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.
- 9 Among thy women honourable
kings' daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
in gold of Ophir stand.
- 10 O daughter, hearken and regard,
and do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father's house,
and people that are thine.
- 11 Then of the King desir'd shall be
thy beauty veh'mently:
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
him worship reverently.
- 12 The daughter there of Tyre shall
with gifts and offerings great: [be
Those of the people that are rich
thy favour shall entreat.
- 13 Behold, the daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.
- 14 She shall be brought unto the King
in robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following
shall unto thee be brought.
- 15 They shall be brought with gladness
and mirth on ev'ry side, [great,
Into th' palace of the King,
and there they shall abide.
- 16 In stead of those thy fathers dear,
thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.
- 17 Thy name remember'd I will make
through ages all to be:
The people therefore evermore
shall praises give to thee.

Another of the same.

My heart inditing is
good matter in a song:
I speak the things that I have made,
which to the King belong:
My tongue shall be as quick,
his honour to indite.
As is the pen of any scribe
that useth fast to write.

3 Thou'rt fairest of all men;
grace in thy lips doth flow:
And therefore blessings evermore
on thee doth God bestow,

- 3 Thy sword gird on thy thigh,
thou that art most of might:
Appear in dreadful majesty,
and in thy glory bright.
- 4 For meekness, truth, and right,
ride prosp'rously in state;
And thy right hand shall teach to the
things terrible and great.
- 5 Thy shafts shall pierce their heart
that foes are to the King;
Whereby into subjection
the people thou shalt bring.
- 6 Thy royal seat, O Lord,
for ever shall remain:
The sceptre of thy kingdom doth
all righteousness maintain.
- 7 Thou lov'st right, and hat'st ill;
for God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
of joy anointed thee.
- 8 Of myrrh and spices sweet
a smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
whereby they made thee glad.
- 9 And in thy glorious train
kings' daughters waiting stand;
And thy fair queen in Ophir gold,
doth stand at thy right hand.
- 10 O daughter, take good heed,
incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
and father's house most dear.
- 11 Thy beauty to the King
shall then delightful be
And do thou humbly worship him,
because thy Lord is he.
- 12 The daughter then of Tyro
there with a gift shall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
shall make their suit to thee.
- 13 The daughter of the King
all glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
her garments wrought have been.
- 14 She cometh to the King
in robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
shall unto thee be brought.
- 15 They shall be brought with joy,
and mirth on ev'ry side,
Into the palace of the King,
and there they shall abide.
- 16 And in thy fathers' stead,
thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
them noble princes make.
- 17 I will shew forth thy name
to generations all:
Therefore the people evermore
to thee give praises shall.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and our strength
in straits present aid;
2 Therefore, although the earth
we will not be afraid; [mov

ough hills amidst the seas be cast;
3 Though waters roaring make,
and troubled be; yea, tho' the hills
by swelling seas do shake.

A river is, whose streams do glad
the city of our God;
the holy place, wherein the Lord
most high hath his abode.
God in the midst of her doth dwell;
nothing shall her remove:
the Lord to her an helper will,
and that right early, prove.

The Heathen rag'd tumultuously,
the kingdom moved were:
the Lord God uttered his voice,
the earth did melt for fear.
The Lord of hosts upon our side
doth constantly remain:
the God of Jacob's our refuge,
is safely to maintain.

Come, and behold what wondrous
works
have by the Lord been wrought;
see what desolations
he on the earth hath brought.
Into the ends of all the earth
vars into peace he turns:
the bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
a fire the chariot burns.

Be still, and know that I am God;
among the Heathen I
will be exalted; I on earth
will be exalted high.
Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
is still upon our side;
the God of Jacob our refuge
for ever will abide.

PSALM XLVII.

ALL people, clap your hands; to God
with voice of triumph shout:
for dreadful is the Lord most high,
great King the earth throughout.
The Heathen people under us
surely shall subdue;
and he shall make the nations
under our feet to bow.

The lot of our inheritance
hooft out for us shall be,
Jacob, whom he loved well,
v'n the excellency.
led is with shouts gone up, the Lord
with trumpets sounding high.
sing praise to God, sing praise, sing
raise to our King sing ye. [praise,

for God is King of all the earth;
with knowledge praise express.
God rules the nations: God sits on
his throne of holiness.
The princes of the people are
flembled willingly;
n of the God of Abraham
hey who the people be.

why? the shields that do defend
the earth are only his:
ey to the Lord belong; yea, he
alted greatly is.

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
upon his holy hill.

2 Mount Zion stands most beautiful,
the joy of all the land,
the city of the mighty King
on her north side doth stand.

3 The Lord within her palaces
is for a refuge known.

4 For, lo, the kings that gather'd were
together, by have gone.

5 But when they did behold the same,
they, wond'ring, would not stay;
But, being troubled at the sight,
they thence did haste away.

6 Great terror there took hold on them,
they were possess'd with fear;
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
when she a child doth bear.

7 Thou Tarshish ships with east wind
8 As we have heard it told, [break?]
So, in the city of the Lord,
our eyes did it behold;

In our God's city, which his hand
for ever stablish will.

9 We of thy loving-kindness thought,
Lord, in thy temple still.

10 O Lord, according to thy name,
through all the earth's thy praise;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
of righteousness always.

11 Because thy judgments are made
let Zion mount rejoice; [known,
Of Judah let the daughters all
send forth a cheerful voice.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round;
the high tow'rs thereof tell;

13 Consider ye her palaces,
and mark her bulwarks well;

That ye may tell posterity.

14 For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; he will
ev'n unto death us guide.

PSALM XLIX.

HEAR this, all people, and give ear,
all in the world that dwell;

2 Both low and high, both rich and

3 My mouth shall wisdom tell: [poor,
My heart shall knowledge meditate.

4 I will incline mine ear
To parables, and on the harp
my sayings dark declare.

5 Amidst those days that evil be,
why should I, fearing, doubt?

When of my heels th' iniquity
shall compass me about.

6 Whoe'er they be that in their wealth
their confidence do pitch,
And boast themselves, because they are
become exceeding rich

7 Yet none of these his brother can
redeem by any way;

Nor can he unto God for him
sufficient ransom pay,

- 8 Their soul's redemption precious is,
and it can never be.)
9 That still he should for ever live,
and not corruption see.
- 10 For why? he seeth that wise men
and brutish fools also [die.
Do perish; and their wealth, when
to others they let go. [dead.
- 11 Their inward thought is, that their
and dwelling-places shall [house
Stand through all ages; they their lands
by their own names do call
- 12 But yet in honour shall not man
abide continually;
But passing hence, may be compar'd
unto the beasts that die
- 13 Thus brutish folly plainly is
their wisdom and their way;
Yet their posterity approve
what they do fondly say.
- 14 Like sheep they in the grave are
and death shall them devour; [laid,
And in the morning upright men
shall over them have pow'r.
Their beauty from their dwelling shall
consume within the grave
- 15 But from hell's hand God will me
for he shall me receive. [free,
- 16 Be thou not then afraid when one
enriched thou dost see,
Nor when the glory of his house
advanced is on high:
- 17 For he shall carry nothing hence
when death his days doth end;
Nor shall his glory after him
into the grave descend.
- 18 Although he his own soul did bless
 whilst he on earth did live;
[And when thou to thyself dost well,
men will thee praises give;]
- 19 He to his fathers' race shall go,
they never shall see light.
- 20 Man honour'd wanting knowledge
like beasts that perish quite. [is

PSALM L.

- T**HE mighty God, the Lord,
hath spoken, and did call
The earth, from rising of the sun,
to where he hath his fall.
- 2 From out of Sion hill,
which of excellency
And beauty the perfection is,
God shined gloriously.
- 3 Our God shall surely come,
keep silence shall not he:
Before him fire shall waste, great
shall round about him be. [flame
- 4 Unto the heavens clear
he from above shall call,
And to the earth likewise, that he
may judge his people all.
- 5 Together let my saints
unto me gather'd be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
a covenant with me.

- 6 And then the heavens shall
his righteousness declare:
Because the Lord himself is he
by whom men judged are.
- 7 My people Iſr'el hear,
speak will I from on high,
Against thee I wilt testify:
God, ev'n thy God, am I.
- 8 I for thy sacrifice
no blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt-off'rings, which to
thou offer'dst ev'ry day.
- 9 I'll take no calf nor goats
from house or fold of thine:
- 10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
on thousand hills, are mine
- 11 The fowls on mountains high
are all to me well known;
Wild beasts which in the fields do
ev'n they are all mine own.
- 12 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee;
Because the world, and fulness all
thereof, belongs to me
- 13 Will I eat flesh of bulls?
or goats' blood drink will I?
- 14 Thanks offer thou to God, and
thy vows to the most High.
- 15 And call upon me when
in trouble thou shalt be;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name shalt glorify.
- 16 But to the wicked man
God saith, My laws and truth,
Should'st thou declare? how d
thou take
my cov'nant in thy mouth?
- 17 Sith thou instruction hat'st,
which should thy ways direct;
And sith my words behind thy be
then cast'st, and dost reject.
- 18 When thou a thief didst see,
with him thou didst consent;
And with the vile adulterers
partaker on thou went.
- 19 Thou giv'st thy mouth to ill,
thy tongue deceit doth frame;
- 20 Thou sitt'st, and 'gainst thy
ther speak'st.
thy mother's son dost shame.
- 21 Because I silence kept,
whilest thou these things hast wrou
That I was altogether like
thyself, hath been thy thought:
- Yet I will thee reprove,
and set before thine eyes,
In order ranked, thy misdeeds,
and thine iniquities.
- 22 Now ye that God forget,
this carefully consider:
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
and none can you deliver.
- 23 Whoso doth offer praise
me glorifies; and I
Will shew him God's salvation,
that orders right his way.

Another of the same.

THE mighty God, the Lord, hath spoke,
and call'd the earth upon,
By'n from the rising of the sun
unto his going down.
2 From out of Sion, his own hill,
where the perfection high
Of beauty is, from thence the Lord
hath shined gloriously.
3 Our God shall come, and shall no
be silent, but speak out: [more
Before him fire shall waste, great
shall compass him about. [storms
4 He to the heavens from above,
and to the earth below,
Shall call, that he his judgments may
before his people show.
5 Let all my saints together be
unto me gathered;
Those that by sacrifice with me
a covenant have made.
6 And then the heavens shall declare
his righteousness abroad:
Because the Lord himself doth come;
none else is judge but God.
7 Hear, O my people, and I'll speak;
O Israel by name,
Against thee I will testify;
God, ev'n thy God, I am.
8 I for thy sacrifices few
reprove thee never will,
Nor for burnt-off'rings to have been
before me offer'd still.
9 I'll take no bullock nor he-goats
from house nor folds of thine:
10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
on thousand hills, are mine.
11 The fowls are all to me well known
that mountains high do yield;
And I do challenge as mine own
the wild beasts of the field.
12 If I were hungry, I would not
to thee for need complain;
For earth, and all its fulness, doth
to me of right pertain.
13 That I to eat the flesh of bulls
take pleasure dost thou think?
Or that I need, to quench my thirst,
the blood of goats to drink?
14 Nay, rather unto me, thy God,
thanksgiving offer thou:
To the most High perform thy word,
and fully pay thy vow:
15 And in the day of trouble great
see that thou call on me;
I will deliver thee, and thou
my name shalt glorify.
16 But God unto the wicked faith,
Why should'st thou mention make
Of my commands? how dar'st thou in
thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 Sith it is so that thou dost hate
all good instruction;
And sith thou cast'st behind thy back,
and slight'st my words each one.

18 When thou a thief didst see, thou
straight
thou join'dst with him in sin,
And with the vile adulterers
thou hast partaker been.
19 Thy mouth to evil thou dost give,
thy tongue deceit doth frame.
20 Thou sitt'st, and 'gainst thy bro-
ther speak'st,
thy mother's son to shame.
21 These things thou wickedly hast
and I have silent been: [done,
Thou thought'st that I was like thy-
and did approve thy sin: [self,
But I will sharply thee reprove,
and I will order right
Thy sins and thy transgressions
in presence of thy sight.
22 Consider this, and be afraid,
ye that forget the Lord,
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
when none can help afford.
23 Who off'r'st praise me glorifies:
I will shew God's salvation
To him that ordereth aright
his life and conversation.

PSALM LI.

AFTER thy loving-kindness, Lord,
have mercy upon me:
For thy compassion's great, blot out
all mine iniquity.
2 Me cleanse from sin, and thoroughly
from mine iniquity: [wash
3 For my transgressions I confess;
my sin I ever see.
4 'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd,
in thy sight done this ill;
That when thou speak'st thou may'st
and clear in judging still. [be just,
Behold, I in iniquity
was form'd the womb within;
My mother also me conceiv'd
in guiltiness and sin.
5 Behold, thou in the inward parts
with truth delighted art;
And wisdom thou shalt make me know
within the hidden part.
6 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansed so;
Yea, wash thou me, and then I shall
be whiter than the snow.
7 Of gladness and of joyfulness
make me to hear the voice;
That so these very bones which thou
hast broken may rejoice.
8 All mine iniquities blot out,
thy face hide from my sin.
9 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
a right sp'rit me within.
10 Cast me not from thy sight, nor
thy Holy Sp'rit away. [take
11 Restore me thy salvation's joy;
with thy free Sp'rit me stay.
12 Then will I teach thy ways unto
those that transgressors be;
And those that sinners are shall then
be turned unto thee.

14 O God, of my salvation God,
me from blood-guiltiness
set free; then shall my tongue aloud
sing of thy righteousness.
15 My closed lips, O Lord, by thee
let them be opened;
Then shall thy praises by my mouth
abroad be published.
16 For thou desirest not sacrifice,
else would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
at all delighted be.
17 A broken spirit is to God
a pleasing sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.
18 Shew kindness, and do good, O
to Sion, thine own hill: [Lord,
The walls of thy Jerusalem
build up of thy good will. [please,
19 Then righteous offerings shall thee
and offerings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-offerings, and with
shall on thine altar lay. [calves,

PSALM LII.

WHY dost thou boast, O mighty
of mischief and of ill? [man,
The goodness of Almighty God
endureth ever still.
2 Thy tongue mischievous calumnies
deviseeth subtilly,
Like to a razor sharp to cut,
working deceitfully.
3 Ill more than good, and more than
thou lovest to speak wrong. [truth
4 Thou lovest all-devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue
5 So God shall thee destroy for aye,
remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy house, out of the land
of life he shall thee root.
6 The righteous shall it see, and fear,
and laugh at him they shall:
7 Lo, this the man is that did not
make God his strength at all:
But he in his abundant wealth
his confidence did place;
And he took strength unto himself
from his own wickedness
8 But I am in the house of God
like to an olive green:
My confidence for ever hath
upon God's mercy been
9 And I for ever will thee praise,
because thou hast done this:
I on thy name will wait; for good
before thy saints it is.

PSALM LIII

THAT there is not a God, the fool
doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are vile,
no one of them doeth good.
2 The Lord upon the sons of men
from heaven doth cast his eyes,
To see if any one there was
that sought God, and was wise.

3 They altogether filthy are,
they all are backward gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
no, not so much as one.
4 These workers of iniquity,
do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
and on God do not call?
5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and
with trembling, all dismay'd, [shock
Whereas there was no cause at all
why they should be afraid:
For God his bones that thee besieg'd
hath scatter'd all abroad;
Thou hast confounded them, for they
despised are of God.
6 Let Israel's help from Sion come:
when back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
and Israel shall sing.

PSALM LIV.

SAVE me, O God, by thy great name
and judge me by thy strength.
2 My prayer hear, O God; give ear
unto my words at length
3 For they that strangers are to me
do up against me rise;
Oppressors seek my soul, and God
set not before their eyes.
4 The Lord my God my helper is,
lo, therefore I am bold:
He taketh part with ev'ry one
that doth my soul uphold.
5 Unto mine enemies he shall
mischief and ill repay:
O for thy truth's sake cut them off,
and sweep them clean away.
6 I will a sacrifice to thee
give with free willingness:
Thy name, O Lord, because 'tis good,
with praise I will confess.
7 For he hath me delivered
from all adversities;
And his desire mine eye hath seen
upon mine enemies.

PSALM LV.

LORD, hear my pray'r, hide not thy
from my entreating voice: [self
2 Attend and hear me; in my plaint
I mourn and make a noise.
3 Because of th' enemy's voice, and for
lewd men's oppression great:
On me they cast iniquity,
and they in wrath me hate
4 Sore pain'd within me is my heart,
death's terrors on me fall.
5 On me comes trembling, fear and
overwhelmed me withal. [dread
6 O that I, like a dove, had wings,
said I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
where I in rest might be
7 Lo then far off I wander would,
and in the desert stay;
8 From windy storm and tempest I
would haste to 'scape away.

1 O Lord, on them destruction bring,
and do their tongues divide;
For in the city violence
and strife I have espy'd.

10 They day and night upon the walls
do go about it round:
There mischief is, and sorrow there
in midst of it is found.

11 Abundant wickedness there is
within her inward part;
And from her streets deceitfulness
and guile do not depart.

12 He was no foe that me reproach'd,
then that endure I could;
Nor hater that did 'gainst me boast,
from him me hide I would.

13 But thou, man, who mine equal,
and mine acquaintance wast: [guide,
14 We join'd sweet counsels, to God's
in company we past. [house

15 Let death upon them seize, and
let them go quick to hell; [down
For wickedness doth much abound
among them where they dwell.

16 I'll call on God: God will me save.
17 I'll pray, and make a noise
At ev'ning, morning, and at noon;
and he shall hear my voice.

18 He hath my soul delivered,
that it in peace might be
From battle that against me was;
for many were with me.

19 The Lord shall hear, and them af-
of old who hath abode: [sist,
because they never changes have,
therefore they fear not God.

20 'Gainst those that were at peace
with him

he hath put forth his hand:
The covenant that he had made,
by breaking he profan'd.

21 More smooth than butter were his
while in his heart was war; [words,
his speeches were more soft than oil,
and yet drawn swords they are.

22 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
and he shall thee sustain;
Yea, he shall cause the righteous man
unmoved to remain.

3 But thou, O Lord my God, those
in justice shalt o'erthrow, [men
And in destruction's dungeon dark
at last shalt lay them low:

the bloody and deceitful men
shall not live half their days:
but upon thee with confidence
I will depend always.

PSALM LVI.

1 HEW mercy, Lord, to me, for man
would swallow me outright;
He me oppresseth, while he doth
against me daily fight.
They daily would me swallow up
that hate me spitefully;
or they be many that do fight
against me, O most High.

3 When I'm afraid I'll trust in thee:

4 In God I'll praise his word;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
my trust is in the Lord.

5 Each day they wrest my words; their
'gainst me are all for ill. [thoughts

6 They meet, they lurk, they mark
waiting my soul to kill. [my steps,

7 But shall they by iniquity
escape thy judgments too?

8 God, with indignation down
do thou the people throw. [been

8 My wand'rings all what they have
thou know'st, their number took;

Into thy bottle put my tears:
are they not in thy book?

9 My foes shall, when I cry, turn back;
I know't, God is for me.

10 In God his word I'll praise; his
in God shall praised be. [word

11 In God I trust; I will not fear
what man can do to me.

12 Thy vows upon me are, O God;
I'll render praise to thee.

13 Wilt thou not, who from death me
my feet from falls keep free, [sav'd,
To walk before God in the light
of those that living be?

PSALM LVII.

1 BE merciful to me, O God;
thy mercy unto me

Do thou extend; because my soul
doth put her trust in thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
my refuge I will place,

Until these sad calamities
do wholly overpass.

2 My cry I will cause to ascend
unto the Lord most high;

To God, who doth all things for me
perform most perfectly.

3 From heav'n he shall send down,
from his reproach defend [and me
That would devour me: God his truth
and mercy forth shall send.

4 My soul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,

Men's sons, whose teeth are spears
and darts,

a sharp sword is their tongue.

5 Be thou exalted very high
above the heav'ns, O God;

Let thou thy glory be advanc'd
o'er all the earth abroad.

6 My soul's bow'd down; for they a
have laid, my steps to snare: [net
Into the pit which they have digg'd
for me, they fallen are.

7 My heart is fix'd, my heart is fix'd,
O God; I'll sing and praise.

8 My glory wake; wake psalm's,
myself I'll early raise. [harp;

9 I'll praise thee 'mong the people;
'mong nations sing will I: [Lord;

10 For great to heav'n thy mercy is,
thy truth is to the sky.

11 O Lord, exalted be thy name
above the heav'ns to stand :
Do thou thy glory far advance
above both sea and land.

PSALM LVIII.

DO ye, O congregation,
indeed speak righteousness?
O ye that are the sons of men,
judge ye with uprightness?
2 Yea, ev'n within your very hearts
ye wickedness have done;
And ye the violence of your hands
do weigh the earth upon.
3 The wicked men estranged are,
ev'n from the very womb;
They, speaking lies, do stray as soon
as to the world they come.
4 Unto a serpent's poison like
their poison doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
that closely stops her ear;
5 That so she may not hear the voice
of one that charm her would,
No, not though he most cunning were,
and charm most wisely could.
6 Their teeth, O God, within their
break thou in pieces small; [mouth
The great teeth break thou out; O
of these young lions all. [Lord,
7 Let them like waters melt away,
which downward still do flow;
In pieces cut his arrows all,
when he shall bend his bow.
8 Like to a snail that melts away,
let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
they never see the sun.
9 He shall them take away before
your pots the thorns can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
as with a stormy wind.
10 The righteous, when he vengeance
he shall be joyful then; [fees.
The righteous one shall wash his feet
in blood of wicked men.
11 So men shall say, The righteous
reward shall never miss: [man
And verily upon the earth
a God to judge there is.

PSALM LIX.

MY God, deliver me from those
that are mine enemies;
And do thou me defend from those
that up against me rise.
2 Do thou deliver me from them
that work iniquity;
And give me safety from the men
of bloody cruelty.
3 For, lo, they for my soul lay wait:
the mighty do combine
Against me, Lord; not for my fault,
nor any sin of mine.
4 They run, and, without fault in me,
themselves do ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help;
and do thou notice take.

5 Awake therefore, Lord God of hosts,
thou God of Israel,
To visit Heathen all: spare none
that wickedly rebel.
6 At ev'ning they go to and fro;
they make great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
7 Behold, they belch out with their
mouth,
and in their lips are swords:
For they do say thus, Who is he
that now doth hear our words?
8 But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at
and all the Heathen mock. [them
9 While he's in pow'r I'll wait on thee
for God is my high rock.
10 He of my mercy that is God
betimes shall me prevent;
Upon mine enemies God shall let
me see mine heart's content.
11 Them slay not, lest my folk forget
but scatter them abroad
By thy strong pow'r; and bring them
O thou our shield and God. [down
12 For their mouth's sin, and for th
that from their lips do fly, [word
Let them be taken in their pride;
because they curse and lie.
13 In wrath consume them, them con
that so they may not be: [sume
And that in Jacob God doth rule
to th' earth's ends let them see.
14 At ev'ning let thou them return,
making great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.
15 And let them wander up and down
in seeking food to eat;
And let them grudge when they sha
be satisfy'd with meat. [ne
16 But of thy pow'r I'll sing aloud;
at morn thy mercy praise:
For thou to me my refuge wast,
and tow'r, in troublous days.
17 O God, thou art my strength, I wil
sing praises unto thee;
For God is my defence, a God
of mercy unto me.

PSALM LX.

O LORD, thou hast rejected us,
and scatter'd us abroad;
Thou justly hast displeased been;
return to us, O God.
2 The earth to tremble thou hast mad
therein didst breaches make:
Do thou thereof the breaches heal;
because the land doth shake.
3 Unto thy people thou hard things
hast shew'd, and on them sent;
And thou hast caused us to drink
wine of astonishment.
4 And yet a banner thou hast giv'n
to them who thee do fear;
That it by them, because of truth,
displayed may appear.

That thy beloved people may
 deliver'd be from thrall,
 ave with the pow'r of thy right hand,
 and hear me when I call.
 God in his holiness hath spoke;
 herein I will take pleasure:
 hechem I will divide, and forth
 will Succoth's valley measure.
 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
 Manasseh mine shall be;
 Ephraim is of mine head the strength;
 Judah gives laws for me;
 Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
 I'll over Edom throw;
 And over Palestina's land
 I will in triumph go.
 O who is he will bring me to
 the city fortify'd?
 Who is he that to the land
 of Edom will me guide?
 O O God, which hadest us cast off,
 this thing wilt thou not do?
 Ev'n thou, O God, which didest not
 forth with our armies go?
 1 Help us from trouble; for the help
 is vain which man supplies.
 2 Through God we'll do great acts;
 tread down our enemies. [He shall

PSALM LXI.

O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
 unto my pray'r attend.
 From th' utmost corner of the land
 my cry to thee I'll send.
 What time my heart is overwhelm'd,
 and in perplexity,
 Do thou me lead unto the Rock
 that higher is than I.
 For thou hast for my refuge been
 a shelter by thy pow'r;
 and for defence against my foes
 thou hast been a strong tow'r.
 Within thy tabernacle I
 for ever will abide;
 and under covert of thy wings
 with confidence me hide.
 For thou the vows that I did make,
 O Lord my God, didst hear:
 Thou hast giv'n me the heritage
 of those thy name that fear.
 A life prolong'd for many days
 thou to the king shalt give;
 like many generations be
 the years which he shall live.
 He in God's presence his abode
 for evermore shall have:
 do thou truth and mercy both
 prepare, that may him save.
 And so will I perpetually
 sing praise unto thy name;
 That having made my vows, I may
 each day perform the same.

PSALM LXII.

MY soul with expectation
 depends on God indeed;
 My strength and my salvation doth
 from him alone proceed.

2 He only my salvation is,
 and my strong rock is he:
 He only is my sure defence;
 much mov'd I shall not be.
 3 How long will ye against a man
 plot mischief? ye shall all
 Be slain; ye as a tott'ring fence
 shall be, and bowing wall.
 4 They only plot to cast him down
 from his excellency:
 They joy in lies; with mouth they
 but they curse inwardly. [bless,
 5 My soul, wait thou with patience
 upon thy God alone;
 On him dependeth all my hope
 and expectation.
 6 He only my salvation is,
 and my strong rock is he;
 He only is my sure defence:
 I shall not moved be.
 7 In God my glory placed is,
 and my salvation sure;
 In God the rock is of my strength,
 my refuge most secure.
 8 Ye people, place your confidence
 in him continually;
 Before him pour ye out your heart:
 God is our refuge high.
 9 Surely mean men are vanity,
 and great men are a lie;
 In balance laid, they wholly are
 more light than vanity.
 10 Trust ye not in oppression,
 in robb'ry be not vain;
 On wealth set not your hearts, when as
 increased is your gain.
 11 God hath it spoken once to me,
 yea, this I heard again,
 That power to Almighty God
 alone doth appertain.
 12 Yea, mercy also unto thee
 belongs, O Lord, alone:
 For thou according to his work
 rewardest ev'ry one.

PSALM LXIII.

LORD, thee my God, I'll early seek:
 my soul doth thirst for thee;
 My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
 wherein no waters be:
 2 That I thy power may behold,
 and brightness of thy face,
 As I have seen thee heretofore
 within thy holy place.
 3 Since better is thy love than life,
 my lips thee praise shall give.
 4 I in thy name will lift my hands,
 and bless thee while I live.
 5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat
 my soul shall filled be;
 Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
 sing praises unto thee:
 6 When I do thee upon my bed
 remember with delight,
 And when on thee I meditate
 in watches of the night.

- 7 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy;
for thou mine help hast been.
 - 8 My soul thee follows hard; and me
thy right hand doth sustain.
 - 9 Who seek my soul to spill shall sink
down to earth's lowest room.
 - 10 They by the sword shall be cut off,
and foxes' prey become.
 - 11 Yet shall the king in God rejoice,
and each one glory shall.
- That swear by him: but stopp'd shall be
the mouth of liars all.

PSALM LXIV.

- W**HEN I to thee my prayer make,
Lord, to my voice give ear;
My life save from the enemy,
of whom I stand in fear.
- 2 Me from their secret counsel hide
who do live wickedly;
From insurrection of those men
that work iniquity: [whet,
 - 3 Who do their tongues with malice
and make them cut like swords;
In whose bent bows are arrows set,
ev'n sharp and bitter words:
 - 4 That they may at the perfect man
in secret aim their shot;
Yea, suddenly they dare at him
to shoot, and fear it not.
 - 5 In ill encourage they themselves,
and their snares close do lay:
Together conference they have;
Who shall them see? they say.
 - 6 They have search'd out iniquities,
a perfect search they keep.
Of each of them the inward thought,
and very heart, is deep.
 - 7 God shall an arrow shoot at them,
and wound them suddenly:
 - 8 So their own tongue shall them con-
all who them see shall fly. [found;
 - 9 And on all men a fear shall fall,
God's works they shall declare;
For they shall wisely notice take
what these his doings are.
 - 10 In God the righteous shall rejoice,
and trust upon his might;
Yea, they shall greatly glory all
in heart that are upright.

PSALM LXV.

- P**RAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord:
to thee vows paid shall be.
- 2 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
all flesh shall come to thee.
 - 3 Iniquities, I must confess,
prevail against me do;
 - But as for our transgressions,
them purge away shalt thou.
 - 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou dost
and mak'st approach to thee, [choose
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
may still a dweller be:
We surely shall be satisfy'd
with thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
ev'n of thy holy place.

- 5 O God of our salvation,
thou, in thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
thine answer dost express:
Therefore the ends of all the earth,
and those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.
- 6 Who, being girt with pow'r, sets fast
by his great strength the hills.
- 7 Who noise of seas, noise of their
and people's tumult, stills. [waves,
- 8 Those in the utmost parts that dwell
are at thy signs afraid:
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n
by thee are joyful made.
- 9 The earth thou visit'st, wat'ring it;
thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou corn pre-
when thou provid'st it so. [par'st,
- 10 Her riggs thou wat'rest plentifully,
her furrows settest:
With show'rs thou dost her mollify,
her spring by thee is blest.
- 11 So thou the year most lib'rally
dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
on us drop fatness down.
- 12 They drop upon the pastures wide;
that do in deserts lie:
The little hills on ev'ry side
rejoice right pleasantly.
- 13 With flocks the pastures clothed be,
the vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to thee,
for thou hast made them glad.

PSALM LXVI.

- A**LL lands to God, in joyful sounds
aloft your voices raise.
- 2 Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praise.
 - 3 Say unto God, How terrible
in all thy works art thou!
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to
shall be constrain'd to bow. [thee
 - 4 All on the earth shall worship thee,
they shall thy praise proclaim
In songs: they shall sing cheerfully
unto thy holy name.
 - 5 Come, and the works that God hath
with admiration see: [wrought
In's working to the sons of men
most terrible is he.
 - 6 Into dry land the sea he turn'd,
and they a passage had;
Ev'n marching through the flood on
there we in him were glad. [foot,
 - 7 He ruleth ever by his pow'r;
his eyes the nations see:
 - 8 Let not the rebellious ones
lift up themselves on high.
 - 9 Ye people, bless our God; aloud
the voice speak of his praise:
 - 10 Our soul in life who safe preserves,
our foot from sliding stays.

8 For thou didst prove and try us,
as men do silver try; [Lord,
1 Brought'st us into the net, and
bands on our loins to lie. [mad'st
2 Thou hast caus'd men ride o'er our
and tho' that we did pass [heads;
Through fire and water, yet thou
us to a wealthy place. [brought'st
3 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy
to thee my vows I'll pay, [house;
4 Which my lips utter'd, my mouth
when trouble on me lay. [spake,
5 Burnt-sacrifices of fat rams
with incense I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
present an offering.
16 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll
what he did for my soul. [tell
17 I with my mouth unto him cry'd,
my tongue did him extol.
18 If in my heart I sin regard,
the Lord me will not hear:
19 But surely God me heard, and to
my prayer's voice gave ear.
20 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
for ever blessed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

PSALM LXVII.

LORD, bless and pity us,
shine on us with thy face:
2 That th' earth thy way, and nations
may know thy saving grace. [all
3 Let people praise thee, Lord;
let people all thee praise.
4 O let the nations be glad,
in songs their voices raise:
Then 'lt justly people judge,
on earth rule nations all. [them
5 Let people praise thee, Lord; let
praise thee, both great and small.
6 The earth her fruit shall yield,
our God shall blessing send.
7 God shall us bless; men shall him
unto earth's utmost end. [fear

Another of the same.

LORD, unto us be merciful,
do thou us also bless;
And graciously cause shine on us
the brightness of thy face:
2 That so thy way upon the earth
to all men may be known;
Also among the nations all
thy saving health be shown.
3 O let the people praise thee, Lord;
let people all thee praise.
4 O let the nations be glad,
and sing for joy always:
For rightly thou shalt people judge,
and nations rule on earth.
5 Let people praise thee, Lord; let all
the folk praise thee with mirth.
6 Then shall the earth yield her in-
God, our God, bless us shall. [crease,
7 God shall us bless; and of the earth
the ends shall fear him all.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God arise, and scatter
let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
before his presence flee.
2 As smoke is driv'n, so drive thou
as fire melts wax away. [them;
Before God's face let wicked men
so perish and decay.
3 But let the righteous be glad;
let them before God's sight
Be very joyful; yea, let them
rejoice with all their might.
4 To God sing, to his same sing praise,
extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n by his name JAH,
before his face rejoice
5 Because the Lord a father is
unto the fatherless;
God is the widow's judge, within
his place of holiness.
6 God doth the solitary set
in families: and from bands
The chain'd doth free; but rebels do
inhabit parched lands.
7 O God, what time thou didst go forth
before thy people's face;
And when thro' the great wilderness
thy glorious marching was;
8 Then at God's presence shook the
then drops from heaven fell; [earth,
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
the God of Israel.
9 O God, thou to thine heritage
didst send a plentiful rain,
Whereby thou when it weary was,
didst it refresh again.
10 Thy congregation then did make
their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.
11 The Lord himself did give the
the word abroad did spread; [word,
Great was the company of them
the same who published.
12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
and forc'd to flee away;
And women, who remain'd at home,
did distribute the prey.
13 Tho' ye have lien among the pots,
like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver, and with gold
whose feathers cover'd are. [kings,
14 When there th' Almighty scatter'd
like Salmon's snow 'twas white.
15 God's hill is like to Bashan hill,
like Bashan hill for height.
16 Why do ye leap, ye mountain high?
this is the hill where God
Desires to dwell; yea, God in it
for aye will make abode.
17 God's chariots twenty thousand
thousands of angels strong; [are,
In's holy place God is, as in
mount Sinai, them among.
18 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
ascended up on high;

And in triumph victorious led
captive captivity:
Thou hast received gifts for men,
for such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
in midst of them might dwell.

19 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
of our salvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
us plenteously doth load.

20 He of salvation is the God,
who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
the issues do belong.

21 But surely God shall wound the head
of those that are his foes;
The hairy scalp of him that still
on in his trespass goes.

22 God said, My people I will bring
again from Bashan hill;
Yea, from the sea's devouring depths
them bring again I will;

23 That in the blood of enemies
thy foot imbru'd may be,
And of thy dogs dipp'd in the same
the tongues thou mayest see.

24 Thy goings they have seen, O God;
the steps of majesty
Of my God, and my mighty King,
within the sanctuary.

25 Before went singers, players next
on instruments took way;
And them among the damsels were
that did on timbrels play.

26 Within the congregations
bless God with one accord:
From Israel's fountain do ye bless
and praise the mighty Lord.

27 With their prince, little Benjamin,
princes and council there
Of Judah were, there Zabulon's
and Napht'li's princes were.

28 Thy God commands thy strength;
make strong
what thou wrought'st for us, Lord.

29 For thy house at Jerusalem
kings shall thee gifts afford.

30 The spearmen's host, the multitude
of bulls, which fiercely look,
Those calves which people have forth
O Lord our God, rebuke, [sent,
Till ev'ry one submit himself,
and silver pieces bring:
The people that delight in war
disperse, O God and King.

31 Those that be princes great shall
come out of Egypt lands; [then
And Ethiopia to God
shall soon stretch out her hands.

32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
sing praises to this King;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
unto him praises sing.

33 To him that rides on heav'n's of
heav'n's,
which he of old did found;

Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
in might that doth abound.
34 Strength unto God do ye ascribe;
for his excellency
Is over Israel, his strength
is in the clouds most high.

35 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful,
Israel's own God is he, [Lord;
Who gives his people strength and
O let God blessed be. [pow'r:

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, because the floods
do so environ me,
That ev'n unto my very soul
come in the waters be.

2 I downward in deep mire do sink,
where standing there is none:
I am into deep waters come,
where floods have o'er me gone.

3 I weary with my crying am,
my throat is also dry'd;
Mine eyes do fail, while for my God
I waiting do abide.

4 Those men that do without a cause
bear hatred unto me,
Than are the hairs upon my head
in number more they be:

They that would me destroy, and are
mine en'mies wrongfully,
Are mighty: so what I took not,
to render forc'd was I.

5 Lord, thou my folly know'st, my sin
not cover'd are from thee.

6 Let none that wait on thee be sham'd,
Lord God of hosts, for me.

O Lord, the God of Israel,
let none, who search do make,
And seek thee, be at any time
confounded for my sake.

7 For I have borne reproach for thee,
my face is hid with shame.

8 To brethren strange, to mother's
an alien I became. [sore

9 Because the zeal did eat me up,
which to thine house I bear;
And the reproaches cast at thee
upon me fallen are.

10 My tears and salts, t' afflict my soul,
were turned to my shame.

11 When sackcloth I did wear, to them
a proverb I became.

12 The men that in the gate do sit
against me evil spake;
They also that vile drunkards were,
of me their song did make.

13 But, in an acceptable time,
my pray'r, Lord, is to thee:
In truth of thy salvation, Lord,
and mercy great, hear me.

14 Deliver me out of the mire,
from sinking do me keep;
Free me from those that do me hate,
and from the waters deep.

15 Let not the flood on me prevail,
whose water overflows;
Nor deep me swallow, nor the pit
her mouth upon me close.

16 Hear me, O Lord, because thy love and kindness is most good;
 Turn unto me, according to thy mercies' multitude.
 17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face: I'm troubled, soon attend.
 18 Draw near my soul, and it redeem; me from my foes defend.
 19 To thee is my reproach well known, my shame, and my disgrace: Those that mine adversaries be are all before thy face.
 20 Reproach hath broke my heart; of grief: I look'd for one [I'm full To pity me, but none I found; comforters found I none.
 21 They also bitter gall did give unto me for my meat: They gave me vinegar to drink, when as my thirst was great.
 22 Before them let their tab'e prove a snare; and do thou make Their welfare and prosperity a trap themselves to take.
 23 Let thou their eyes so darken'd be, that sight may them forsake; And let their loins be made by thee continually to shake.
 24 Thy fury pour thou out on them, and indignation; And let thy wrathful anger, Lord, fast hold take them upon.
 25 All waste and desolate let be their habitation; And in their tabernacles all inhabitants be none.
 26 Because him they do persecute, whom thou didst smite before; They talk unto the grief of those whom thou hast wounded sore.
 27 Add thou iniquity unto their former wickedness; And do not let them come at all into thy righteousness.
 28 Out of the book of life let them be raz'd and blotted quite; Among the just and righteous let not their names be writ.
 29 But now become exceeding poor and sorrowful am I: By thy salvation, O my God, let me be let on high.
 30 The name of God I with a song most cheerfully will praise; And I, in giving thanks to him, his name shall highly raise.
 31 This to the Lord a sacrifice more gracious shall prove Than bullock, ox, or any beast that hath both horn and hoof.
 32 When this the humble men shall it joy to them shall give: [see, O all ye that do seek the Lord, your hearts shall ever live.
 33 For God the poor hears, and will his prisoners condemn: [not

34 Let heav'n, and earth, and seas him and all that move in them. [praise,
 35 For God will Judah's cities build, and he will Sion save, That they may dwell therein, and it in sure possession have.
 36 And they that are his servants' seed inherit shall the same; So shall they have their dwelling there that love his blessed name.

PSALM LXX.

LORD, haste me to deliver; with speed, Lord, succour me
 2 Let them that for my soul do seek sham'd and confounded be: Turn'd back be they, and sham'd, that in my hurt delight.
 3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that their shaming to requite [say.
 4 In thee let all be glad, and joy that seek for thee: Let them who thy salvation love say still, God praised be.
 5 I poor and needy am; come, Lord, and make no stay: My help thou and deliverer art; O Lord, make no delay.

Another of the same.

MAKE haste, O God, me to preserve with speed, Lord, succour me.
 2 Let them that for my soul do seek sham'd and confounded be: Let them be turned back, and sham'd, that in my hurt delight.
 3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha! that their shaming to requite. [say,
 4 O Lord, in thee let all be glad, and joy that seek for thee: Let them who thy salvation love say still, God praised be.
 5 But I both poor and needy am; come, Lord, and make no stay: My help thou and deliverer art; O Lord, make no delay.

PSALM LXXI.

O LORD, my hope and confidence is plac'd in thee alone; Then let thy servant never be put to confusion.
 2 And let me, in thy righteousness, from thee deliv'rance have: Cause me escape, incline thine ear unto me, and me save.
 3 Be thou my dwelling-rock, to which I ever may resort: Thou gav'st commandment me to save, for thou'rt my rock and fort.
 4 Free me, my God, from wicked hands cruel and unjust: [hands,
 5 For thou, O Lord God, art my hope, and from my youth my trust.
 6 Thou from the womb didst hold me thou art the same that me [up:

Out of my mother's bowels took;
 I ever will praise thee.
 7 To many I a wonder am;
 but thou'rt my refuge strong.
 8 Fill'd let my mouth be with thy
 and honour all day long. [praise
 9 O do not cast me off, when as
 old age doth overtake me;
 And when my strength decayed is,
 then do not thou forsake me.
 10 For those that are mine enemies
 against me speak with hate;
 And they together counsel take
 that for my soul lay wait.
 11 They said, God leaves him; him
 pursue
 and take: none will him save.
 12 Be thou not far from me, my God:
 thy speedy help I crave.
 13 Confound, consume them, that
 my soul are enemies: [unto
 Cloth'd be they with reproach and
 that do my hurt devise. [shame
 14 But I with expectation
 will hope continually;
 And yet with praises more and more
 I will thee magnify.
 15 Thy justice and salvation
 my mouth abroad shall show,
 Ev'n all the day; for I thereof
 the numbers do not know.
 16 And I will constantly go on
 in strength of God the Lord;
 And thine own righteousness, ev'n
 alone, I will record. [thine
 17 For even from my youth, O God,
 by thee I have been taught;
 And hitherto I have declar'd
 the wonders thou hast wrought.
 18 And now, Lord, leave me not,
 old and gray-headed grow: [when I
 Till to this age thy strength and pow'r
 to all to come I show.
 19 And thy most perfect righteous-
 O Lord, is very high, [ness,
 Who hast so great things done: O God,
 who is like unto thee?
 20 Thou, Lord, who great adversities,
 and sore, to me didst show,
 Shalt quicken, and bring me again
 from depths of earth below.
 21 My greatness and my pow'r thou
 increase, and far extend: [wilt
 Onev'ry side against all grief
 thou wilt me comfort send.
 22 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll also
 my God, with psaltery: [praise,
 Thou Holy One of Israel,
 with harp I'll sing to thee.
 23 My lips shall much rejoice in thee,
 when I thy praises sound;
 My soul, which thou redeemed hast,
 in joy shall much abound.
 24 My tongue thy justice shall pro-
 continuing all day long; [claim,
 For they confounded are, and sham'd,
 that seek to do me wrong.

O LORD, thy judgments give the
 king,
 his son thy righteousness.
 2 With right he shall thy people judge,
 thy poor with uprightness.
 3 The lofty mountains shall bring
 unto the people peace; [for h
 Likewise the little hills the same
 shall do by righteousness.
 4 The people's poor ones he shall
 the needy's children save; [judge,
 And those shall be in pieces break
 who them oppress'd have.
 5 They shall thee fear, while sun and
 do last, t'rough ages all. [moon
 6 Like rain on mown grass he shall
 or show'rs on earth that fall. [drop,
 7 The just shall flourish in his days,
 and prosper in his reign:
 He shall, while doth the moon endure,
 abundant peace maintain.
 8 His large and great dominion shall
 from sea to sea extend:
 It from the river shall reach forth
 unto earth's utmost end.
 9 They in the wilderness that dwell
 bow down before him must;
 And they that are his enemies
 shall lick the very dust.
 10 The kings of Tarshish, and the
 to him shall presents bring; [isles,
 And unto him shall offer gifts
 Sheba's and Seba's king.
 11 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
 before him down shall fall;
 And all the nations of the world
 do service to him shall.
 12 For he the needy shall preserve,
 when he to him doth call;
 The poor also, and him that hath
 no help of man at all.
 13 The poor man and the indigent
 in mercy he shall spare;
 He shall preserve alive the souls
 of those that needy are.
 14 Both from deceit and violence
 their soul he shall set free;
 And in his fight right precious
 and dear their blood shall be.
 15 Yea, he shall live, and giv'n to him
 shall be of Sheba's gold:
 For him still shall they pray, and he
 shall daily be extoll'd.
 16 Of corn an handful in the earth
 on tops of mountains high,
 With prosperous fruit shall shake, like
 on Lebanon that be. [trees
 The city shall be flourishing,
 her citizens abound
 In number shall, like to the grass
 that grows upon the ground.
 17 His name for ever shall endure;
 last like the sun it shall:
 Men shall be bless'd in him, and bless'd
 all nations shall him call.

18 Now blessed be the Lord our God,
the God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works,
in glory that excel.
19 And blessed be his glorious name
to all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

PSALM LXXIII.

YET God is good to Israel,
to each pure-hearted one.
2 But as for me, my steps near slipp'd,
my feet were almost gone.
3 For I envious was, and grudg'd
the foolish folk to see,
When I perceiv'd the wicked sort
enjoy prosperity.
4 For still their strength continueth
their death of bands is free. [firm;
5 They are not toil'd like other men,
nor plagu'd as others be.
6 Therefore their pride, like to a
them compasseth about; [chain,
And, as a garment, violence
doth cover them throughout. [have
7 Their eyes stand out with fat; they
more than their hearts could wish.
8 They are corrupt; their talk of
both lewd and lofty is. [wrong
9 They set their mouth against the
in their blasphemous talk; [heav'ns
And their reproaching tongue through-
the earth at large doth walk. [out
10 His people oftentimes for this
look back, and turn about;
With waters of so full a cup
to these are poured out.
11 And thus they say, How can it be
that God these things doth know?
Or, Can there in the highest be
knowledge of things below?
12 Behold, these are the wicked ones,
yet prosper at their will
In worldly things; they do increase
in wealth and riches still.
13 I verily have done in vain
my heart to purify;
To no effect in innocence
washed my hands have I.
14 For daily, and all day throughout,
great plagues I suffer'd have;
Yea, ev'ry morning I of new
did chastisement receive.
15 If in this manner foolishly
to speak I would intend,
Thy children's generation,
behold, I should offend.
16 When I this thought to know, it
too hard a thing for me; [was
17 Till to God's sanctuary I went,
then I their end did see.
18 Assuredly thou didst them set
a slipp'ry place upon;
Them suddenly thou castedst down
into destruction.
19 How in a moment suddenly
to ruin brought are they!

With fearful terrors utterly
they are consum'd away.
20 Ev'n like unto a dream, when one
from sleeping doth arise;
So thou, O Lord, when thou awak'st,
their image shalt despise.
21 Thus grieved was my heart in me,
and me my reins oppress:
22 So rude was I, and ignorant,
and in thy fight a beast.
23 Nevertheless continually,
O Lord, I am with thee:
Thou dost me hold by my right hand,
and still upholdest me.
24 Thou, with thy counsel, while I
will me conduct and guide; [live,
And to thy glory afterward
receive me to abide.
25 Whom have I in the heavens high
but thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
besides thee there is none.
26 My flesh and heart doth faint and
but God doth fail me never: [fail,
For of my heart God is the strength
and portion for ever.
27 For, lo, they that are far from thee
for ever perish shall;
Them that a whoring from thee go
thou hast destroyed all.
28 But surely it is good for me
that I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

PSALM LXXIV.

O GOD, why hast thou cast us off?
is it for evermore?
Against thy pasture-sheep why doth
thine anger smoke so fore?
2 O call to thy remembrance
thy congregation,
Which thou hast purchased of old;
still think the same upon:
The rod of thine inheritance,
which thou redeemedst hast,
This Sion hill, wherein thou hadst
thy dwelling in times past.
3 To these long desolations
thy feet list, do not tarry;
For all the ills thy foes have done
within thy sanctuary.
4 Amidst thy congregations
thine enemies do roar:
Their ensigns they set up for signs
of triumph thee before.
5 A man was famous, and was had
in estimation,
According as he lifted up
his axe thick trees upon.
6 But all at once with axes now
and hammers they go to,
And down the carved work thereof
they break, and quite undo.
7 They fired have thy sanctuary,
and have defil'd the same,

By casting down unto the ground
the place where dwelt thy name.

8 Thus said they in their hearts, Let us
destroy them out of hand:
They burnt up all the synagogues
of God within the land.

9 Our signs we do not now behold;
there is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
that knows the time how long.

10 How long, Lord, shall the enemy
thus in reproach exclaim?
And shall the adversary thus
always blaspheme thy name?

11 Thy hand, ev'n thy right hand of
might,
why dost thou thus draw back?
O from thy bosom pluck it out
for our deliverance' sake.

12 For certainly God is my King,
ev'n from the times of old,
Working in midst of all the earth
salvation manifold.

13 The sea, by thy great pow'r, to part
asunder thou didst make;
And thou the dragons' heads, O Lord,
within the waters brake.

14 The leviathan's head thou brak'st
in pieces, and didst give
Him to be meat unto the folk
in wilderness that live. [flood,

15 Thou clav'st the fountain and the
which did with streams abound:
Thou dry'dst the mighty waters up
unto the very ground.

16 Thine only is the day, O Lord,
thine also is the night;
And thou alone prepared hast
the sun and shining light.

17 By thee the borders of the earth
were settled ev'ry where:
The summer and the winter both
by thee created were.

18 That th' enemy reproached hath,
O keep it in record;
And that the foolish people have
blasphem'd thy name, O Lord.

19 Unto the multitude do not
thy turtle's soul deliver:
The congregation of thy poor
do not forget for ever.

20 Unto thy cov'nant have respect;
for earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
of horrid cruelty.

21 O let not those that be oppress'd
return again with shame:
Let those that poor and needy are
give praise unto thy name.

22 Do thou, O God, arise and plead
the cause that is thine own:
Remember how thou art reproach'd
still by the foolish one.

23 Do not forget the voice of those
that are thine enemies:
Of those the tumult ever grows
that do against thee rise.

PSALM LXXV.

TO thee, O God, do we give thanks
we do give thanks to thee;
Because thy wondrous works declare
thy great name near to be.

2 I purpose, when I shall receive
the congregation,
That I shall judgment uprightly
render to ev'ry one.

3 Dissolved is the land, with all
that in the same do dwell;
But I the pillars thereof do
bear up, and stablish well.

4 I to the foolish people said,
Do not deal foolishly;
And unto those that wicked are,
Lift not your horn on high:

5 Lift not your horn on high, nor speak
with stubborn neck. But know,
That not from east, nor west, nor
promotion doth flow. [south

7 But God is judge; he puts down ene
and sets another up.

8 For in the hand of God most high
of red wine is a cup:

'Tis full of mixture, he pours forth,
and makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
yea, and they drink them shall.

9 But I for ever will declare,
I Jacob's God will praise.

10 All horns of lewd men I'll cut off;
but just men's horns will raise.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah's land God is well known,
his name's in Isr'el great:

2 In Salem is his tabernacle,
in Zion is his seat.

3 There arrows of the bow he brake,
the shield, the sword, the war.

4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
more excellent art far. [spoil'd

5 Those that were stout of heart are
they slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did
that were the men of might. [find

6 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
were in a dead sleep cast.

7 Thou, Lord, ev'n thou art he that
be fear'd; and who is he [shout
That may stand up before thy sight,
if once thou angry be? [heard

8 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd be
the earth was fill with fear,

9 When God to judgment rose, to save
all meek on earth that were.

10 Surely the very wrath of man
unto thy praise redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
wilt set restraining bounds.

11 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay
all ye that near him be,
Bring gifts and presents unto him
for to be fear'd is he.

12 By him the sp^rits shall be cut off
of those that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
he fearful doth appear.

PSALM LXXVII.

UNTO the Lord I with my voice,
I unto God did cry;
Ev'n with my voice, and unto me
his ear he did apply.
2 I in my trouble sought the Lord,
my fore by night did run,
And ceased not; my grieved soul
d'd consolation shun.
3 I to remembrance God d'd call,
yet trouble did remain;
And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
whilst I did sore complain.
4 Mine eyes, debarr'd from rest and
thou makest still to wake; [sleep,
My trouble is so great that I
unable am to speak.
5 The days of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The times and ages that are past
full many years ago.
6 By night my song I call to mind,
and commune with my heart;
My sp^rit did carefully enquire
how I might ease my smart.
7 For ever will the Lord cast off,
and gracious be no more?
8 For ever is his mercy gone?
fails his word evermore?
9 Is't true that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath shut up in his wrath?
10 Then did I say, That surely this
is mine infirmity:
I'll mind the years of the right hand
of him that is most High.
11 Yea, I remember will the works
performed by the Lord:
The wonders done of old by thee
I surely will record.
12 I also will of all thy works
my meditation make;
And of thy doings to discourse
great pleasure I will take.
13 O God, thy way most holy is
within thy sanctuary;
And what God is so great in pow'r
as is our God most high?
14 Thou art the God that wonders do'st
by thy right hand most strong:
Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declar'd
the nations among.
15 To thine own people with thine arm
thou didst redemption bring;
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
of Joseph that do spring.
16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
the waters saw thee well;
And they for fear aside did flee;
the depths on trembling fell.

17 The clouds in water forth were
soud loudly did the sky; [pour'd,
And swiftly through the world abroad
thine arrows fierce did fly.

18 Thy thunder's voice amongst the
a mighty noise did make; [heav'n
By lightnings lighten'd was the world,
th' earth tremble d'd and shake.
19 Thy way is in the sea, and in
the waters great thy path;
Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord;
none knowledge thereof hath.
20 Thy people thou didst safely lead;
like to a flock of sheep;
By Moses' hand and Aaron's thou
didst them conduct and keep.

PSALM LXXVIII.

ATTEND, my people, to my law;
thereto give thou an ear;
The words that from my mouth pro-
attentively do hear; [ceed
2 My mouth shall speak a parable,
and sayings dark of old;
3 The same which we have heard and
and us our fathers told. [known,
4 We also will them not conceal
from their posterity;
Them to the generation
to come declare will we:
The praises of the Lord our God,
and his almighty strength,
Thewondrous works that he hath done
we will shew forth at length.
5 His testimony and his law
in Isr'el he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to shew
to their succeeding race;
6 That to the race which was to come
might well them learn and know,
And sons unborn, who should arise,
might to their sons them show:
7 That they might set their hope in
and suffer not to fall [God,
His mighty works out of their mind,
but keep his precepts all:
8 And might not, like their fathers, be
a stiff rebellious race;
A race not right in heart; with God
whose sp^rit not steadfast was.
9 The sons of Ephraim, who nor bows
nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
they faintly turned back.
10 They brake God's cov'nant, and
in his commands to go; [refus'd
11 His works and wonders they forgot,
which he to them did shew
12 Things marvellous he brought to
their fathers them beheld [pass;
Within the land of Egypt done,
yea, ev'n in Zorn's field.
13 By him divided was the sea,
he caus'd them through to pass
And made the waters so to stand,
as like an heap it was.

- 14 With cloud by day, with light of fire
all night, he did them guide.
- 15 In desert rocks he clave, and drink,
as from great depths, supply'd.
- 16 He from the rock brought streams,
like floods
made waters to run down.
- 17 Yet sinning more, in desert they
provok'd the highest One.
- 18 For in their heart they tempted God,
and, speaking with mistrust,
They greedily did meat require
to satisfy their lust.
- 19 Against the Lord himself they spake,
and, murmuring, said thus,
A table in the wilderness
can God prepare for us? [thence
- 20 Behold, he smote the rock, and
came streams and waters great;
But can he give his people bread?
and send them flesh to eat?
- 21 The Lord did hear, and waxed
so kindled was a flame [wroth;
'Gainst Jacob, and 'gainst Israel
up indignation came.
- 22 For they believ'd not God, nor trust
in his salvation had;
- 23 Tho' clouds above he did command,
and heav'n's doors open made,
- 24 And manna rain'd on them, and
them corn of heav'n to eat. [gave
- 25 Man angels' food did eat; to them
he to the full sent meat.
- 26 And in the heaven he did cause
an eastern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
the southern wind to go.
- 27 Then flesh as thick as dust he made
to rain down them among;
And feather'd fowls, like as the sand
which li'th the shore along.
- 28 At his command amidst their camp
these show'rs of flesh down fell,
All round about the tabernacles
and tents where they did dwell.
- 29 So they did eat abundantly,
and had of meat their fill;
For he did give to them what was
their own desire and will.
- 30 They from their lust had not estrang'd
their heart and their desire;
But while the meat was in their mouths,
which they did so require,
- 31 God's wrath upon them came, and
the fattest of them all; [slew
So that the choice of Israel,
o'erthrown by death, did fall.
- 32 Yet, notwithstanding of all this,
they sinned still the more,
And tho' he had great wonders wrought,
believ'd him not therefore:
- 33 Wherefore their days in vanity
he did consume and waste;
And by his wrath their wretched years
away in trouble past.
- 34 But when he slew them, then they
to seek him shew desire; [did
- Yea, they return'd, and after God
right early did enquire.
- 35 And that the Lord had been their
they did remember then; [Rock
Ev'n that the high almighty God
had their Redeemer been.
- 36 Yet with their mouth they flatter'd
and spake but feignedly; [him,
And they unto the God of truth
with their false tongues did lie.
- 37 For tho' their words were good, their
with him was not sincere; [heart
United fast and perfidious
they in his cov'nant were.
- 38 But, full of pity, he forgave
their sin, them did not slay;
Nor stir'd up all his wrath, but oft
his anger turn'd away.
- 39 For that they were but fading flesh
to mind he did recall;
A wind that passeth soon away,
and not returns at all.
- 40 How often did they him provoke
within the wilderness!
And in the desert did him grieve
with their rebelliousness!
- 41 Yea, turning back, they tempted
and limits set upon [God,
Him, who in midst of Isr'el is
the only Holy One.
- 42 They did not call to mind his pow'r,
nor yet the day when he
Deliver'd them out of the hand
of their fierce enemy;
- 43 Nor how great signs in Egypt land
he openly had wrought;
What miracles in Zoan's field
his hand to pass had brought.
- 44 How lakes and rivers ev'ry where
he turned into blood;
So that nor man nor beast could drink
of standing lake or flood.
- 45 He brought among them swarms of
which did them sore annoy; [flies,
And divers kinds of filthy frogs
he sent them to destroy.
- 46 He to the caterpillar gave
the fruits of all their soil;
Their labours he deliver'd up
unto the locusts' spoil.
- 47 Their vines with hail, their syc-
he with the frost did blast; [more
48 Their beasts to hail he gave; their
hot thunderbolts did waste. [flocks
- 49 Pierce burning wrath he on them
and indignation strong, [cast,
And troubles sore, by sending forth
ill angels them among.
- 50 He to his wrath made way; their
from death he did not save; [soul
But over to the pestilence
the lives of them he gave.
- 51 In Egypt land the first-born all
he smote down ev'ry where,
Among the tents of Ham, ev'n these
chief of their strength that were.

52 But his own people, like to sheep,
thence to go forth he made;
And he, amidst the wilderness,
them, as a flock, did lead.

53 And he them safely on did lead,
so that they did not fear;
Whereas their en'mies by the sea
quite overwhelmed were.

54 To borders of his sanctuary
the Lord his people led,
E'en to the mount which his right
for them had purchased. [hand

The nations of Canaan,
by his almighty hand,
Before their face he did expel
out of their native land;

55 Which for inheritance to them
by line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Israel
within their tents abide.

56 Yet God most high they did pro-
and tempted ever still; [voke,
And to observe his testimonies
did not incline their will:

57 But, like their fathers, turned back,
and dealt unfaithfully:
Aside they turned, like a bow
that shoots deceitfully.

58 For they to anger did provoke
him with their places high;
And with their graven images
mov'd him to jealousy. [wroth,

59 When God heard this, he waxed
and much loath'd Isr'el then:

60 So Shileh's tent he left, the tent
which he had plac'd with men.

61 And he his strength delivered
into captivity;
He left his glory in the hand
of his proud enemy.

62 His people also he gave o'er
unto the sword's fierce rage:
So sore his wrath inflamed was
against his heritage. [men;

63 The fire consum'd their choice young
their maids no marriage had; [sword,

64 And when their priests fell by the
their wives no mourning made.

65 But then the Lord arose, as one
that doth from sleep awake;
And like a giant that, by wine
refresh'd, a shout doth make:

66 Upon his en'mies' hinder parts
he made his stroke to fall;
And so upon them he did put
a shame perpetual.

67 Moreover, he the tabernacle
of Joseph did refuse;
The mighty tribe of Ephraim
he would in no wife choose:

68 But he did choose Jehudah's tribe
to be the rest above;
And of mount Zion he made choice,
which he so much did love.

69 And he his sanctuary built
like to a palace high,

Like to the earth which he did found
to perpetuity.

70 Of David, that his servant was,
he also choice did make,
And even from the folds of sheep
was pleased him to take:

71 From waiting on the ewes with
he brought him forth to feed [young,
Israel, his inheritance,
his people, Jacob's feed.

72 So after the integrity
he of his heart them fed
And by the good skill of his hands
them wisely governed.

PSALM LXXIX.

O GOD, the Heathen enter'd have
thine heritage; by them
Defiled is thy house: on heaps
they laid Jerusalem.

2 The bodies of thy servants they
have cast forth to be meat
Tormentous fowls; thy dear faints' flesh
they gave to beasts to eat.

3 Their blood about Jerusalem
like water they have shed;
And there was none to bury them
when they were slain and dead.

4 Unto our neighbours a reproach
most base become are we;
A scorn and laughingstock to them
that round about us be.

5 How long, Lord, shall thine anger
wilt thou still keep the same? [last
And shall thy fervent jealousy
burn like unto a flame?

6 On Heathen pour thy fury forth,
that have thee never known,
And on those kingdoms which thy
Have never call'd upon. [name

7 For these are they who Jacob have
devoured cruelly;
And they his habitation
have caused waste to lie.

8 Against us mind not former sins;
thy tender mercies show;
Let them prevent us speedily,
for we're brought very low.

9 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,
who hast our Saviour been:
Deliver us; for thy name's sake,
O purge away our sin.

10 Why lay the Heathen, Where's their
let him to them be known; [God?
When those who shed thy servants'
are in our sight o'erthrown. [blood

11 O let the pris'ner's sighs ascend
before thy sight on high;
Preserve those in thy mighty pow'r
that are design'd to die.

12 And to our neighbours' bosom cause
it sev'n-fold render'd be,
E'en the reproach wherewith they
O Lord, reproached thee. [have,

13 So we thy folk, and pasture sheep
shall give thee thanks always;

And unto generations all
we will shew forth thy praise.

PSALM LXXX.

HEAR, Iſr'el's Shepherd! like a flock
thou that doſt Joſeph guide;
Shine forth, O thou that doſt between
the cherubims abide.

2 In Ephraim's, and Benjamin's,
and in Manaſſeh's ſight,
O come for our ſalvation;
ſtir up thy ſtrength and might.

3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.

4 O Lord of hoſts, almighty God,
how long ſhall kindled be
Thy wrath againſt the prayer made
by thine own folk to thee?

5 Thou tears of ſorrow giv'ſt to them
inſtead of bread to eat;
Yea, tears inſtead of drink thou giv'ſt
to them in meaſure great.

6 Thou makeſt us a ſtrife unto
our neighbours round about;
Our enemies among themſelves
at us do laugh and ſhout.

7 Turn us again, O God of hoſts,
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.

8 A vine from Egypt brought thou haſt,
by thine outſtretched hand;
And thou the Heathen out didſt caſt,
to plant it in their land.

9 Before it thou a room didſt make,
where it might grow and ſtand;
Thou cauſedſt it deep root to take,
and it did fill the land.

10 The mountains vail'd were with its
as with a covering; [ſhade,
Like goodly cedars were the boughs
which out from it did ſpring.

11 Upon the one hand to the ſea
her boughs ſhe did out ſend;
On th' other ſide unto the flood
her branches did extend.

12 Why haſt thou then thus broken
and ta'en her hedge away? [down
So that all paſſengers do pluck,
and make of her a prey.

13 The boar who from the foreſt comes
doth waſte it at his pleaſure;
The wild beaſt of the field alſo
devours it out of meaſure.

14 O God of hoſts, we thee beſeech,
return now unto thine;
Look down from heav'n in love, be-
and viſit this thy vine: [hold,

15 This vineyard, which thine own
hath planted us among; [right hand
And that ſame branch, which for thy
thou haſt made to be ſtrong. [left

16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
it alſo is cut down;

They utterly are periſhed
when as thy face doth frown.

17 O let thy hand be ſtill upon
the Man of thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for thyſelf
thou madeſt ſtrong to ſtand.

18 So henceforth we will not go back
nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
upon thy name will call.

19 Turn us again, Lord God of hoſts
and upon us vouchſafe
To make thy countenance to ſhine,
and ſo we ſhall be ſafe.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING loud to God our ſtrength; wit-
neſs to Jacob's God do ſing. [He

2 Take up a psalm, the pleaſant harp
timbrel and psalt'ry bring.

3 Blow trumpets at new-moon, when
our feaſt appointed is: [da

4 For charge to Iſr'el, and a law
of Jacob's God was this.

5 To Joſeph this a teſtimony
he made, when Egypt land
He travell'd through, where ſpeech
I did not underſtand. [hear

6 His ſhoulder I from burdens took,
his hands from pots did free.

7 Thou didſt in trouble on me call,
and I deliver'd thee:

In ſecret place of thundering
I did thee answer make;
And at the ſreams of Meribah
of thee a proof did take.

8 O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll teſtify to thee;
To thee, O Iſr'el, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.

9 In miſt of thee there ſhall not be
any ſtrange god at all;
Nor unto any god unknown
thou bowing down ſhalt fall.

10 I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide;
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou it open wide.

11 But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be;
And ev'n my choſen Iſrael
he would have none of me.

12 So to the luſt of their own hearts
I them deliver'd;
And then in counſels of their own
they vainly wandered.

13 O that my people had me heard,
Iſr'el my ways had choſe!

14 I had their enemies ſoon ſubdu'd,
my hand turn'd on their foes.

15 The baters of the Lord to him
ſubmiſſion ſhould have feign'd;
But aſſur them, their time ſhould have
for evermore remain'd.

16 He ſhould have alſo fed them with
the ſineſt of the wheat;

If honey from the rock thy fill
I should have made thee eat.

PSALM LXXXII.

N gods' assembly God doth stand;
He judgeth gods among.
How long, accepting persons vile,
Will ye give judgment wrong?
Defend the poor and fatherless;
To poor oppress'd do right.
The poor and needy ones set free;
Rid them from ill men's might.

They know not, nor will understand;
In darkness they walk on:
All the foundations of the earth
Out of their course are gone.
I said that ye are gods, and are
Sons of the Highest all:
But ye shall die like men, and as
One of the princes fall.

O God, do thou raise up thyself,
The earth to judgment call:
Or thou, as thine inheritance,
Shalt take the nations all.

PSALM LXXXIII.

KEEP not, O God, we thee entreat,
A. O keep not silence now:
O thou not hold thy peace, O God,
And still no more be thou.
For, lo, thine enemies a noise
Tumultuously have made;
And they that haters are of thee
Have lifted up the head.

Against thy chosen people they
Do crafty counsel take;
And they against thy hidden ones
Do consultations make.
Come, let us cut them off, said they,
From being a nation,
That of the name of Isr'el may
No more be mention.

For with joint heart they plot, in
Against thee they combine. [league
The tents of Edom, Ishm'elites,
Moab's and Hagar's line,
Gebel, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philistines, those of Tyre;
And Assur join'd with them, to help
Lot's children they conspire.

Do to them as to Midian,
Jabin at Kison strand;
And Sis'ra, which at En-dor fell,
Is dung to sat the land.

Like Oreb and like Zeeb make
Their noble men to fall;
As Zeba and Zalmunna like,
Make thou their princes all;

Who said, For our possession
Let us God's houses take.
My God, them like a wheel, as chaff
Before the wind, them make.
As fire consumes the wood, as flame
Both mountains set on fire,
Chafe and affright them with the
And tempest of thine ire. [storm

16 Their faces fill with shame, O Lord,
That they may seek thy name.

17 Let them confounded be, and vex'd,
And perish in their shame:

18 That men may know that thou, to
Alone doth appertain [whom
The name JEHOVAH, dost most high
O'er all the earth remain.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!
2 My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
Yea faints, thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for thee.

3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Hath purchased a nest;
Ev'n thine own altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hosts,
Who art my God and King.

4 Bless'd are they in thy house that
They ever give thee praise. [dwell,
5 Bless'd is the man whose strength thou
In whose heart are thy ways: [art,
6 Who passing thorough Baca's vale,
Therein do dig up wells;
Also the rain that falleth down
The pools with water fills.

7 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
Before the Lord at length.

8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear;
O Jacob's God, give ear.

9 See God our shield, look on the
Of thine Anointed dear. [face

10 For in thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield;
He'll grace and glory give;
And will withhold no good from them
That uprightly do live.

12 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blest,
Who by assured confidence
On thee alone doth rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

O LORD, thou hast been favourable
To thy beloved land:
Jacob's captivity thou hast
Recall'd with mighty hand.

2 Thou pardoned thy people half
All their iniquities;
Thou all their trespasses and sins
Hast cover'd from thine eyes.

3 Thou took'st off all thine ire, and
Turn'dst
From thy wrath's furious face,

- 4 Turn us, God of our health, and cause thy wrath 'gainst us to cease.
 5 Shall thy displeasure thus endure against us without end?
 Wilt thou to generations all thine anger forth extend?
 6 That in thee may thy people joy, wilt thou not us revive?
 7 Shew us thy mercy, Lord, to us do thy salvation give.
 8 I'll hear what God the Lord will to his folk he'll speak peace, [speak:
 And to his saints; but let them not return to foolishness.
 9 To them that fear him surely near is his salvation;
 That glory in our land may have her habitation.
 10 Truth met with mercy, righteousness and peace kiss'd mutually: [ness
 11 Truth springs from earth, and righteousness
 looks down from heaven high.
 12 Yea, what is good the Lord shall our land shall yield increase: [give;
 13 Justice, to set us in his steps, shall go before his face.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- O** LORD, do thou bow down thine ear, and hear me graciously; [ear;
 Because I sore afflicted am, and am in poverty.
 2 Because I'm holy, let my soul by thee preserved be:
 O thou my God, thy servant save, that puts his trust in thee.
 3 Sith unto thee I daily cry, be merciful to me.
 4 Rejoice thy servant's soul; for, Lord, I lift my soul to thee.
 5 For thou art gracious, O Lord, and ready to forgive;
 And rich in mercy, all that call upon thee to relieve.
 6 Hear, Lord, my pray'r; unto the voice of my request attend:
 7 In troublous times I'll call on thee; for thou wilt answer send.
 8 Lord, there is none among the gods that may with thee compare;
 And like the works which thou hast not any work is there. [done,
 9 All nations whom thou mad'st shall and worship rev'rently [come
 Before thy face; and they, O Lord, thy name shall glorify.
 10 Because thou art exceeding great, and works by thee are done
 Which are to be admir'd; and thou art God thyself alone.
 11 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth, O Lord, then walk will I;
 Unite my heart, that I thy name may fear continually.
 12 O Lord my God, with all my heart to thee I will give praise;

- And I the glory will ascribe unto thy name always:
 13 Because thy mercy toward me in greatness doth excel;
 And thou deliver'd hast my soul out from the lowest hell.
 14 O God, the proud against me rise, and violent men have met,
 That for my soul have fought; and the before them have not set.
 15 But thou art full of pity, Lord, a God most gracious,
 Long-suffering, and in thy truth and mercy plenteous.
 16 O turn to me thy countenance, and mercy on me have;
 Thy servant strengthen, and the son of thine own handmaid save.
 17 Shew me a sign for good, that the which do me hate may see,
 And be ashamed; because thou, Lord, didst help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- U**PON the hills of holiness he his foundation sets.
 2 God, more than Jacob's dwellings all delights in Zion's gates.
 3 Things glorious are said of thee, thou city of the Lord.
 4 Rahab and Babel I, to those that know me, will record:
 Behold ev'n Tyros, and with it the land of Palestine,
 And likewise Ethiopia;
 this man was born therein.
 5 And it of Sion shall be said,
 This man and that man there was born; and he that is most High himself shall stablish her.
 6 When God the people writes, he that this man born was there. [count
 7 There be that sing and play; and my well-springs in thee are.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- L**ORD God, my Saviour, day as before thee cry'd have I. [night
 2 Before thee let my prayer come; give ear unto my cry.
 3 For troubles great do fill my soul my life draws nigh the grave.
 4 I'm counted with those that go down to pit, and no strength have.
 5 Ev'n free among the dead, like the that slain in grave do lie;
 Cut off from thy hand, whom no more thou hast in memory
 6 Thou hast me laid in lowest pit, in deeps and darksome caves.
 7 Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou hast me press'd with all thy waves.
 8 Thou hast put far from me my friend thou mad'st them to abhor me;
 And I am so shut up, that I find no evasion for me.

9 My reason of affliction
mine eye mourns dolefully:
To thee, Lord, do I call, and stretch
my hands continually.

10 Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead?
shall they rise, and thee blest?

11 Shall in the grave thy love be told?
In death thy faithfulness?

12 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
or shall thy righteousness
be known to any in the land
of deep forgetfulness?

13 But, Lord, to thee I cry'd; my pray'r
at morn prevent shall thee.

14 Why, Lord, dost thou cast off my soul,
and hid'st thy face from me?

15 Distress'd am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die;
Thy terrors I have borne, and am
distracted fearfully.

16 The dreadful fierceness of thy wrath
quite over me doth go:
Thy terrors great have cut me off,
they did pursue me so.

17 For round about me ev'ry day,
like water, they did roll;
And, gathering together, they
have compassed my soul.

18 My friends thou hast put far from
and him that did me love; [me,
And those that mine acquaintance were
to darkness didst remove.

PSALM LXXXIX.

GOD's mercies I will ever sing;
and with my mouth I shall
thy faithfulness make to be known
to generations all.
For mercy shall be built, said I,
for ever to endure;
thy faithfulness, ev'n in the heav'ns,
thou wilt establish sure.

I with my chosen One have made
a cov'nant graciously;
and to my servant, whom I lov'd,
to David sworn have I
That I thy seed establish shall
for ever to remain,
and will to generations all
thy throne build and maintain.

The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
the heavens shall express;
and in the congregation
of saints thy faithfulness.
For who in heaven with the Lord
may once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
of those that mighty are?

Great fear in meeting of the saints
is due unto the Lord;
and he of all about him should
with reverence be ador'd.
O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
what lord in mightiness
like to thee? who compass'd round
art with thy faithfulness.

9 Ev'n in the raging of the sea
thou over it dost reign;
And when the waves thereof do swell;
thou stillest them again.

10 Rahab in pieces thou didst break,
like one that slaughter'd is;
And with thy mighty arm thou hast
dispers'd thine enemies.

11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for
the earth dost also take; [thine own
The world, and fulness of the same,
thy pow'r did found and make.

12 The north and south from thee alone
their first beginning had;
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
shall in thy name be glad.

13 Thou hast an arm that's full of
thy hand is great in might; [pow'r,
And thy right hand exceedingly
exalted is in height.

14 Justice and judgment of thy throne
are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,
shall go before thy face.

15 O greatly blest'd the people are
the joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
they ever on shall go.

16 They in thy name shall all the day
rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
exalted be on high.

17 Because the glory of their strength
doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favour shall our horn
and pow'r exalted be.

18 For God is our defence; and he
to us doth safety bring;
The Holy One of Israel
is our almighty King.

19 In vision to thy Holy One
thou saidst, I help upon
A strong one laid; out of the folk
I rais'd a chosen one;

20 Ev'n David, I have found him out
a servant unto me;
And with my holy oil my King
anointed him to be.

21 With whom my hand shall stablish'd
mine arm shall make him strong. [be;
22 On him the foe shall not exact,
nor son of mischief wrong.

23 I will beat down before his face
all his malicious foes;
I will them greatly plague who do
with hatred him oppose.

24 My mercy and my faithfulness
with him yet still shall be;
And in my name his horn and pow'r
men shall exalted see.

25 His hand and pow'r shall reach afar,
I'll set it in the sea;
And his right hand established
shall in the rivers be.

26 Thou art my Father, he shall cry,
thou art my God alone;

PSALM XC.

And he shall say, Thou art the Rock
of my salvation.

27 I'll make him my first-born, more
than kings of any land. [high

28 My love I'll ever keep for him,
my cov'nant fast shall stand.

29 His seed I by my pow'r will make
for ever to endure;

And, as the days of heav'n, his throne
shall stable be and sure.

30 But if his children shall forsake
my laws, and go astray,

And in my judgments shall not walk,
but wander from my way:

31 If they my laws break, and do not
keep my commandments;

32 I'll visit then their faults with rods,
their sins with chastisements.

33 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
nor false my promise make.

34 My cov'nant I'll not break, nor
what with my mouth I spake. [change

35 Once by my holiness I swear,
to David I'll not lie;

36 His seed and throne shall, as the sun,
before me last for aye.

37 It, like the moon, shall ever be
establish'd stedfastly;

And like to that which in the heav'n
doth witness faithfully.

38 But thou, displeased, hast cast off,
thou didst abhor and loathe;

With him that thine anointed is
thou hast been very wroth.

39 Thou hast thy servant's covenant
made void, and quite cast by;

Thou hast profan'd his crown, while it
cast on the ground doth lie.

40 Thou all his hedges hast broke down,
his strong holds down hast torn.

41 He to all passers-by a spoil,
to neighbours is a scorn.

42 Thou hast set up his foes' right hand;
mad'st all his en'mies glad:

43 Turn'd his sword's edge, and him
in battle hast not made. [to stand

44 His glory thou hast made to cease,
his throne to ground down cast;

45 Shorten'd his days of youth, and
with shame thou cover'd hast. [him

46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide
for ever, in thine ire? [thyself?

And shall thine indignation
burn like unto a fire?

47 Remember, Lord, how short a time
I shall on earth remain;

O wherefore is it so that thou
hast made all men in vain?

48 What man is he that liveth here,
and death shall never see?

Or from the power of the grave
what man his soul shall free?

49 Thy former loving-kindnesses,
O Lord, where be they now?

Those which in truth and faithfulness
to David sworn hast thou?

50 Mind, Lord, thy servant's sad re-
how I in bosom bear [proach;

The scorings of the people all,
who strong and mighty are.

51 Wherewith thy raging enemies
reproach'd, O Lord, think on;

Wherewith they have reproach'd the
of thine anointed one. [step

52 All blessing to the Lord our God
let be ascribed then:

For evermore so let it be.

Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XC.

L ORD, thou hast been our dwelling,
in generations all. [place

2 Before thou ever hadst brought forth
the mountains great or small;

Ere ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
and all the world abroad;

Ev'n thou from everlasting art
to everlasting God.

3 Thou dost unto destruction
man that is mortal turn;

And unto them thou say'st, Again,
ye sons of men, return:

4 Because a thousand years appear
no more before thy sight

Than yesterday, when it is past,
or than a watch by night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
thou carry'st them away:

They like a sleep are, like the grass
that grows at morn are they.

6 At morn it flourishes and grows,
cut down at ev'n doth fade.

7 For by thine anger we're consum'd,
thy wrath makes us afraid.

8 Our sins thou and iniquities
dost in thy presence place,

And sett'st our secret faults before
the brightness of thy face.

9 For in thine anger all our days
do pass on to an end;

And as a tale that hath been told,
so we our years do spend.

10 Threescore and ten years do sum up
our days and years, we see;

Or if, by reason of more strength,
in some fourscore they be:

Yet doth the strength of such old men
but grief and labour prove;

For it is soon cut off, and we
fly hence, and soon remove.

11 Who knowst the power of thy wrath
according to thy fear

12 So is thy wrath: Lord, teach thou
our end in mind to bear; [un

And so to count our days, that we
our hearts may still apply

To learn thy wisdom and thy truth,
that we may live thereby.

13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord,
how long thus shall it be?

Let it repent thee now for those
that servants are to thee.

4 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
us early satisfy;
we rejoice shall all our days,
and still be glad in thee.

5 According as the days have been,
wherein we grief have had,
and years wherein we ill have seen,
so do thou make us glad.

6 O let thy work and pow'r appear
thy servants' face before;
and shew unto their children dear
thy glory evermore:

7 And let the beauty of the Lord
our God be us upon:
our handy-works establish thou,
establish them each one.

PSALM XCI.

THE that doth in the secret place
of the most High reside,
under the shade of him that is
th' Almighty shall abide.

1 Of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
he is my fortress, and my God,
and in him trust I will.

Affuredly he shall thee save,
and give deliverance
from subtilè fowler's snare, and from
the noisome pestilence.

His feathers shall thee hide; thy
under his wings shall be: [trust
his faithfulness shall be a shield
and buckler unto thee.

Thou shalt not need to be afraid
for terrors of the night;
nor for the arrow that doth fly
by day, while it is light;
Nor for the pestilence, that walks
in darkness secretly;
nor for destruction, that doth waste
at noon-day openly.

A thousand at thy side shall fall,
on thy right hand shall lie
ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
it shall not once come nigh.

Only thou with thine eyes shalt look,
and a beholder be;
and thou therein the just reward
of wicked men shalt see.

Because the Lord, who constantly
my refuge is alone,
when the most High, is made by thee
thy habitation;

2 No plague shall near thy dwelling
no ill shall thee befall: [come,
1 For thee to keep in all thy ways
his angels charge he shall.

2 They in their hands shall bear thee
still waiting thee upon; [up,
rest thou at any time should'st dash
thy foot against a stone.

3 Upon the adder thou shalt tread,
and on the lion strong;
thy feet on dragons tramp'e shall,
and on the lions young.

14 Because on me he set his love,
I'll save and set him free;
Because my great name he hath known;
I will him set on high.

15 He'll call on me, I'll answer him;
I will be with him still
In trouble, to deliver him,
and honour him I will.

16 With length of days unto his mind
I will him satisfy;
I also my salvation
will cause his eyes to see.

PSALM XCII.

TO render thanks unto the Lord
it is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High,
due praise aloud to sing.

2 Thy loving-kindness to shew forth
when shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
with pleasure ev'ry night,

3 On a ten-stringed instrument,
upon the psaltery,
And on the harp with solemn sound,
and grave sweet melody.

4 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works
hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
which by thine hands were made.

5 How great, Lord, are thy works! each
of thine a deep it is: [thought
6 A brutish man it knoweth not;
fools understand not this.

7 When those that lewd and wicked
spring quickly up like grass, [are
And workers of iniquity
do flourish all apace;

It is that they for ever may
destroyed be and slain:

8 But thou, O Lord, art the most High,
for ever to remain.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
thine en'mies perish shall;
The workers of iniquity
shall be dispersed all.

10 But thou shalt, like unto the horn
of th' unicorn, exalt
My horn on high: thou with fresh oil
anoint me also shalt.

11 Mine eyes shall also my desire
see on mine enemies;
Mine ear shall of the wicked hear,
that do against me rise.

12 But like the palm-tree flourishing
shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
that is in Lebanon.

13 Those that within the house of God
are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
in our God's holy place.

14 And in old age, when others fade
they fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
and aye be flourishing.

1 To shew that upright is the Lord:
he is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
is altogether free.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is
with majesty most bright; [he
His works do shew him cloth'd to be,
and girt about with might.

The world is also stablished,
that it cannot depart.

2 Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
from everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
they lifted up their voice;

The floods have lifted up their waves,
and made a mighty noise.

4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
is more of might by far

Than noise of many waters is,
or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one
in faithfulness excel;

And holiness for ever, Lord,
thine house becometh well.

PSALM XCIV.

O LORD God, unto whom alone
all vengeance doth belong;

O mighty God, who vengeance own'st,
shine forth, avenging wrong.

2 Lift up thyself, thou of the earth
the sov'reign Judge that art;

And unto those that are so proud
a due reward impart.

3 How long, O mighty God, shall they
who lewd and wicked be,

How long shall they who wicked are
thus triumph haughtily?

4 How long shall things most hard by
be uttered and told? [them

And all that work iniquity
to boast themselves be bold?

5 Thy folk they break in pieces, Lord,
thine heritage oppress:

6 The widow they and stranger slay,
and kill the fatherless.

7 Yet say they, God it shall not see,
nor God of Jacob know.

8 Ye brutish people! understand;
fools! when wise will ye grow?

9 The Lord did plant the ear of man,
and hear then shall not he?

He only form'd the eye, and then
shall he not clearly see?

10 He that the nations doth correct,
shall he not chastise you?

He knowledge unto man doth teach,
and shall himself not know?

11 Man's thoughts to be but vanity
the Lord doth well discern.

12 Bless'd is the man thou chast'nest,
and mak'st thy law to learn; [Lord,

13 That thou may'st give him rest
of sad adversity, [from days

Until the pit be digg'd for those
that work iniquity.

14 For sure the Lord will not call on
those that his people be,
Neither his own inheritance
quit and forsake will he:

15 But judgment unto righteousness
shall yet return again;

And all shall follow after it
that are right-hearted men.

16 Who will rise up for me again?
those that do wickedly?

Who will stand up for me 'gainst those
that work iniquity?

17 Unless the Lord had been my help,
when I was sore oppress'd,

Almost my soul had in the house
of silence been at rest.

18 When I had uttered this word,
(my foot doth slip away,)

Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
thy goodness did me stay.

19 Amidst the multitude of thoughts
which in my heart do fight,

My soul, lest it be overcharg'd,
thy comforts do delight.

20 Shall of iniquity the throne
have fellowship with thee,

Which mischief, cunningly contriv'd
doth by a law decree? [join

21 Against the righteous souls they
they guiltless blood condemn.

22 But of my refuge God's the rock,
and my defence from them.

23 On them their own iniquity
the Lord shall bring and lay,

And cut them off in their own sin;
our Lord God shall them slay.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord:
come, let us ev'ry one

A joyful noise make to the Rock
of our salvation.

2 Let us before his presence come
with praise and thankful voice;

Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
and make a joyful noise.

3 For God, a great God, and great
above all gods he is. [King,

4 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
the strength of hills is his.

5 To him the spacious sea belongs,
for he the same did make;

The dry land also from his hands
its form at first did take.

6 O come, and let us worship him,
let us bow down withal,

And on our knees before the Lord
our Maker let us fall.

7 For he's our God, the people we
of his own pasture are,

And of his hand the sheep; to-day,
—if ye his voice will hear,

8 Then harden not your hearts, as in
the provocation,

As in the desert, on the day
of the temptation;

When me your fathers tempt'd and
and did my working see; [prov'd,
Ev'n for the space of forty years
his race hath grieved me.
aid, 'This people errs in heart,
ny ways they do not know:
To whom I swear in wrath, that to
ny rest they should not go.

PSALM XCVI.

SING a new song to the Lord:
sing all the earth to God.
To God sing, bless his name, shew
his saving health abroad. [All
Among the Heathen nations
his glory do declare;
id unto all the people show
his works that wondrous are.

For great's the Lord, and greatly he
s to be magnify'd;
a, worthy to be fear'd is he
above all gods beside.
For all the gods are idols dumb,
which blinded nations fear;
t cur God is the Lord, by whom
he heav'ns created were.

Great honour is before his face;
and majesty divine;
ength is within his holy place,
and there doth beauty shine.
Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
if people ev'ry tribe,
ory do ye unto the Lord,
nd mighty pow'r ascribe.

Give ye the glory to the Lord
hat to his name is due;
ne ye into his courts, and bring
n offering with you
n beauty of his holiness,
I do the Lord adore;
ewise let all the earth throughout
emble his face before.

Among the Heathen say, God reigns;
he world shall stedfastly
fix'd from moving; he shall judge
ne people righteously.
Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
ad let the earth rejoice;
seas, and all that is therein,
ry out, and make a noise.

Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
at springeth of the earth:
en woods, and ev'ry tree shall sing
ith gladness and with mirth
Before the Lord; because he comes,
o judge the earth comes he:
ll judge the world with righteous-
ne people faithfully. [ness,

PSALM XCVII.

OD reigneth, let the earth be glad,
and they rejoice each one.
rk clouds compass; and night
ith judgments dwells his throne.
re goes before him, and his foes
burns up round about:
s lightnings lighten did the world;
rth saw, and shook throughout.

5 Hills at the presence of the Lord,
like wax, did melt away;
Ev'n at the presence of the Lord
of all the earth, I say.
6 The heav'ns declare his righteousness,
all men his glory see. [ness,
7 All who serve graven images,
confounded let them be.

Who do of idols boast themselves,
let shame upon them fall:
Ye that are called Gods, see that
ye do him worship all.

8 Sion did hear, and joyful was,
glad Judah's daughters were;
They much rejoic'd, O Lord, because
thy judgments did appear.

9 For thou, O Lord, art high above
all things on earth that are;
Above all other gods thou art
exalted very far.

10 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord:
his saints' souls keepeth he;
And from the hands of wicked men
he sets them safe and free.

11 For all those that be righteous
sown is a joyful light,
And gladness sown is for all those
that are in heart upright.

12 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
express your thankfulness,
When ye into your memory
do call his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING a new song to the Lord,
for wonders he hath done;
His right hand and his holy arm
him victory hath won.

2 The Lord God his salvation
hath caused to be known;
His justice in the Heathen's sight
he openly hath shown.

3 He mindful of his grace and truth
to Israel's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
all ends of th' earth have seen.

4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
sing praises, and rejoice.

5 With harp, with harp, and voice of
unto JEHOVAH sing: [p'als,
6 With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
before the Lord the King.

7 Let seas and all their fulness roar;
the world, and dwellers there;
8 Let floods clap hands, and let the
together joy declare [hills.

9 Before the Lord; because he comes,
to judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteous-
his folk with equity. [ness,

PSALM XCIX.

TH' eternal Lord doth reign as king,
let all the people quake;
He sits between the cherubims,
let th' earth be mov'd and shake.

- 1 The Lord in Sion great and high
above all people is;
- 2 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
is holy) let them blefs.
- 3 The king's strength also judgment
thou settelst equity: [loves;
- Just judgment thou dost execute
in Jacob righteously.
- 4 The Lord our God exalt on high,
and rev'rently do ye
Before his footstool worship him:
the Holy One is he.
- 5 Moses and Aaron 'mong his priests,
Samuel, with them that call
Upon his name: these call'd on God,
and he them answer'd all.
- 6 Within the pillar of the cloud
he unto them did speak:
The testimonies he them taught,
and laws, they did not break.
- 7 Thou answer'dst them, O Lord our
thou wast a God that gave [God;
- Pardon to them, though on their deeds
thou wouldest vengeance have.
- 8 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
and at his holy hill
Do ye him worship: for the Lord
our God is holy still.

PSALM C.

- A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice. [forth tell,
- 2 Him serve with mirth, his praise
Come ye before him and rejoice.
 - 3 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
 - 4 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and blefs his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
 - 5 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Another of the same.

- O** ALL ye lands, unto the Lord
make ye a joyful noise.
- 2 Serve God with gladness, him before
come with a singing voice.
 - 3 Know ye the Lord that he is God;
not we, but he us made:
We are his people, and the sheep
within his pasture fed.
 - 4 Enter his gates and courts with praise,
to thank him go ye thither:
To him express your thankfulness,
and blefs his name together.
 - 5 Because the Lord our God is good,
his mercy faileth never;
And to all generations
his truth endureth ever.

PSALM CI.

- I** MERCY will and judgment sing,
Lord, I will sing to thee.

- 2 With wisdom in a perfect way
shall my behaviour be.
- 3 O when, in kindness unto me,
wilt thou be pleas'd to come?
I with a perfect heart will walk
within my house at home.
- 4 I will endure no wicked thing
before mine eyes to be:
I hate their work that turn aside,
it shall not cleave to me.
- 5 A stubborn and a froward heart
depart quite from me shall;
A person giv'n to wickedness
I will not know at all.
- 6 I'll cut him off that slandereth
his neighbour privily:
The haughty heart I will not bear,
nor him that looketh high.
- 7 Upon the faithful of the land
mine eyes shall be, that they
May dwell with me: he shall me seek
that walks in perfect way.
- 8 Who of deceit a worker is
in my house shall not dwell;
And in my presence shall he not
remain that lies doth tell.
- 9 Yea, all the wicked of the land
early destroy will I;
All from God's city to cut off
that work iniquity.

PSALM CII.

- O** LORD, unto my pray'r give ear:
my cry let come to thee;
- 2 And in the day of my distress
hide not thy face from me.
Give ear to me; what time I call,
to answer me make haste: [burn
 - 3 For, as an hearth, my bones
my days, like smoke, do waste.
 - 4 My heart within me smitten is,
and it is withered
Like very grass; so that I do
forget to eat my bread.
 - 5 By reason of my groaning voice
my bones cleave to my skin.
 - 6 Like pelican in wilderness
forsaken I have been:
I like an owl in desert am,
that nightly there doth moan;
 - 7 I watch, and like a sparrow am
on the house-top alone.
 - 8 My bitter en'mies all the day
reproaches cast on me;
And, being mad at me, with rage
against me sworn they be.
 - 9 For why? I ashes eaten have
like bread, in sorrows deep;
My drink I also mingled have
with tears that I did weep.
 - 10 Thy wrath and indignation
did cause this grief and pain;
For thou hast lift me up on high,
and cast me down again.
 - 11 My days are like unto a shade,
which doth declining pass;
And I am dry'd and withered,
ev'n like unto the grass.

12 But thou, Lord, everlasting art,
and thy remembrance shall
continually endure, and be
to generations all.

13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy have
upon thy Sion yet;
The time to favour her is come,
the time that thou hast set.

14 For in her rubbish and her stones
thy servants pleasure take;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
do favour for her sake.

15 So shall the Heathen people fear
the Lord's most holy name;
And all the kings on earth shall dread
thy glory and thy fame.

16 When Sion by the mighty Lord
built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
to men appear shall he.

17 The prayer of the destitute
he surely will regard,
Their prayer will he not despise,
by him it shall be heard.

18 For generations yet to come
this shall be on record:
So shall the people that shall be
created praise the Lord.

19 He from his sanctuary's height
hath downward cast his eye;
And from his glorious throne in
the Lord the earth did spy; [heav'n

20 That of the mournful prisoner
the groanings he might hear,
To set them free that unto death
by men appointed are:

21 That they in Sion may declare
the Lord's most holy name,
And publish in Jerusalem
the praises of the same;

22 When as the people gather shall
in troops with one accord,
When kingdoms shall assembled be
to serve the highest Lord.

23 My wonted strength and force he
abated in the way, [hath
And he my days hath shortened:

24 Thus therefore did I say,
My God, in mid-time of my days
take thou me not away:
From age to age eternally
thy years endure and stay.

25 The firm foundation of the earth
of old time thou hast laid;
The heavens also are the work
which thine own hands have made.

26 Thou shalt for evermore endure,
but they shall perish all;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
like to a garment, shall:

Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,
and they shall changed be:

27 But thou the same art, and thy
are to eternity. [years

28 The children of thy servants shall
continually endure;

And in thy sight, O Lord, their need
shall be establish'd sure.

Another of the same.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and let my cry
Have speedy access unto thee;

2 In day of my calamity
O hide not thou thy face from me.
Hear when I call to thee; that day
An answer speedily return:

3 My days, like smoke, consume away,
And, as an hearth, my bones do burn.

4 My heart is wounded very sore,
And withered, like grass doth fade:
I am forgetful grown therefore
To take and eat my daily bread.

5 By reason of my smart within,
And voice of my most grievous groans,
My flesh consumed is, my skin,
All parch'd, doth cleave unto my bones.

6 The pelican of wilderness,
The owl in desert, I do match;

7 And, sparrow-like, companionless,
Upon the house's top, I watch.

8 I all day long am made a scorn,
Reproach'd by my malicious foes:
The madmen are against me sworn,
The men against me that arose.

9 For I have ashes eaten up,
To me as if they had been bread;
And with my drink I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.

10 Because thy wrath was not appeas'd,
And dreadful indignation:
Therefore it was that thou me rais'd,
And thou again didst cast me down.

11 My days are like a shade away,
Which doth declining swiftly pass;
And I am withered away,
Much like unto the fading grass.

12 But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations sure -
Shall thy remembrance ever be.

13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Sion shalt extend:
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.

14 Thy saints take pleasure in her
Her very dust to them is dear. [stones,
15 All Heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall fear.

16 God in his glory shall appear,
When Sion he builds and repairs.

17 He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs:
Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not scorn;

18 All times this shall be on record,
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

19 He from his holy place look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on
high; [groan

20 To hear the pris'n'g's mourning
And free them that are doom'd to die

21 That Zion, and Jerusalem too,
His name and praise may well record,

22 When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

23 My strength he weaken'd in the way,
My days of life he shortened.

24 My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I said:
Thy years throughout all ages last.

25 Of old thou hast established
The earth's foundation firm and fast:
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have
made.

26 They perish shall, as garments do,
But thou shalt evermore endure;
As vestures, thou shalt change them so;

27 But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endless years do last for aye.

28 Thy servants, and their seed who be,
Establish'd shall before thee stay.

PSALM CIII.

O THOU my soul, blest God the
and all that in me is [Lord;
Be stirred up his holy name
to magnify and blest.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
he hath bestow'd on thee.

3 All thine iniquities who doth
most graciously forgive:

Who thy diseases all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
and tender mercies crown:

5 Who with abundance of good things
doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
renewed is thy youth.

6 God righteous judgment executes
for all oppressed ones.

7 His ways to Moses, he his acts
made known to Isr'el's sons.

8 The Lord our God is merciful,
and he is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
in mercy plenteous.

9 He will not chide continually,
nor keep his anger still.

10 With us he dealt not as we sinn'd,
nor did requite our ill.

11 For as the heaven in its height
the earth surmounteth far;

So great to those that do him fear
his tender mercies are:-

12 As far as east is distant from
the west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
all our iniquity.

13 Such pity as a father hath
unto his children dear;
Like pity shews the Lord to such
as worship him in fear.

14 For he remembers we are dust,
and he our frame well knows.

15 Frail man, his days are like the
as flow'r in field he grows: [grafs,

16 For over it the wind doth pass,
and it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
it shall no more be known.

17 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children fill
his righteousness extends:

18 To such as keep his covenant,
and mindful are alway
Of his most just commandments,
that they may them obey.

19 The Lord prepared hath his throne
in heavens firm to stand;
And ev'ry thing that being hath
his kingdom doth command.

20 O ye his angels, that excel
in strength, blest ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
and hearken to his word.

21 O blest and magnify the Lord,
ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
whate'er his pleasure is.

22 O blest the Lord, all ye his works,
wherewith the world is stor'd
In his dominions ev'ry where.
My soul, blest thou the Lord.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS God, my soul. O Lord my
thou art exceeding great; [God,
With honour and with majesty
thou clothed art in state.

2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
thou coverest about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
the heavens stretchest out.

3 Who of his chambers doth the beams
within the waters lay;
Who doth the clouds his chariot make,
on wings of wind make way.

4 Who flaming fire his ministers,
his angels sp'rits, doth make:

5 Who earth's foundations did lay,
that it should never shake.

6 Thou didst it cover with the deep,
as with a garment spread:
The waters stood above the hills,
when thou the word but said.

7 But at the voice of thy rebuke
they fled, and would not stay;
They at thy thunder's dreadful voice
did haste them fast away.

8 They by the mountains do ascend,
and by the valley-ground
Descend, unto that very place
which thou for them didst found.

9 Thou hast a bound unto them set,
that they may not pass over,
That they do not return again
the face of earth to cover.

10 He to the valleys sends the springs,
which run among the hills;

1 They to all beasts of field give drink,
wild asses drink their fills.
2 By them the fowls of heav'n shall
their habitation, [have
Which do among the branches sing
with delectation.
3 He from his chambers watereth
the hills, when they are dry'd:
With fruit and increase of thy works
the earth is satisfy'd.
4 For cattle he makes grafs to grow,
he makes the herb to spring
or th' use of man, that food to him
he from the earth may bring;
5 And wine, that to the heart of man
doth cheerfulness impart,
ill that his face makes shine, and bread
that strengtheneth his heart.
6 The trees of God are full of sap;
the cedars that do stand
in Lebanon, which planted were
by his almighty hand.
7 Birds of the air upon their boughs
do choose their nests to make;
as for the stork, the fir-tree she
doth for her dwelling take.
8 The lofty mountains for wild goats
a place of refuge be;
The conies also to the rocks
do for their safety flee.
9 He sets the moon in heav'n, thereby
the seasons to discern:
From him the sun his certain time
of going down doth learn.
O Thou darkness mak'st, 'tis night,
of forests creep abroad. [then beasts
1 The lions young roar for their prey,
and seek their meat from God.
2 The sun doth rise, and home they
down in their dens they lie. [flock,
3 Man goes to work, his labour he
doth to the ev'ning ply.
4 How manifold, Lord, are thy works!
in wisdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;
earth's of thy riches full:
5 So is this great and spacious sea,
wherein things creeping are,
Which number'd cannot be; and beasts
both great and small are there.
6 There ships go; there thou mak'st
that Leviathan great. [to play
7 These all wait on thee, that thou
in due time give them meat. [may'st
8 That which thou givest unto them:
they rather for their food;
Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
they filled are with good
9 Thou hid'st thy face; they troubled
their breath thou tak'st away; [are,
Then do they die, and to their dust
return again do they.
O Thy quick'ning Spirit thou send'st
then they created be; [forth,
And then the earth's decayed face
renewed is by thee.

31 The glory of the mighty Lord
continue shall for ever:
The Lord JEHOVAH shall rejoice
in all his works together.
32 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
if he on it but look;
And if the mountains he but touch,
they presently do smoke.
33 I will sing to the Lord most high,
so long as I shall live;
And while I being have I shall
to my God praises give.
34 Of him my meditation shall
sweet thoughts to me afford;
And as for me, I will rejoice
in God, my only Lord.
35 From earth let sinners be consum'd,
let ill men no more be
O thou my soul, blest thou the Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CV.

GIVE thanks to God, call on his
name;
to men his deeds make known.
2 Sing ye to him, sing psalms; proclaim
his wondrous works each one
3 See that ye in his holy name
to glory do accord;
And let the heart of ev'ry one
rejoice that seeks the Lord.
4 The Lord Almighty, and his strength,
with steadfast hearts seek ye:
His blessed and his gracious face
seek ye continually.
5 Think on the works that he hath
which admiration breed; [done,
His wonders, and the judgments all
which from his mouth proceed;
6 O ye that are of Abr'ham's race,
his servant well approv'n;
And ye that Jacob's children are,
whom he chose for his own.
7 Because he, and he only, is
the mighty Lord our God;
And his most righteous judgments are
in all the earth abroad.
8 His covenant he remember'd hath,
that it may ever stand:
To thousand generations
the word he did command.
9 Which covenant he firmly made
with faithful Abraham,
And unto Isaac, by his oath,
he did renew the same:
10 And unto Jacob, for a law,
he made it firm and sure,
A covenant to Israel,
which ever should endure.
11 He said, I'll give Canaan's land
for heritage to you;
12 While they were strangers there,
in number very few: [and few,
13 While yet they went from land to
without a sure abode; [land
And while through sundry kingdoms
did wander far abroad; [they

14 Yet, notwithstanding, suffer'd he
no man to do them wrong:
Yea, for their sakes, he did reprove
kings, who were great and strong.
15 Thus did he say, Touch ye not those
that mine anointed be,
Nor do the prophets any harm
that do pertain to me.
16 He call'd for famine on the land,
he brake the staff of bread:
17 But yet he sent a man before,
by whom they should be fed;
Ev'n Joseph, whom unnat'rally
sell for a slave did they;
18 Whose feet with fetters they did
and he in irons lay; [hurt,
19 Until the time that his word came
to give him liberty,
The word and purpose of the Lord
did him in prison try.
20 Then sent the king, and did com-
mand that he enlarg'd should be: [mand
He that the people's ruler was
did send to set him free.
21 A lord to rule his family
he rais'd him, as most fit;
To him of all that he possess'd
he did the charge commit:
22 That he might at his pleasure bind
the princes of the land;
And he might teach his senators
wisdom to understand.
23 The people then of Israel
down into Egypt came;
And Jacob also sojourn'd
within the land of Ham.
24 And he did greatly by his pow'r
increase his people there;
And stronger than their enemies
they by his blessing were.
25 Their heart he turned to envy
his folk maliciously,
With those that his own servants were
to deal in subtilty.
26 His servant Moses he did send,
Aaron his chosen one.
27 By these his signs and wonders great
in Ham's land were made known.
28 Darkness he sent, and made it dark;
his word they did obey.
29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
and he their fish did slay.
30 The land in plenty brought forth
in chambers of their kings. [frogs
31 His word all sorts of flies and lice
in all their borders brings.
32 He hail for rain, and flaming fire
into their land he sent:
33 And he their vines and fig-trees
trees of their coasts he rent. [smote;
34 He spake, and caterpillars came,
locusts did much abound; [sum'd,
35 Which in their land all herbs con-
and all fruits of their ground.
36 He smote all first-born in their land,
chief of their strength each one,

37 With gold and silver brought them
weak in their tribes were none. [forth,
38 Egypt was glad when forth they
their fear on them did light. [went,
39 He spread a cloud for covering,
and fire to shine by night.
40 They ask'd, and he brought quails
of heav'n he fill'd them. [with bread
41 He open'd rocks, floods gush'd, and
in deserts like a stream. [ran
42 For on his holy promise he,
and servant Abr'ham, thought.
43 With joy his people, his elect
with gladness, forth he brought.
44 And unto them the pleasant lands
he of the Heathen gave;
That of the people's labour they
inheritance might have.
45 That they his statutes might observe
according to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praise unto the Lord.

PSALM CVI.

GIVE praise and thanks unto the
for bountiful is he; [Lord,
His tender mercy doth endure
unto eternity.
2 God's mighty works who can ex-
or shew forth all his praise? [praise,
3 Blessed are they that judgment keep,
and justly do always.
4 Remember me, Lord, with that love
which thou to thine dost bear;
With thy salvation, O my God,
to visit me draw near:
5 That I thy chosen's good may see,
and in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
triumph with cheerful voice.
6 We with our fathers sinned have
and of iniquity
Too long we have the workers been
we have done wickedly.
7 The wonders great, which thou, O
didst work in Egypt land, [Lord,
Our fathers, though they saw, yet them
they did not understand:
And they thy mercies' multitude
kept not in memory;
But at the sea, ev'n the Red sea,
provok'd him grievously.
8 Nevertheless he saved them,
ev'n for his own name's sake;
That so he might to be well known
his mighty power make.
9 When he the Red sea did rebuke,
then dried up it was:
Thro' depths, as thro' the wilderness,
he safely made them pass.
10 From hands of those that hated them
he did his people save;
And from the en'my's cruel hand
to them redemption gave.
11 The waters overwhelm'd their foes,
not one was left alive.

PSALM CVII.

12 Then they believ'd his word, and
to him in songs did give. [praise
13 But soon did they his mighty works
forget unthankfully,
And on his counsel and his will
did not wait patiently;
14 But much did lust in wilderness,
and God in desert tempt.
15 He gave them what they sought,
their soul he leanness sent. [but to
16 And against Moses in the camp
their envy did appear;
At Aaron they, the saint of God,
envious also were.
17 Therefore the earth did open wide,
and Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
did cover in that hour.
18 Likewise among their company
a fire was kindled then;
And so the hot consuming flame
burnt up these wicked men.
19 Upon the hill of Horeb they
an idol-calf did frame,
A molten image they did make,
and worshipped the same.
20 And thus their glory, and their God,
most vainly changed they
Into the likeness of an ox
that eateth grass or hay.
21 They did forget the mighty God,
that had their saviour been,
By whom such great things brought to
they had in Egypt seen. [pass
22 In Ham's land he did wondrous
things terrible did he, [works,
When he his mighty hand and arm
stretch'd out at the Red sea.
23 Then said he, He would them de-
had not, his wrath to slay, [destroy,
His chosen Moses stood in breach,
that them he should not slay.
24 Yea, they despis'd the pleasant land,
believed not his word:
25 But in their tents they murmured,
not heark'ning to the Lord.
26 Therefore in desert them to slay
he lifted up his hand:
27 'Mong nations to o'erthrow their
and scatter in each land. [feed,
28 They unto Baal-peor did
themselves associate;
The sacrifices of the dead
they did profanely eat.
29 Thus, by their lewd inventions,
they did provoke his ire;
And then upon them suddenly
the plague brake in as fire.
30 Then Phin'has rose, and justice did,
and so the plague did cease;
31 That to all ages counted was
to him for righteousness.
32 And at the waters, where they
they did him angry make, [grove,
In such sort, that it fared ill
with Moses for their sake:

33 Because they there his spirit meek
provoked bitterly,
So that he utter'd with his lips
words unadvisedly.
34 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
did they the nations slay:
35 But with the Heathen mingled were,
and learn'd of them their way.
36 And they their idols serv'd, which
a snare unto them turn. [did
37 Their sons and daughters they to
in sacrifice did burn. [devils
38 In their own children's guiltless
their hands they did imbrue, [blood
Whom to Canaan's idols they
for sacrifices slew:
So was the land defil'd with blood.
39 They stain'd with their own way,
And with their own inventions
a whoring they did stray.
40 Against his people kindled was
the wrath of God therefore,
Inasmuch that he did his own
inheritance abhor. [hand;
41 He gave them to the Heathen's
their foes did them command.
42 Their enemies them oppress'd, they
made subject to their hand. [were
43 He many times deliver'd them;
but with their counsel so
They him provok'd, that for their sin
they were brought very low.
44 Yet their affliction he beheld,
when he did hear their cry:
45 And he for them his covenant
did call to memory;
After his mercies' multitude
46 he did repent: And made
Them to be pitied of all those
who did them captive lead.
47 O Lord our God us save, and gather
the Heathen from among,
That we thy holy name may praise
in a triumphant song.
48 Bless'd be JEHOVAH, Isr'el's God,
to all eternity:
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CVII.

PRAISE God, for he is good: for still
his mercies lasting be.
2 Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
from th' enemy's hand did free;
3 And gather'd them out of the lands,
from north, south, east, and west.
4 They stray'd in desert's pathless way,
no city found to rest.
5 For thirst and hunger in them saints
O their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
them frees from their distress.
7 Them also in a way to walk
that right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
wherein they might abide.

PSALM CVIII.

8 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men !
9 For he the soul that longing is
doth fully satisfy ;
With goodness he the hungry soul
doth fill abundantly.
10 Such as shut up in darkness deep,
and in death's shade abide,
Whom strongly hath affliction bound,
and irons fast have ty'd :
11 Because against the words of God
they wrought rebelliously,
And they the counsel did contemn
of him that is most High :
12 Their heart he did bring down with
they fell, no help could have. [grief,
13 In trouble then they cry'd to God,
he them from straits did save.
14 He out of darkness did them bring,
and from death's shade them take ;
These bands, wherewith they had been
asunder quite he brake. [bound,
15 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men !
16 Because the mighty gates of brass
in pieces he did tear,
By him in sunder also cut
the bars of iron were.
17 Fools, for their sin, and their of-
do sore affliction bear ; [fence,
18 All kind of meat their soul abhors ;
they to death's gates draw near.
19 In grief they cry to God ; he saves
them from their miseries.
20 He sends his word, them heals, and
from their destructions frees. [them
21 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men !
22 And let them sacrifice to him
off'rings of thankfulness ;
And let them shew abroad his works
in songs of joyfulness.
23 Who go to sea in ships, and in
great waters trading be,
24 Within the deep these men God's
and his great wonders see. [works
25 For he commands, and forth in haste
the stormy tempest flies,
Which makes the sea with rolling
aloft to swell and rise. [waves
26 They mount to heav'n, then to the
they do go down again ; [depths
Their soul doth faint and melt away
with trouble and with pain.
27 They reel and stagger like one drunk,
at their wit's end they be :
28 Then they to God in trouble cry,
who them from straits doth free.
29 The storm is chang'd into a calm
at his command and will ;

So that the waves, which rag'd before
now quiet are and still.
30 Then are they glad, because at rest
and quiet now they be :
So to the haven he them brings,
which they desir'd to see.
31 O that men to the Lord would give
praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
unto the sons of men !
32 Among the people gathered
let them exalt his name ;
Among assembled elders spread
his most renowned fame.
33 He to dry land turns water-springs,
and floods to wilderness ;
34 For sins of those that dwell therein,
fat land to barrenness.
35 The burnt and parched wilderness
to water-pools he brings ;
The ground that was dry'd up before
he turns to water-springs :
36 And there, for dwelling, he a place
doth to the hungry give,
That they a city may prepare
commodiously to live.
37 There sow they fields, and vineyards
to yield fruits of increase. [plant,
38 His blessing makes them multiply,
lets not their beasts decrease.
39 Again they are diminished,
and very low brought down,
Through sorrow and affliction,
and great oppression.
40 He upon princes pours contempt,
and causeth them to stray,
And wander in a wilderness,
wherein there is no way.
41 Yet setteth he the poor on high
from all his miseries,
And he, much like unto a flock,
doth make him families.
42 They that are righteous shall rejoice,
when they the same shall see ;
And, as ashamed, stop her mouth
shall all iniquity.
43 Who so is wise, and will these things
observe, and them record,
Ev'n they shall understand the love
and kindness of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

MY heart is fix'd, Lord ; I will sing,
and with my glory praise.
2 Awake up psaltery and harp ;
myself I'll early raise.
3 I'll praise thee 'mong the people,
'mong nations sing will I. [Lord ;
4 For above heav'n thy mercy's great,
thy truth doth reach the sky.
5 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
exalted gloriously ;
Thy glory all the earth above
be lifted up on high.
6 That those who thy beloved are
delivered may be,

PSALM CIX.

O do thou save with thy right hand,
and answer give to me.

7 God in his holiness hath said,
Herein I will take pleasure;

Shechem I will divide, and forth
will Succoth's valley measure.

8 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Manasseh mine shall be;

Ephraim is of my head the strength;
Judah gives laws for me;

9 Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;

Over the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go.

10 O who is he will bring me to
the city fortify'd?

O who is he that to the land
of Edom will me guide?

11 O God, thou who hadst cast us off,
this thing wilt thou not do?

And wilt not thou, ev'n thou, O God,
forth with our armies go?

12 Do thou from trouble give us help,
for helpless is man's aid.

13 Through God we shall do valiantly;
our foes he shall down tread.

PSALM CIX.

OTHOU the God of all my praise,
do thou not hold thy peace;

2 For mouths of wicked men to speak
against me do not cease:

The mouths of vile deceitful men
against me open'd be;

And with a false and lying tongue
they have accused me.

3 They did beset me round about
with words of hateful sight:

And though to them no cause I gave,
against me they did fight.

4 They for my love became my foes,
but I me set to pray.

5 Evil for good, hatred for love,
to me they did repay.

6 Set thou the wicked over him;
and upon his right hand

Give thou his greatest enemy,
ev'n Satan, leave to stand.

7 And when by thee he shall be judg'd,
let him condemn'd be;

And let his pray'r be turn'd to sin,
when he shall call on thee.

8 Few be his days, and in his room
his charge another take.

9 His children let be fatherless,
his wife a widow make.

10 His children let be vagabonds,
and beg continually;

And from their places desolate
seek bread for their supply.

11 Let covetous extortioners
catch all he hath away:

Of all for which he labour'd hath
let strangers make a prey.

12 Let there be none to pity him:
let there be none at all

That on his children fatherless
will let his mercy fall.

13 Let his posterity from earth
cut off for ever be,

And in the foll'wing age their name
be blotted out by thee.

14 Let God his father's wickedness
still to remembrance call;

And never let his mother's sin
be blotted out at all.

15 But let them all before the Lord
appear continually,

That he may wholly from the earth
cut off their memory.

16 Because he mercy minded not,
but persecuted still

The poor and needy, that he might
the broken-hearted kill.

17 As he in cursing pleasure took,
so let it to him fall;

As he delighted not to bless,
so bless him not at all.

18 As cursing he like clothes put on,
into his bowels so,

Like water, and into his bones,
like oil, down let it go.

19 Like to the garment let it be
which doth himself array,

And for a girdle, wherewith he
is girt about alway.

20 From God let this be their reward
that en'mies are to me,

And their reward that speak against
my soul maliciously.

21 But do thou, for thine own name's
O God the Lord, for me:

[fake,
Sith good and sweet thy mercy is,
from trouble set me free.

22 For I am poor and indigent,
afflicted fore am I,

My heart within me also is
wounded exceedingly.

23 I pass like a declining shade,
am like the locust tost:

24 My knees through fasting weaken'd
my flesh hath fatness lost. [are,

25 I also am a vile reproach
unto them made to be;

And they that did upon me look
did shake their heads at me.

26 O do thou help and succour me,
who art my God and Lord:

And, for thy tender mercy's sake,
safety to me afford:

27 That thereby they may know that
is thy almighty hand; [this

And that thou, Lord, hast done the
they may well understand. [same,

28 Although they curse with spite, yet,
bless thou with loving voice: [Lord.

Let them ashamed be when they rise;
thy servant let rejoice.

29 Let thou mine adversaries all
with shame be clothed over;

And let their own confusion
them, as a mantle, cover.

- 30 But as for me, I with my mouth
will greatly praise the Lord;
And I among the multitude
his praises will record.
31 For he shall stand at his right hand
who is in poverty,
To save him from all those that would
condemn his soul to die.

PSALM CX.

- T**HE LORD did say unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thy foes a stool,
whereon thy feet may stand.
2 The Lord shall out of Sion send
the rod of thy great pow'r:
In midst of all thine enemies
be thou the governor.
3 A willing people in thy day
of pow'r shall come to thee,
In holy beauties from morn's womb;
thy youth like dew shall be.
4 The Lord himself hath made an oath,
and will repent him never,
Of th' order of Melchisedec
thou art a priest for ever.
5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
that sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike thro'
kings that do him withstand.
6 He shall among the Heathen judge,
he shall with bodies dead
The places fill: o'er many lands
he wound shall ev'ry head.
7 The brook that runneth in the way
with drink shall him supply:
And, for this cause, in triumph he
shall lift his head on high.

PSALM CXI.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord: with my whole
I will God's praise declare, [heart
Where the assemblies of the just
and congregations are.
2 The whole works of the Lord our
are great above all measure, [God
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
that doth therein take pleasure.
3 His work most honourable is,
most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
for ever doth endure.
4 His works most wonderful he hath
made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
full of compassion.
5 He giveth meat unto all those
that truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
he in his mind will bear.
6 He did the power of his works
unto his people show,
When he the Heathen's heritage
upon them did bestow.
7 His handy-works are truth and right;
all his commands are sure:
8 And, done in truth and uprightness,
they evermore endure.

- 9 He sent redemption to his folk;
his covenant for aye
He did command: holy his name
and rev'rend is alway.
10 Wisdom's beginning is God's fear:
good understanding they
Have all that his commands fulfil:
his praise endures for aye.

PSALM CXII.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord. The man is
that fears the Lord aright, [blest
He who in his commandments
doth greatly take delight.
2 His seed and offspring powerful
shall be the earth upon:
Of upright men blessed shall be
the generation.
3 Riches and wealth shall ever be
within his house in store;
And his unspotted righteousness
endures for evermore.
4 Unto the upright light doth rise,
though he in darkness be:
Compassionate, and merciful,
and righteous, is he.
5 A good man doth his favour show,
and doth to others lend:
He with discretion his affairs
will guide unto the end.
6 Surely there is not any thing
that ever shall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
shall everlasting prove.
7 When he shall evil tidings hear,
he shall not be afraid:
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
upon the Lord is stay'd.
8 His heart is firmly stablished,
afraid he shall not be,
Until upon his enemies
be his desire shall see.
9 He hath dispers'd, giv'n to the poor;
his righteousness shall be
To ages all; with honour shall
his horn be raised high.
10 The wicked shall it see, and fret,
his teeth gnash, melt away:
What wicked men do most desire
shall utterly decay.

PSALM CXIII.

- P**RAISE God: ye servants of the Lord,
O praise, the Lord's name praise.
2 Yea, blessed be the name of God
from this time forth always.
3 From rising sun to where it sets,
God's name is to be prais'd.
4 Above all nations God is high,
'bove heav'ns his glory rais'd.
5 Unto the Lord our God that dwells
on high, who can compare?
6 Himself that humbleth things to see
in heav'n and earth that are.
7 He from the dust doth raise the poor,
that very low doth lie;
And from the dunghill lifts the man
oppress'd with poverty;

8 That he may highly him advance,
and with the princes set;
With those that of his people are
the chief, ev'n princes great.
9 The barren woman house to keep
he maketh, and to be
Of sons a mother full of joy.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Isra'el out of Egypt went,
and did his dwelling change,
When Jacob's house went out from
that were of language strange, [those
2 He Judah did his sanctuary,
his kingdom Isra'el make:
3 The sea it saw, and quickly fled,
Jordan was driven back.
4 Like rams the mountains, and like
the hills skip'd to and fro. [lambs
5 O sea, why fledd'st thou? Jordan,
why wast thou driven so? [back
6 Ye mountains great, wherefore was
that ye did skip like rams? [it
And wherefore was it, little hills,
that ye did leap like lambs?
7 O at the presence of the Lord,
earth, tremble thou for fear,
While as the presence of the God
of Jacob doth appear:
8 Who from the hard and stony rock
did standing water bring;
And by his pow'r did turn the flint
into a water-spring.

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
but do thou glory take
Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and for thy mercy's sake.
2 O wherefore should the Heathen say,
Where is their God now gone?
3 But our God in the heavens is,
what pleas'd him he hath done.
4 Their idols silver are and gold,
work of men's hands they be.
5 Mouths have they, but they do not
and eyes, but do not see; [speak;
6 Ears have they, but they do not hear;
noises but favour not;
7 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk;
nor speak they through their throat.
8 Like them their makers are, and all
on them their trust that build.
9 O Isra'el, trust thou in the Lord,
he is their help and shield
10 O Aaron's house, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield is he.
11 Ye that fear God, trust in the Lord,
their help and shield he'll be.
12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
and he will bless us still:
He will the house of Isra'el bless,
bless Aaron's house he will.
13 Both small and great, that fear the
he will them surely bless. [Lord,
14 The Lord will you, you and your
ye more and more increase. [seed,

15 O blessed are ye of the Lord,
who made the earth and heav'n.
16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's,
earth to men's sin hath giv'n. [but he
17 The dead, nor who to silence go,
God's praise do not record.
18 But henceforth we for ever will
bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
and prayers he did hear.
2 I, while I live, will call on him,
who bow'd to me his ear.
3 Of death the cords and sorrows did
about me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me:
I grief and trouble found.
4 Upon the name of God the Lord
then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
5 God merciful and righteous is,
yes, gracious is our Lord.
6 God saves the meek: I was brought
he did me help afford. [low,
7 O thou my soul, do thou return
unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
his bounty hath express.
8 For my distressed soul from death
deliver'd was by thee:
Thou didst my mourning eyes from
my feet from falling, free. [tears,
9 I in the land of those that live
will walk the Lord before.
10 I did believe, therefore I spake:
I was afflicted fore.
11 I said, when I was in my haste,
that all men liars be.
12 What shall I render to the Lord
for all his gifts to me?
13 I'll of salvation take the cup,
on God's name will I call:
14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
before his people all. [death
15 Dear in God's sight is his saint's;
16 Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, these handmaid's
my bands thou didst untie. [son,
17 Thank-off'rings I to thee will give,
and on God's name will call.
18 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
before his people all;
19 Within the courts of God's own
within the midst of thee, [house,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXVII.

GIVE ye praise unto the Lord,
all nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
his name to magnify.
2 For great to us-ward ever are
his loving-kindnesses:
His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bless.

PSALM CXVIII.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good;
his mercy lasteth ever.
2 Let those of Israel now say,
His mercy faileth never.
3 Now let the house of Aaron say,
His mercy lasteth ever.
4 Let those that fear the Lord now
His mercy faileth never. [say,
5 I in distress call'd on the Lord;
the Lord did answer me:
He in a large place did me set,
from trouble made me free.
6 The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I shall not be dismay'd.
7 The Lord doth take my part with
that help to succour me: [them
Therefore on those that do me hate
I my desire shall see.
8 Better it is to trust in God
than trust in man's defence;
9 Better to trust in God than make
princes our confidence.
10 The nations, joining all in one,
did compass me about:
But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.
11 They compass'd me about; I say,
they compass'd me about:
But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.
12 Like bees they compass'd me about;
like unto thorns that flame
They quenched are: for them shall I
destroy in God's own name.
13 Thou sore hast thrust, that I might
but my Lord helped me. [fall,
14 God my salvation is become,
my strength and song is he.
15 In dwellings of the righteous
is heard the melody
Of joy and healing: the Lord's right
doth ever valiantly. [hand
16 The right hand of the mighty Lord
exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
doth ever valiantly.
17 I shall not die, but live, and shall
the works of God discover.
18 The Lord hath me chastised sore,
but not to death giv'n over.
19 O set ye open unto me
the gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
and I the Lord will bless.
20 This is the gate of God, by it
the just shall enter in.
21 Thee will I praise, for thou me
and hast my safety been. [heard'st,
22 That stone is made head corner,
which builders did despise: [stone,
23 This is the doing of the Lord,
and wondrous in our eyes.
24 This is the day God made, in it
we'll joy triumphantly.

25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
send now prosperity.
26 Blessed is he in God's great name
that cometh us to save:
We, from the house which to the Lord
pertains, you blessed have.
27 God is the Lord, who unto us
hath made light to arise:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
with cords the sacrifice.
28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
my God, I will thee praise.
29 Give thanks to God, for he is good:
his mercy lasts always.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH. *The 1st Part.*

BLESSED are they that undefil'd,
and straight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's most holy law
do walk, and do not stray.
2 Blessed are they who to observe
his statutes are inclin'd;
And who do seek the living God
with their whole heart and mind.
3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
do no iniquity.
4 Thou hast commanded us to keep
thy precepts carefully.
5 O that thy statutes to observe
thou would'st my ways direct!
6 Then shall I not be sham'd, when I
thy precepts all respect.
7 Then with integrity of heart
thee will I praise and bless,
When I the judgments all have learn'd
of thy pure righteousness.
8 That I will keep thy statutes all
firmly resolv'd have I:
O do not then, most gracious God,
forsake me utterly.

BETH. *The 2d Part.*

9 By what means shall a young man
his way to purify? [learn
If he according to thy word
thereto attentive be.
10 Unfeignedly thee have I sought
with all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
of thy commands depart.
11 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
that I offend not thee.
12 O Lord, thou ever blessed art,
thy statutes teach thou me.
13 The judgments of thy mouth each
my lips declared have: [one
14 More joy thy testimonies' way
than riches all me gave.
15 I will thy holy precepts make
my meditation;
And carefully I'll have respect
unto thy ways each one.
16 Upon thy statutes my delight
shall constantly be set:
And, by thy grace, I never will
thy holy word forget.

GIMEL. The 3d Part.

- 17 With me thy servant, in thy grace,
deal bountifully, Lord;
That by thy favour I may live,
and duly keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
the wonders I may see.
19 I am a stranger on this earth,
hide not thy laws from me.
20 My soul within me breaks, and doth
much fainting still endure,
Through longing that it hath all times
unto thy judgments pure.
21 Thou hast rebuk'd the cursed proud,
who from thy precepts swerve.
22 Reproach and shame remove from
for I thy laws observe. [me,
23 Against me princes spake with spite,
while they in council sat:
But I thy servant did upon
thy statutes meditate.
24 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
thy testimonies be;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
are counsellors to me.

DALETH. The 4th Part.

- 25 My soul to dust cleaves: quicken me,
according to thy word. [heard'st:
26 My ways I shew'd, and me thou
teach me thy statutes, Lord.
27 The way of thy commandments
make me aright to know;
So all thy works that wondrous are
I shall to others show.
28 My soul doth melt, and drop away,
for heaviness and grief:
To me, according to thy word,
give strength, and send relief.
29 From me the wicked way of lies
let far removed be;
And graciously thy holy law
do thou grant unto me.
30 I chosen have the perfect way
of truth and verity:
Thy judgments that most righteous
before me laid have I. [are
31 I to thy testimonies cleave;
shame do not on me cast.
32 I'll run thy precepts' way, when
my heart enlarged hath. [thou

HE. The 5th Part.

- 33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
34 Give understanding unto me,
to keep thy law shall I;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I shall
observe it carefully.
35 In thy law's path make me to go;
for I delight therein.
36 My heart unto thy testimonies,
and not to greed, incline.
37 Turn thou away my sight and eyes
from viewing vanity;

And in thy good and holy way
be pleas'd to quicken me.

- 38 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy servant, Lord, who is
devoted to thy fear.
39 Turn thou away my fear'd reproach;
for good thy judgments be.
40 Lo, for thy precepts I have long'd;
in thy truth quicken me.

VAU. The 6th Part.

- 41 Let thy sweet mercies also come
and visit me, O Lord;
Ev'n thy benign salvation,
according to thy word.
42 So shall I have wherewith I may
give him an answer just,
Who spitefully reproacheth me;
for in thy word I trust.
43 The word of truth out of my mouth
take thou not utterly;
For on thy judgments righteous
my hope doth still rely.
44 So shall I keep for evermore
thy law continually.
45 And, sith that I thy precepts seek,
I'll walk at liberty.
46 I'll speak thy word to kings, and I
with shame shall not be mov'd;
47 And will delight myself always
in thy laws, which I lov'd.
48 To thy commandments, which I
my hands lift up I will; [lov'd,
And I will also meditate
upon thy statutes still.

ZAIN. The 7th Part.

- 49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word
thou to thy servant spake,
Which, for a ground of my sure hope,
thou caus'dst me to take.
50 This word of thine my comfort is
in mine affliction:
For in my straits I am reviv'd
by this thy word alone.
51 The men whose hearts with pride
did greatly me deride; [are suff'd
Yet from thy straight commandments
I have not turn'd aside
52 Thy judgments righteous, O Lord;
which thou of old forth gave,
I did remember, and myself
by them comforted have.
53 Horror took hold on me, because
ill men thy law forsake.
54 I in my house of pilgrimage
thy laws my songs do make.
55 Thy name by night, Lord, I did
and I have kept thy law. [mind,
56 And this I had, because thy word
I kept, and stood in awe.

CHETH. The 8th Part.

- 57 Thou my sure portion art alone,
which I did choose, O Lord:
I have resolv'd, and said, that I
would keep thy holy word.

57 With my whole heart I did entreat thy face and favour free:

According to thy gracious word be merciful to me.

59 I thought upon my former ways, and did my life well try;
And to thy testimonies pure my feet then turned I.

60 I did not slay, nor linger long, as those that slothful are;

But hastily thy laws to keep myself I did prepare.

61 Bands of ill men me robb'd; yet I thy precepts did not slight.

62 I'll rise at midnight thee to praise, ev'n for thy judgments right.

63 I am companion to all those who fear, and thee obey.

64 O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth: teach me thy laws, I pray.

TETH. The 9th Part.

65 Well hast thou with thy servant as thou didst promise give. [dealt,

66 Good judgment me, and knowledge for I thy word believe. [teach,

67 Ere I afflicted was I stray'd; but now I keep thy word.

68 Both good thou art, and good thou teach me thy statutes, Lord. [do'st

69 The men that are puff'd up with against me forg'd a lie; [pride

Yet thy commandments observe with my whole heart will I.

70 Their hearts, through worldly ease as fat as grease they be: [and wealth,

But in thy holy law I take delight continually.

71 It hath been very good for me that I afflicted was,

That I might well instructed be, and learn thy holy laws.

72 The word that cometh from thy is better unto me [mouth

Than many thousands and great sums of gold and silver be.

JOD. The 10th Part.

73 Thou mad'st and fashion'dst me: thy to know give wisdom, Lord. [laws

74 So who thee fear shall joy to see me trusting in thy word

75 That very right thy judgments are I know, and do confess;

And that thou hast afflicted me in truth and faithfulness.

76 O let thy kindness merciful, I pray thee, comfort me,

As to thy servant faithfully was promised by thee.

77 And let thy tender mercies come to me, that I may live;

Because thy holy laws to me sweet delectation give.

78 Lord, let the proud ashamed be; for they, without a cause,

With me perversely dealt: but I will muse upon thy laws.

79 Let such as fear thee, and hate thy statutes, turn to me. [know

80 My heart let in thy laws be found that sham'd I never be.

CAPH. The 11th Part.

81 My soul for thy salvation faints; yet I thy word believe.

82 Mine eyes fail for thy word: I say When wilt thou comfort give?

83 For like a bottle I'm become, that in the smoke is set:

I'm black, and parch'd with grief; yet thy statutes not forget.

84 How many are thy servant's days when wilt thou execute

Just judgment on these wicked men that do me persecute?

85 The proud have digged pits for me, which is against thy laws.

86 Thy words all faithful are: help me, pursu'd without a cause.

87 They so consum'd me, that on earth my life they scarce did leave:

Thy precepts yet forsook I not, but close to them did cleave.

88 After thy loving-kindness, Lord, me quicken, and preserve:

The testimony of thy mouth so shall I still observe.

LAMED. The 12th Part.

89 Thy word for ever is, O Lord, in heaven settled fast;

90 Unto all generations thy faithfulness doth last:

The earth thou hast established, and it abides by thee.

91 This day they stand as thou or for all thy servants be. [durst

92 Unless in thy most perfect law my soul delights had found,

I should have perished, when as my troubles did abound.

93 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget; they quick'ning to me brought.

94 Lord, I am thine; O save thou me: thy precepts I have sought.

95 For me the wicked have laid wait, me seeking to destroy:

But I thy testimonies true consider will with joy.

96 An end of all perfection here have I seen, O God:

But as for thy commandment, it is exceeding broad.

MEM. The 13th Part.

97 O how love I thy law! it is my study all the day:

98 It makes me wiser than my foes; for it doth with me stay.

99 Than all my teachers now I have more understanding far;

Because my meditation thy testimonies are.

100 In understanding I excel those that are ancients;

For I have endeavoured to keep
all thy commandments.
101 My feet from each ill way I stay'd,
that I may keep thy word.
102 I from thy judgments have not
swerv'd;
for thou hast taught me, Lord.
103 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them sweeter far
than honey to my mouth.
104 I through thy precepts, that are
do understanding get; [pure,
I therefore ev'ry way that's false
with all my heart do hate.

NUN. *The 14th Part*

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
and to my path a light.
106 I sworn have, and I will perform,
to keep thy judgments right.
107 I am with fore affliction
ev'n overwhelm'd, O Lord:
In mercy raise and quicken me,
according to thy word.
108 The free-will-off'rings of my
accept, I thee beseech: [mouth
And unto me thy servant, Lord,
thy judgments clearly teach.
109 Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
thy laws I'll not forget.
110 I err'd not from them, tho' for me
the wicked snares did set.
111 I of thy testimonies have
above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye;
for they my heart rejoice.
112 I carefully inclined have
my heart still to attend;
That I thy statutes may perform
always unto the end.

SAMECH. *The 15th Part.*

113 I hate the thoughts of vanity,
but love thy law do I.
114 My shield and hiding-place thou
I on thy word rely. [art:
115 All ye that evil-doers are
from me depart away;
For the commandments of my God
I purpose to obey.
116 According to thy faithful word
uphold and stablish me,
That I may live, and of my hope
ashamed never be.
117 Hold thou me up, so shall I be
in peace and safety still;
And to thy statutes have respect
continually I will.
118 Thou tread'st down all that love
to stray;
false their deceit doth prove.
119 Lewd men, like dross, away thou
therefore thy law I love. [putt'st;
120 For fear of thee my very flesh
doth tremble, all dismay'd;
And of thy righteous judgments, Lord,
my soul is much afraid.

AIN. *The 16th Part.*

121 To all men I have judgment done,
performing justice right;
Then let me not be left unto
my fierce oppressors' might.
122 For good unto thy servant, Lord,
thy servant's surety be:
From the oppression of the proud
do thou deliver me.
123 Mine eyes do fail with looking
for thy salvation, [long
The word of thy pure righteousness
while I do wait upon.
124 In mercy with thy servant deal,
thy laws me teach and show.
125 I am thy servant, wisdom give,
that I thy laws may know.
126 'Tis time thou work, Lord; for they
made void thy law divine. [have
127 Therefore thy precepts more I love
than gold, yea, gold most fine.
128 Concerning all things thy com-
all right I judge therefore; [mands
And ev'ry false and wicked way
I perfectly abhor.

PE. *The 17th Part.*

129 Thy statutes, Lord, are wonder-
my soul them keeps with care. [ful,
130 The entrance of thy words gives
makes wise who simple are. [light,
131 My mouth I have wide opened,
and panted earnestly,
While after thy commandments
I long'd exceedingly.
132 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
do thou unto me proye,
As thou art wont to do to those
thy name who truly love.
133 O let my footsteps in thy word
aright still, order'd be:
Let no iniquity obtain
dominion over me.
134 From man's oppression save thou
so keep thy laws I will. [me;
135 Thy face make on thy servant
teach me thy statutes still. [shine;
136 Rivers of waters from mine eyes
did run down, when I saw
How wicked men run on in sin,
and do not keep thy law.

TSADDI. *The 18th Part.*

137 O Lord, thou art most righteous;
thy judgments are upright.
138 Thy testimonies thou command'st
most faithful are and right.
139 My zeal hath ev'n consumed me,
because mine enemies
Thy holy words forgotten have,
and do thy laws despise.
140 Thy word's most pure, therefore
thy servant's love is set. [on it
141 Small, and despis'd I am, yet I
thy precepts not forget.
142 Thy righteousness is righteousness
which ever doth endure;

Thy holy law, Lord, also is
the very truth most pure.

143 Trouble and anguish have me
and taken hold on me: [found,
Yet in my trouble my delight
thy just commandments be.
144 Eternal righteousness is in
thy testimonies all:
Lord, to me understanding give,
and ever live I shall.

KOPH. *The 19th Part.*

145 With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord,
I will thy word obey. [hear;
146 I cry'd to thee; save me, and I
will keep thy laws alway.
147 I of the morning did prevent
the dawning, and did cry:
For all mine expectation
did on thy word rely.
148 Mine eyes did timeously prevent
the watches of the night,
That in thy word with careful mind
then meditate I might.
149 After thy loving-kindness hear
my voice, that calls on thee:
According to thy judgment, Lord,
revive and quicken me.
150 Who follow mischief they draw
they from thy law are far: nigh;
151 But thou art near, Lord; most firm
all thy commandments are. [truth
152 As for thy testimonies all,
of old this have I try'd,
That thou hast surely-founded them
for ever to abide.

RESH. *The 20th Part.*

153 Consider mine affliction,
in safety do me set:
Deliver me, O Lord, for I
thy law do not forget.
154 After thy word revive thou me;
save me, and plead my cause.
155 Salvation is from sinners far;
for they seek not thy laws.
156 O Lord, both great and manifold
thy tender mercies be:
According to thy judgments just,
revive and quicken me.
157 My persecutors many are,
and foes that do combine;
Yet from thy testimonies pure
my heart doth not decline.
158 I saw transgressors, and was griev'd;
for they keep not thy word.
159 See how I love thy law! as thou
art kind, me quicken, Lord.
160 From the beginning all thy word
hath been most true and sure:
Thy righteous judgments ev'ry one
for evermore endure.

SCHIN. *The 21st Part.*

161 Princes have persecuted me,
although no cause they saw:
But still of thy most holy word
my heart doth stand in awe.

162 I at thy word rejoice, as one
of spoil that finds great store.
163 Thy law I love; but lying all
I hate and do abhor.
164 Sev'n times a-day it is my care
to give due praise to thee;
Because of all thy judgments, Lord
which righteous ever be.
165 Great peace have they who love thy
offence they shall have none. [law
166 I hop'd for thy salvation, Lord,
and thy commands have done.

167 My soul thy testimonies pure
observed carefully;
On them my heart is set, and them
I love exceedingly.
168 Thy testimonies and thy laws
I kept with special care;
For all my works and ways each one
before thee open are.

TAU. *The 22d Part.*

169 O let my earnest pray'r and cry
come near before thee, Lord;
Give understanding unto me,
according to thy word.
170 Let my request before thee come
after thy word me free.
171 My lips shall utter praise, when
hast taught thy laws to me. [tho
172 My tongue of thy most blessing
shall speak, and it confess; [wor
Because all thy commandments
are perfect righteousness.
173 Let thy strong hand make help to
thy precepts are my choice. [me
174 I long'd for thy salvation, Lord,
and in thy law rejoice.
175 O let my soul live, and it shall
give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
be helpful unto me.
176 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
thy servant seek, and find:
For thy commands I suffer'd not
to slip out of my mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN my distress to God I cry'd,
and he gave ear to me.
2 From lying lips, and guileful tongue,
O Lord, my soul set free.
3 What shall be giv'n thee? or what
be done to thee, false tongue? [shall
4 Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
sharp arrows of the strong
5 Woe's me that I in Mesecah am
a sojourner so long;
That I in tabernacles dwell
to Kedar that belong.
6 My soul with him that hateth peace
hath long a dweller been.
7 I am for peace; but when I speak,
for battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI.

TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
from whence doth come mine aid.

PSALMS CXXII, CXXIII, CXXIV, CXXV.

My safety cometh from the Lord,
who hear'n and earth hath made.
Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
he slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
he slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy
on thy right hand doth stay: [shade
The moon by night thee shall not
nor yet the sun by day. [smite,
The Lord shall keep thy soul; he
preserve thee from all ill. [shall
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

PSALM CXXII.

JOY'D when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
our feet shall standing be.
Jerus'lem, as a city, is
compactly built together:
Unto that place the tribes go up,
the tribes of God go thither:

o Ir'el's testimony, there
to God's name thanks to pay.
For thrones of judgment, ev'n the
of David's house, there stay. [thrones
Pray that Jerusalem may have
peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
prosperity retain.
Now, for my friends' and brethren's
Peace be in thee, I'll say. [sakes,
And for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

PSALM CXXIII.

THOU that dwellest in the heav'ns,
I lift mine eyes to thee.
Behold, as servants' eyes do look
their masters' hand to see,
As handmaid's eyes her mistress'
so do our eyes attend [hand;
Upon the Lord our God, until
to us he mercy send.

O Lord, be gracious to us,
unto us gracious be;
Because replenish'd with contempt
exceedingly are we.
Our soul is fill'd with scorn of those
that at their ease abide,
And with the insolent contempt
of those that swell in pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord been on our side,
may Israel now say;
Had not the Lord been on our side,
when men rose us to slay;
They had us swallow'd quick, when
their wrath 'gainst us did flame: [as
Waters had cover'd us, our soul
had sunk beneath the stream.

5 Then had the waters, swelling high,
over our soul made way.
6 Bless'd be the Lord, who to their
us gave not for a prey. [teeth
7 Our soul's escaped, as a bird
out of the fowler's snare;
The snare asunder broken is,
and we escaped are.

8 Our sure and all-sufficient help
is in JEHOVAH's name;
His name who did the heav'n create,
and who the earth did frame.

Another of the same.

NOW Israel
may say, and that truly,
If that the Lord
had not our cause maintain'd;
2 If that the Lord
had not our right sustain'd,
When cruel men
against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
to make of us their prey;

3 Then certainly
they had devour'd us all,
And swallow'd quick,
for ought that we could deem;
Such was their rage,
as we might well esteem.

4 And as fierce floods
before them all things drown,
So had they brought
our soul to death quite down.

5 The raging fireams,
with their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
o'erwhelmed in the deep.

6 But bless'd be God,
who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n
us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
and bloody cruelty.

7 Ev'n as a bird
out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
so is our soul set free:

Broke are their nets,
and thus escaped we.

8 Therefore our help
is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
by his great pow'r did frame.

PSALM CXXV.

THEY in the Lord that firmly trust
shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be remov'd,
but standeth ever still.

2 As round about Jerusalem
the mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so,
from henceforth and for aye.

3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
of just men shall not lie;
Left righteous men stretch forth their
unto iniquity. [hands

- 4 Do thou to all those that be good thy goodness, Lord, impart;
 And do thou good to those that are upright within their heart.
 5 But as for such as turn aside after their crooked way,
 God shall lead forth with wicked men: on Isr'el peace shall stay.

PSALM CXCVI.

- W**HEN Sion's bondage God turn'd as men that dream'd were we.
 2 Then fill'd with laughter was our tongue with melody: [mouth,
 They'mong the Heathen said, The Lord great things for them hath wrought.
 3 The Lord hath done great things for whence joy to us is brought. [us,
 4 As streams of water in the south, our bondage, Lord, recall.
 5 Who sow in tears, a reaping time of joy enjoy they shall.
 6 That man who, bearing precious in going forth doth mourn, [seed,
 He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves, rejoicing shall return.

PSALM CXCVII.

- E**XCEPT the Lord do build the house, the builders lose their pain:
 Except the Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain.
 2 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes, or late from rest to keep,
 To feed on sorrows' bread; so gives he his beloved sleep.
 3 Lo, children are God's heritage, the womb's fruit his reward.
 4 The sons of youth as arrows are, for strong men's hands prepar'd.
 5 O happy is the man that hath his quiver fill'd with those;
 They unashamed in the gate shall speak unto their foes.

PSALM CXCVIII.

- B**LESS'D is each one that fears the and walketh in his ways; [Lord,
 2 For of thy labour thou shalt eat, and happy be always.
 3 Thy wife shall as a fruitful vine by thy house's sides be found:
 Thy children like to olive-plants about thy table round.
 4 Behold, the man that fears the Lord, thus blessed shall he be.
 5 The Lord shall out of Sion give his blessing unto thee:
 Thou shalt Jeras'lem's good behold whilst thou on earth dost dwell.
 6 Thou shalt thy children's children and peace on Israel. [see,

PSALM CXXIX.

- O**FT did they vex me from my youth, may Isr'el now declare;
 Oft did they vex me from my youth, yet not victorious were.

- 3 The plowers plow'd upon my back they long their furrows drew.
 4 The righteous Lord did cut the corn of the ungodly crew.
 5 Let Sion's haters all be turn'd back with confusion.
 6 As grass on houses' tops be they, which fades ere it be grown:
 7 Whereof enough to fill his hand the mower cannot find;
 Nor can the man his bosom fill, whose work is sheaves to bind.
 8 Neither say they who do go by, God's blessing on you rest:
 We in the name of God the Lord do wish you to be blest.

PSALM CXXX.

- L**ORD, from the depth to thee I cry,
 2 My voice, Lord, do thou hear Unto my supplication's voice give an attentive ear.
 3 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord should'st mark iniquity?
 4 But yet with thee forgiveness is, that fear'd thou mayest be.
 5 I wait for God, my soul doth wait my hope is in his word. [watch
 6 More than they that for morning my soul waits for the Lord;
 I say, more than they that do watch the morning light to see.
 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with him mercies be;
 And plenteous redemption is ever found with him.
 8 And from all his iniquities he Isr'el shall redeem.

PSALM CXXXI.

- M**Y heart not haughty is, O Lord, mine eyes not lofty be;
 Ner do I deal in matters great, or things too high for me.
 2 I surely have myself behav'd with quiet spirit and mild,
 As child of mother wean'd: my soul is like a weaned child
 3 Upon the Lord let all the hope of Israel rely,
 Ev'n from the time that present is unto eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

- D**AVID, and his afflictions all, Lord, do thou think upon;
 2 How unto God he swore, and vow'd to Jacob's mighty One
 3 I will not come within my house, nor rest in bed at all;
 4 Nor shall mine eyes take any sleep, nor eyelids slumber shall;
 5 Till for the Lord a place I find, where he may make abode;
 A place of habitation for Jacob's mighty God.
 6 Lo, at the place of Ephratah of it we understood;

PSALMS CXXXIII, CXXXIV, CXXXV, CXXXVI.

And we did find it in the fields,
and city of the wood.

7 We'll go into his tabernacles,
and at his footstool bow.
8 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
th' ark of thy strength, and thou.
9 O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,
with truth and righteousness;
And let all those that are thy saints
shout loud for joyfulness.

10 For thine own servant David's sake,
do not deny thy grace;
Nor of thine own anointed one
turn thou away the face.

11 The Lord in truth to David sware,
he will not turn from it,
12 of thy body's fruit will make
upon thy throne to sit.

12 My cov'nant if thy sons will keep,
and laws to them made known,
Their children then shall also sit
for ever on thy throne.

13 For God of Sion hath made choice;
there he desires to dwell.

14 This is my rest, here still I'll stay;
for I do like it well.

15 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
with bread will satisfy.

16 Her priests I'll clothe with health;
shall shout forth joyfully. [her saints

17 And there will I make David's horn
to bud forth pleasantly:
For him that mine anointed is
a lamp ordain'd have I.

18 As with a garment I will clothe
with shame his enemies all:
But yet the crown that he doth wear
upon him flourish shall.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
and how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
in unity to dwell!

2 Like precious ointment on the head,
that down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
on Sion's hills descend:
For there the blessing God commands,
life that shall never end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye
that his attendants are,
Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
and praise him nightly there.

2 Your hands within God's holy place
lift up, and praise his name.

3 From Sion's hill the Lord thee bless,
that heav'n and earth did frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord's
name praise;
his servants, praise ye God.

2 Who stand in God's house, in the
of our God make abode. [courts

3 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good;
unto him praises sing:
Sing praises to his name, because
it is a pleasant thing.

4 For Jacob to himself the Lord
did choose of his good pleasure,
And he hath chosen Israel
for his peculiar treasure.

5 Because I know assuredly
the Lord is very great,
And that our Lord above all gods
in glory hath his seat.

6 What things soever pleas'd the Lord,
that in the heav'n did he,
And in the earth, the seas, and all
the places deep that be.

7 He from the ends of earth doth make
the vapours to ascend;
With rain he lightnings makes, and
doth from his treasures send. [wind

8 Egypt's first-born, from man to beast
9 who smote. Strange tokens he
On Pharaoh and his servants sent,
Egypt, in midst of thee.

10 He smote great nations, slew great
11 Sihon of Heshbon king, [kings:
And Og of Bashan, and to nought
did Canaan's kingdoms bring:

12 And for a wealthy heritage
their pleasant land he gave,
An heritage which Israel,
his chosen folk, should have.

13 Thy name, O Lord, shall still en-
and thy memorial [dure,
With honour shall continu'd be
to generations all.

14 For why, the righteous God will
his people righteously; [judge
Concerning those that do him serve,
himself repent will he.

15 The idols of the nations
of silver are and gold,
And by the hands of men is made
their fashion and mould.

16 Mouths have they, but they do not
eyes, but they do not see; [speak;
17 Ears have they, but hear not; and
their mouths no breathing be. [in

18 Their makers are like them; so are
all that on them rely.

19 O Israel's house, bless God; bless
O Aaron's family. [God,

20 O bless the Lord, of Levi's house
ye who his servants are;
And bless the holy name of God,
all ye the Lord that fear.

21 And blessed be the Lord our God
from Sion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
The Lord O praise ye still.

PSALM CXXXVI.

GIVE thanks to God, for good is he;
for mercy hath he ever.

2 Thanks to the God of gods give ye;
for his grace faileth never.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 3 Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
for mercy hath he ever.
- 4 Who only wonders great can do:
for his grace faileth never.
- 5 Who by his wisdom made heav'ns
for mercy hath he ever. [high:
- 6 Who stretch'd the earth above the
for his grace faileth never. [sea:
- 7 To him that made the great lights
for mercy hath he ever. [shine:
- 8 The sun to rule till day decline:
for his grace faileth never.
- 9 The moon and stars to rule by night:
for mercy hath he ever.
- 10 Who Egypt's first-born kill'd out-
for his grace faileth never. [right:
- 11 And Isr'el brought from Egyptland:
for mercy hath he ever.
- 12 With stretch'd-out arm, and with
strong hand:
for his grace faileth never.
- 13 By whom the Red sea parted was:
for mercy hath he ever.
- 14 And through its midst made Isr'el
for his grace faileth never. [pass:
- 15 But Phar'oh and his host did drown:
for mercy hath he ever.
- 16 Who through the desert led his
for his grace faileth never. [down:
- 17 To him great kings who overthrew:
for he hath mercy ever.
- 18 Yea, famous kings in battle slew:
for his grace faileth never.
- 19 Ev'n Sihon king of Amorites:
for he hath mercy ever.
- 20 And Og the king of Bashanites:
for his grace faileth never.
- 21 Their land in heritage to have:
(for mercy hath he ever.)
- 22 His servant Isr'el right he gave:
for his grace faileth never.
- 23 In our low state who on us thought:
for he hath mercy ever.
- 24 And from our foes our freedom
for his grace faileth never. [wrought:
- 25 Who doth all flesh with food re-
for he hath mercy ever. [lieve:
- 26 Thanks to the God of heaven give:
for his grace faileth never.

Another of the same.

PRAISE God, for he is kind:
His mercy lasts for aye.
2 Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway:
For certainly
His mercies dure
Most firm and sure
Eternally.

- 3 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies still endure.
- 4 Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great pow'r:
For certainly, &c.
- 5 Which God omnipotent,
By might and wisdom high,

- The heav'n and firmament
Did frame, as we may see:
For certainly, &c.
- 6 To him who did outstretch
This earth so great and wide,
Above the waters' reach
Making it to abide:
For certainly, &c.
- 7 Great lights he made to be:
For his grace lasteth aye:
8 Such as the sun we see,
To rule the lightfome day:
For certainly, &c.
- 9 Also the moon so clear,
Which shineth in our sight;
The stars that do appear,
To guide the darkfome night:
For certainly, &c.
- 10 To him that Egypt smote,
Who did his message scorn;
And in his anger hot
Did kill all their first-born:
For certainly, &c.
- 11 Thence Isr'el out he brought:
For his grace lasteth ever.
- 12 With a strong hand he wrought
And stretch'd-out arm deliver:
For certainly, &c.
- 13 The sea he cut in two;
For his grace lasteth still.
- 14 And through its midst to go
Made his own Israel:
For certainly, &c.
- 15 But overwhelm'd and lost
Was proud king Pharaoh,
With all his mighty host,
And chariots there also:
For certainly, &c.
- 16 To him who pow'rfully
His chosen people led,
Ev'n through the desert dry,
And in that place them fed:
For certainly, &c.
- 17 To him great kings who smote
For his grace hath no bound.
- 18 Who slew, and spared not
Kings famous and renown'd:
For certainly, &c.
- 19 Sihon the Am'rites' king;
For his grace lasteth ever:
- 20 Og also, who did reign
The land of Bashan over:
For certainly, &c.
- 21 Their land by lot he gave;
For his grace faileth never,
- 22 That Isr'el might it have
In heritage for ever:
For certainly, &c.
- 23 Who hath remembered
Us in our low estate;
- 24 And us delivered
From foes which did us hate:
For certainly, &c.
- 25 Who to all flesh gives food:
For his grace faileth never.

26 Give thanks to God most good,
The God of heav'n, for ever:
For certainly, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY Babel's streams we sat and wept,
when Sion we thought on.
2 In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
the willow-trees upon.
3 For there a song required they,
who did us captive bring:
Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and said,
A song of Sion sing.
4 O how the Lord's song shall we sing
within a foreign land?
5 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
skill part from my right hand.
6 My tongue to my mouth's roof let
if I do thee forget, [cleave,
Jerusalem, and thee above
my chief joy do not set.
7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
who in Jerus'lem's day,
Ev'n unto its foundation,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.
8 O daughter thou of Babylon,
near to destruction;
Bless'd shall he be that thee rewards,
as thou to us hast done.
9 Yea, happy surely shall he be
thy tender little ones
who shall lay hold upon, and them
shall dash against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise with all my heart,
I will sing praise to thee
2 Before the gods: And worship will
toward thy sanctuary.
I'll praise thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
and kindness of thy love;
For thou thy word hast magnify'd
all thy great name above.
3 Thou didst me answer in the day
when I to thee did cry;
And thou my fainting soul with strength
didst strengthen inwardly.
4 All kings upon the earth that are
shall give thee praise, O Lord;
When as they from thy mouth shall
thy true and faithful word. [hear
5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God
with gladness they shall sing:
For great's the glory of the Lord,
who doth for ever reign.
6 Though God be high, yet he respects
all those that lowly be;
Whereas the proud and lofty ones
afar off knoweth he.
7 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
I life from thee shall have:
'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch
thine hand;
thy right hand shall me save.
8 Surely that which concerneth me
the Lord will perfect make:
Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not
thine own hands' works forsake.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD, thou hast me search'd and
known.
2 Thou know'st my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thought
afar to thee are known.
3 My footsteps, and my lying down,
thou compassed always;
Thou also most entirely art
acquaint with all my ways.
4 For in my tongue, before I speak,
not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
it is well known to thee.
5 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
and laid on me thine hand.
6 Such knowledge is too strange for
too high to understand. [me,
7 From thy Sp'rit whither shall I go
or from thy presence fly?
8 Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art there;
there, if in hell I lie.
9 Take I the morning wings, and dwell
in utmost parts of sea: [me led,
10 Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand
thy right hand hold shall me.
11 If I do say that darkness shall
me cover from thy sight,
Then surely shall the very night
about me be as light.
12 Yea, darkness hideth not from thee,
but night doth shine as day:
To thee the darkness and the light
are both alike alway.
13 For thou possessedst my reins,
and thou hast cover'd me,
When I within my mother's womb
inclosed was by thee.
14 Thee will I praise; for fearfully
and strangely made I am;
Thy works are marvellous, and right
my soul doth know the same. [well
15 My substance was not hid from
when as in secret I [thee,
Was made; and in earth's lowest parts
was wrought most curiously.
16 Thine eyes my substance did be-
yet being imperfect; [hold,
And in the volume of thy book
my members all were writ;
Which after in continuance
were fashion'd ev'ry one,
When as they yet all shapeless were,
and of them there was none.
17 How precious also are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!
And in their sum how passing great
and numberless they be!
18 If I should count them, than the
they more in number be: [sand
What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee.
19 Thou, Lord, wilt sure the wicked
hence from me bloody men. [slay
20 Thy foes against thee loudly speak,
and take thy name in vain.

PSALMS CXL, CXLI, CXLII.

21 Do not I hate all those, O Lord,
that hatred bear to thee?
With those that up against thee rise
can I but grieved be?
22 With perfect hatred them I hate,
my foes I them do hold.
23 Search me, O God, and know my
try me, my thoughts unfold : [heart,
24 And see if any wicked way
there be at all in me;
And in thine everlasting way
to me a leader be.

PSALM CXL.

LORD, from the ill and froward man
give me deliverance,
And do thou safe preserve me from
the man of violence :

1 Who in their heart mischievous
are meditating ever; [things
And they for war assembled are
continually together.

2 Much like unto a serpent's tongue
their tongues they sharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
the poison of a snake.

4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's
from violent men me save; [hands,
Who utterly to overthrow
my goings purpos'd have.

5 The proud for me a snare have hid,
and cords; yea, they a net
Have by the way-side for me spread;
they grins for me have set.

6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art
my God: unto the cry
Of all my supplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.

7 O God the Lord, who art the strength
of my salvation :

A cov'ring in the day of war
my head thou hast put on.

8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
his wishes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
lest they themselves should vaunt.

9 As for the head and chief of those
about that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of their lips
let thou them cover'd be.

10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
may rise out of the same.

11 Let not an evil speaker be
on earth established:
Mischief shall hunt the violent man,
till he be ruined.

12 I know God with th' afflicted's cause
maintain, and poor men's right.

13 Surely the just shall praise thy name;
th' upright dwell in thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.

O LORD, I unto thee do cry,
do thou make haste to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
when I cry unto thee.

2 As incense let my prayer be
directed in thine eyes;
And the uplifting of my hands
as th' ev'ning sacrifice.

3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth
keep of my lips the door.

4 My heart incline thou not unto
the ill I should abhor,
To practise wicked works with me
that work iniquity;
And with their delicacies my taste
let me not satisfy.

5 Let him that righteous is me smite
it shall a kindness be;
Let him reprove, I shall it count
a precious oil to me:

Such smiting shall not break my heart
for yet the time shall fall,
When I in their calamities
to God pray for them shall.

6 When as their judges down shall
in stony places cast,
Then shall they hear my words; I
shall sweet be to their taste. [th

7 About the grave's devouring mouth
our bones are scatter'd round,
As wood which men do cut and clea
lies scatter'd on the ground.

8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes uplifted be:
My soul do not leave destitute;
my trust is set on thee.

9 Lord, keep me safely from the snare
which they for me prepare;
And from the subtle grins of them
that wicked workers are.

10 Let workers of iniquity
into their own nets fall,
Whilst I do, by thine help, escape
the danger of them all.

PSALM CXLII.

I WITH my voice cry'd to the Lord
with it made my request :

2 Pour'd out to him my plaint, to him
my trouble I express. [sp'ri

3 When in me was o'erwhelm'd
then well thou knew'st my way;
Where I did walk a snare for me
they privily did lay.

4 I look'd on my right hand, and view'd
but none to know me were;
All refuge failed me, no man
did for my soul take care.

5 I cry'd to thee; I said, Thou art
my refuge, Lord, alone;
And in the land of those that live
thou art my portion.

6 Because I am brought very low,
attend unto my cry:
Me from my persecutors save,
who stronger are than I.

7 From prison bring my soul, that I
thy name may glorify:
The just shall compass me, when thou
with me deal'st bounteously.

PSALM CXLIII.

ORD, hear my pray'r, attend my
and in thy faithfulness [suits;
ive thou an answer unto me,
and in thy righteousness.
Thy servant also bring thou not
in judgment to be try'd:
ecause no living man can be
in thy sight justify'd.

For th' en'my hath pursu'd my soul,
my life to ground down tread:
darkness he hath made me dwell,
as who have long been dead.
My sp'rit is therefore overwhelm'd
in me perplexedly;
ithin me is my very heart
amazed wondrously.

I call to mind the days of old,
to meditate I use
n all thy works; upon the deeds
I of thy hands do muse.
My hands to thee I stretch; my soul
thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails:
hide not thy face from me;

est like to them I do become
that go down to the dust.
At morn' let me thy kindness hear;
for in thee do I trust.
each me the way that I should walk:
I lift my soul to thee.
Lord, free me from my foes; I flee
to thee to cover me.

Because thou art my God, to do
thy will do me instruct:
hy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
of uprightness conduct.
I Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
ev'n for thine own name's sake;
nd do thou, for thy righteousness,
my soul from trouble take.

2 And of thy mercy slay my foes;
let all destroyed be
hat do afflict my soul: for I
a servant am to thee.

Another of the same.

H, hear my prayer, Lord,
And unto my desire
o bow thine ear accord,
humbly thee require;
nd, in thy faithfulness,
nto me answer make,
nd, in thy righteousness,
pon me pity take.

In judgment enter not
ith me thy servant poor;
or why, this well I wot,
o sinner can endure
he sight of thee, O God:
thou his deeds shalt try,
e dare make none abode
imself to justify.

Behold, the cruel foe
e persecutes with spite,
y soul to overthrow:
ea, he my life down quite

Unto the ground hath smote,
And made me dwell full low
In darkness, as forgot,
Or men dead long ago.

4 Therefore my sp'rit much vex'd,
O'erwhelm'd is me within;
My heart right sore perplex'd
And desolate hath been.

5 Yet I do call to mind
What ancient days record,
Thy works of ev'ry kind
I think upon, O Lord.

6 Lo, I do stretch my hands
To thee, my help alone;
For thou well understands
All my complaint and moan:
My thirsting soul desires,
And longeth after thee,
As thirsty ground requires
With rain refresh'd to be.

7 Lord, let my pray'r prevail,
To answer it make speed;
For, lo, my sp'rit doth fail:
Hide not thy face in need;
Left I be like to those
That do in darkness sit,
Or him that downward goes
Into the dreadful pit.

8 Because I trust in thee,
O Lord, cause me to hear
Thy loving-kindness free,
When morning doth appear:
Cause me to know the way
Wherein my path should be;
For why, my soul on high
I do lift up to thee.

9 From my fierce enemy
In safety do me guide,
Because I flee to thee,
Lord, that thou may'st me hide:

10 My God alone art thou;
Teach me thy righteousness:
Thy Sp'rit's good, lead me to
The land of uprightness.

11 O Lord, for thy name's sake,
Be pleas'd to quicken me;
And, for thy truth, forth take
My soul from misery.

12 And of thy grace destroy
My foes, and put to shame
All who my soul annoy;
For I thy servant am.

PSALM CXLIV.

O BLESSED ever be the Lord,
who is my strength and might,
Who doth instruct my hands to war,
my fingers teach to fight.

2 My goodness, fortress, my high tow'r,
deliverer, and shield,
In whom I trust: who under me
my people makes to yield.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou of him
doest so much knowledge take?
Or son of man, that thou of him
so great account dost make?

4 Man is like vanity; his days,
as shadows, pass away.

Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down,
touch thou
the hills, and smoke shall they.

6 Cast forth thy lightning, scatter them;
thine arrows shoot, them rout.

7 Thine hand send from above, me save;
from great depths draw me out;
And from the hand of children strange,
8 Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand is a right hand
that works deceitfully.

9 A new song I to thee will sing,
Lord, on a psaltery;
I on a ten-string'd instrument
will praises sing to thee.

10 Ev'n he it is that unto kings
salvation doth send;
Who his own servant David doth
from hurtful sword defend.

11 O free me from strange children's
whose mouth speaks vanity; [hand,
And their right hand a right hand is
that works deceitfully.

12 That, as the plants, our sons may
in youth grown up that are; [be
Our daughters like to corner-stones,
carv'd like a palace fair.

13 That to afford all kind of store
our garners may be fill'd;
That our sheep thousands, in our streets
ten thousands they may yield.

14 That strong our oxen be for work,
that no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our streets
may from complaints be free.

15 Those people blessed are who be
in such a case as this;
Yea, blessed all those people are,
whose God JEHOVAH is.

PSALM CXLV.

I'LL thee extol, my God, O King;
I'll bless thy name always.

2 Thee will I bless each day, and will
thy name for ever praise.

3 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd;
his greatness search exceeds.

4 Race unto race shall praise thy works,
and shew thy mighty deeds.

5 I of thy glorious majesty
the honour will record;
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,
which wondrous are, O Lord.

6 Men of thine acts the might shall
thine acts that dreadful are; [show,
And I, thy glory to advance,
thy greatness will declare.

7 The mem'ry of thy goodness great
they largely shall express;
With songs of praise they shall extol
thy perfect righteousness.

8 The Lord is very precious,
in him compassion's flow;
In mercy he is very great,
and is to anger slow.

9 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
his goodness doth declare;

And over all his other works
his tender mercies are. [Lor
10 Thee all thy works shall praise,
and thee thy saints shall bless;
11 They shall thy kingdom's glory shew
thy pow'r by speech express;

12 To make the sons of men to know
his acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom th' excellent
and glorious majesty.

13 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand
thy reign through ages all.

14 God raise th' all that are bow'd down
upholdeth all that fall.

15 The eyes of all things wait on thee
the giver of all good;
And thou, in time convenient,
bestow'st on them their food:

16 Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally
and of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the need
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17 The Lord is just in all his ways,
holy in his works all.

18 God's near to all that call on him
in truth that on him call.

19 He will accomplish the desire
of those that do him fear:
He also will deliver them,
and he their cry will hear.

20 The Lord preserves all who him love
that nought can them annoy:
But he all those that wicked are
will utterly destroy.

21 My mouth the praises of the Lord
to publish cease shall never:
Let all flesh bless his holy name
for ever and for ever.

Another of the same.

O LORD, thou art my God and King
Thee will I magnify and praise
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto thy holy name always.

2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without end.

3 Much to be prais'd, and great God is
His greatness none can comprehend.

4 Race shall thy works praise unto race
The mighty acts show done by thee.

5 I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honour of thy majesty;
Thy wondrous works I will record.

6 By men the might shall be extoll'd
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord;
And I thy greatness will unfold.

7 They utter shall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodness great;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.

8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Compassionate is he also;
In mercy he is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger slow.

9 Good unto all men is the Lord;
O'er all his works his mercy is.

PSALMS CXLVI, CXLVII, CXLVIII.

Thy works all praise to thee afford:
 O Lord, thy name shall blefs.
 The glory of thy kingdom show
 all they, and of thy power tell:
 That so men's sons his deeds may
 know,
 Thy kingdom's grace that doth excel.

Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
 doth through ages all remain.
 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
 he cast-down raiseth up again.
 The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,
 and on thee wait that here do live,
 and thou, in season due, dost send
 sufficient food them to relieve.

Yea, thou thine hand dost open
 and ev'ry thing dost satisfy [wide,
 that lives, and doth on earth abide,
 thy great liberality.
 The Lord is just in his ways all,
 and holy in his works each one.
 He's near to all that on him call,
 he call in truth on him alone.

God will the just desire fulfil
 such as do him fear and dread:
 their cry regard, and hear he will,
 and save them in the time of need.
 The Lord preserves all, more and
 more bear to him a loving heart: [blefs,
 that workers all of wickedness
 destroy will he, and clean subvert.

Therefore my mouth and lips I'll
 frame
 to speak the praises of the Lord:
 magnify his holy name
 and never let all flesh accord.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE God. The Lord praise, O my
 soul. I'll praise God while I live; [soul.
 while I have being to my God
 in songs I'll praises give.
 Trust not in princes, nor man's son,
 in whom there is no stay:
 His breath departs, to's earth he
 that day his thoughts decay. [turns;

O happy is that man and blest,
 whom Jacob's God doth aid;
 whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
 and on his God is stay'd:
 Who made the earth and heavens
 who made the swelling deep, [high,
 in all that is within the same;
 who truth doth ever keep:

Who righteous judgment executes
 for those oppress'd that be,
 who to the hungry giveth food;
 God sets the pris'ners free.
 The Lord doth give the blind their
 sight, the bowed down doth raise: [sight,
 the Lord doth dearly love all those
 that walk in upright ways.

The stranger's shield, the widow's
 the orphan's help, is he: [stay,
 yet by him the wicked's way
 turn'd upside down shall be.

10 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
 thy God, O Sion, he
 Reigns to all generations.
 Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
 praise to our God to sing:
 For it is pleasant, and to praise
 it is a comely thing.

2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
 and he it is alone
 That the dispers'd of Israel
 doth gather into one.

3 Those that are broken in their heart,
 and grieved in their minds,
 He healeth, and their painful wounds
 he tenderly up-binds.

4 He counts the number of the stars;
 he names them ev'ry one.
 5 Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r;
 his wisdom search can none.

6 The Lord lifts up the meek; and casts
 the wicked to the ground.

7 Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks;
 on harp his praises sound;

8 Whoso covereth the heav'n with clouds,
 who for the earth below
 Prepareth rain, who maketh grafs
 upon the mountains grow.

9 He gives the beast his food, he feeds
 the ravens young that cry.

10 His pleasure not in horses' strength,
 nor in man's legs, doth lie.

11 But in all those that do him fear
 the Lord doth pleasure take;
 In those that to his mercy do
 by hope themselves betake.

12 The Lord praise, O Jerusalem;
 Sion, thy God confess:

13 For thy gates' bars he maketh
 thy sons in thee doth blefs. [strong;

14 He in thy borders maketh peace;
 with fine wheat filleth thee.

15 He sends forth his command on
 his word runs 'peedily. [earth,

16 Hoar-frost, like ashes, starr'eth he;
 like wool he snow doth give

17 Like morsels casteth forth his ice;
 who in its cold can live?

18 He sendeth forth his mighty word,
 and melteth them again;
 His wind he makes to blow, and then
 the waters flow again.

19 The doctrine of his holy word
 to Jacob he doth show;
 His statutes and his judgments he
 gives Israel to know.

20 To any nation never he
 such favour did afford;
 For they his judgments have not
 O do ye praise the Lord. [known.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE God. From heavens praise
 the Lord,
 in heights praise to him be.

- 2 All ye his angels, praise ye him;
his hosts all, praise him ye.
- 3 O praise ye him, both sun and moon;
praise him, all stars of light.
- 4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns him praise, and
above the heavens' height. [floods
- 5 Let all the creatures praise the name
of our almighty Lord:
- For he commanded, and they were
created by his word.
- 6 He also, for all times to come,
hath them establish'd sure;
- He hath appointed them a law,
which ever shall endure.
- 7 Praise ye JEHOVAH from the earth,
dragons, and ev'ry deep:
- 8 Fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy wind,
his word that fully keep.
- 9 All hills and mountains, fruitful trees,
and all ye cedars high:
- 10 Beasts, and all cattle, creeping things,
and all ye birds that fly.
- 11 Kings of the earth, all nations,
princes, earth's judges all:
- 12 Both young men, yea, and maidens
old men, and children small. [too,
- 13 Let them God's name praise; for
alone is excellent: [his name
- His glory reacheth far above
the earth and firmament.
- 14 His people's horn, the praise of all
his saints, exalteth he;
- Ev'n Isr'el's seed, a people near
to him. The Lord praise ye.

Another of the same.

- T**HE Lord of heav'n confess,
On high his glory raise.
- 2 Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
- 3 Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars;
- 4 Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.
- 5 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
- You all created were,
When he the word but spake.
- 6 And from that place,
Where fix'd you be
By his decree,
You cannot pass.
- 7 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
- 8 Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
- 9 Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall;
- 10 Beasts wild and tame;
- All things that creep or fly.
- 11 Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes mean or high;
- 12 Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old,
- 13 Exalt his name;

For much his fame
Should be extoll'd.

- 0 let God's name be praise'd
Above both earth and sky;
- 14 For he his saints hath rais'd,
And set their horn on high;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

PSALM CXLIX.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord: unto him fit
a new song, and his praise
In the assembly of his saints
in sweet psalms do ye raise.
- 2 Let Isr'el in his Maker joy,
and to him praises sing:
Let all that Sion's children are
be joyful in their King.
- 3 O let them unto his great name
give praises in the dance;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
in songs his praise advance.
- 4 For God doth pleasure take in them
that his own people be;
And he with his salvation
the meek will beautify.
- 5 And in his glory excellent
let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
aloud lift up their voice.
- 6 Let in their mouth aloft be rais'd
the high praise of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
a sharp two-edged sword;
- 7 To execute the vengeance due
upon the Heathen all,
And make deserved punishment
upon the people fall. [bis
- 8 And ev'n with chains, as pris'ners
their kings that them command;
Yea, and with iron fetters strong,
the nobles of their land.
- 9 On them the judgment to perform
found written in his word:
This honour is to all his saints.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSALM CL.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord. God's praise
his sanctuary raise; [with
- And to him in the firmament
of his pow'r give ye praise.
- 2 Because of all his mighty acts,
with praise him magnify:
- 0 praise him, as he doth excel
in glorious majesty.
- 3 Praise him with trumpet's sound: but
with psalterry advance: [prais
- 4 With timbrel, harp, string'd instrument
and organs, in the dance. [ment
- 5 Praise him on cymbals loud: but
on cymbals sounding high. [prais
- 6 Let each thing breathing praise the Lord
Praise to the Lord give ye. [Lord

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES,
IN VERSE,
OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF
SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Collected and prepared by
A COMMITTEE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, IN ORDER TO BE
SUNG IN CHURCHES.



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TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES, IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. GENESIS I.

LET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.
Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
Go, said, "Let there be light:"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

With herbs, and plants, and fruitful
trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
Then high in heav'n's resplendent
he plac'd two orbs of light, [arch
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
Next, from the deep, th' Almighty
did vital beings frame; [King
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.
To all the various brutal tribes
he gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
sprung from the teeming earth.

Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at last was Adam made;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
and glory crown'd his head.
Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
the whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabrick he had rais'd;
his word pronounc'd it good.

II. GENESIS xxviii. 20—22.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre-
sented before thy throne of grace: [sent
God of our fathers! be the God
of their succeeding race.

3 Thro' each perplexing path of life
our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
and raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
and portion evermore.

III. JOB i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred dust.
2 What'e'er we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and, when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever blessed be his name!
his goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'tis ours still to adore.

IV. JOB iii. 17—20.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
receives us all at last. [cease,
2 The wicked there from troubling
their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
from all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
from slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's
or dread the tyrant's rod. [voice,

4 There servants, masters, small and partake the same repose; [great, And there, in peace, the ashes mix of those who once were foes.

5 All, level'd by the hand of Death, lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth, to meet their final doom.

V. JOB v. 6—12.

THOUGH trouble springs not from the dust,

nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree, in man's estate are found.

2 As sparks in close succession rise, so man, the child of woe,

is doom'd to endless cares and toils through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cause; from him I seek relief;

To him, in confidence of pray'r, unbosom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works, unsearchable his ways;

'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer, the bowed down to raise.

VI. JOB viii. 11—22.

THERUSH may rise where waters flow, and flags beside the stream;

But soon their verdure fades and dies before the scorching beam:

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off; or, if it transient rise,

'Tis like the spider's airy web, from ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house and all its props decay:

He holds it fast; but, while he holds, the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun his boughs with verdure smile;

And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots unshaken stand a while.

5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n,

that sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord, nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men, who Heav'n's high laws despise:

They quickly fall; and in their room as quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care, God will his pow'r employ;

He'll teach their lips to sing his praise, and fill their hearts with joy.

VII. JOB ix. 2—10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race be pure before their God?

If he contends in righteousness, we sink beneath his rod.

2 If he should mark my words and with strict inquiring eyes, [thoughts

Could I for one of thousand faults the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise; who dares with him contend?

Or who, that tries th' unequal strife, shall prosper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,

and their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place, and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise; th' obedient sun forbears:

His hand with sackcloth spreads the and seals up all the stars. [skies,

6 He walks upon the raging sea; flies on the stormy wind;

None can explore his wondrous way, or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. JOB xiv. 1—15

FEW are thy days, and full of woe, O man, of woman born!

Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state in flow'rs that bloom and die,

Or in the shadow's fleeting form, that mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand before thy sov'reign Lord?

Can troubled and polluted springs a hallow'd stream afford?

4 Determin'd are the days that fly successive o'er thy head;

The number'd hour is on the wing that lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath the short allotted span,

That bounds the few and weary days of pilgrimage to man.

6 All nature dies, and lives again: the flow'r that paints the field,

The trees that crown the mountain's brow,

and boughs and blossoms yield,

7 Resign the honours of their form at Winter's stormy blast,

And leave the naked leafless plain a desolated waste.

8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs anew shall deck the plain;

The woods shall hear the voice of and flourish green again. [Spring,

9 But man forsakes this earthly scene, ah! never to return:

Shall any foll'wing spring revive the ashes of the urn?

10 The mighty flood that rolls along its torrents to the main,

Can ne'er recall its waters lost from that abyss again.

11 So days, and years, and ages pass, descending down to night,

Can henceforth never more return back to the gates of light;

- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.
- 13 O may the grave become to me
the bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest! [mind]
- 14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
when death shall set me free.

IX. JOB xxvi. 6, to the end.

- W**HO can resist th' Almighty arm
that made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
of God's all-seeing eye?
- 2 From him no cov'ring vails our
hell opens to his sight; [crimes;
And all Destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.
- 3 Firm on the boundless void of space
he pois'd the steady pole,
And in the circle of his clouds
bade secret waters roll.
- 4 While nature's universal frame
its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
an awful cloud conceals.
- 5 From where the rising day ascends,
to where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
and checks their threat'ning might.
- 6 The pillars that support the sky
tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the
as though its centre shook. [earth,
- 7 He brings the waters from their beds,
although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
without the hand of foes.
- 8 With bright inhabitants above
he fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
dismay'd before him stand;
- 9 Few of his works can we survey;
these few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of his pow'r
what heart can comprehend?

X. PROV. i. 20—31.

- I**N streets, and op'nings of the gates,
where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
and cries to men aloud:
- 2 How long, ye scornors of the truth,
scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
and hear my words in vain?
- 3 O turn, at last, at my reproof!
and, in that happy hour,
His blest'd effusions on your heart
my Spirit down shall pour.

- 4 But since so long, with earnest voice,
to you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall;
- 5 The time will come, when humbled
in Sorrow's evil day, [low,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
but taught too late; to pray.
- 6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the
comes Desolation's blast: [deep
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
the hour of mercy past.
- 7 The choice you made has fix'd your
for this is Heav'n's decree, [doom;
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
the sinner fill'd shall be.

XI. PROV. iii. 13—17.

- O**HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
his early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
a length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
in pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
so her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

XII. PROV. vi. 6—12.

- Y**E indolent and slothful! rise,
View the ant's labours, and be wise;
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay:
- 2 Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.
- 3 But when will slothful man arise?
How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
Sloth more indulgence still demands;
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.
- 4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. PROV. viii. 22, to the end.

- K**EEP silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with reverence due;
Eternal Wisdom from above
thus lifts her voice to you:
- 2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
from everlasting days;

Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
The heav'n's and earth to raise.

- 3 Before the sea began to flow,
and leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand. [heav'n,
4 When first he rear'd the arch of
and spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
he open'd, I was there.

5 There I was with him, when he
stretch'd
his compass o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's swelling waves
within their bounds to keep.

6 With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd
which men were soon to fill:
Them from the first of days I lov'd,
unchang'd, I love them still.

7 Now therefore hearken to my words,
ye children, and be wise:

Happy the man that keeps my ways;
the man that shuns them dies.

8 Where dubious paths perplex the
direction I afford; [mind,
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

9 But he who scorns my sacred laws
shall deeply wound his heart,
He courts destruction who contemns
the counsel I impart.

XIV. ECCLES. vii. 2—6.

WHILE others crowd the house
of mirth,

and haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
frequent the house of woe.

2 Better to weep with those who weep,
and share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
that cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous sorrow clouds the
and tears bedim the eye, [face,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
and wasted to the sky.

4 The wise in heart revisit oft
grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless still with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noisy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
in ashes to the ground.

XV. ECCLES. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 The living know that they must die;
all the dead forgotten lie:

Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust,
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to do
Still let thy hands with might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.

6 In the cold grave, to which we haste
There are no acts of pardon past:
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

XVI. ECCLES. xii. 1.

IN life's gay morn, when sprightly
I with vital ardour glows, [youth
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
and character engrav'd.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall
the sunshine of thy days; — [cloud
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
in mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
that now return no more.

XVII. ISAIAH i. 10—19.

RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord;

Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
submissive to his word.

2 'Tis thus he speaks: To what intent
are your oblations vain?

Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane?

3 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to
heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies;
The worship and the worshipper
are hateful in my eyes.

4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I
and pomp of solemn days: [scorn,
I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty
and cease from deeds of sin; [race,
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.

6 Mock not my name with honours
but keep my holy laws; [vain,
Do justice to the friendless poor,
and plead the widow's cause.

7 Then though your guilty souls are
with sins of crimson die, [stain'd
Yet, through my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness they shall vie.

XVIII. ISAIAH ii. 2—6.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise

In mountain tops above the hills,
and draw the wond'ring eyes.
To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
shall all the world command.
Among the nations he shall judge;
his judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
and quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
to pruning-hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
and study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come
to worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties shine.

XIX. ISAIAH ix. 2—8.

THE race that long in darkness pin'd
have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
in death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
the gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
the harvest treasures home.

For thou our burden hast remov'd,
and quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
in Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born;
to us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
him all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
for evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
the great and mighty Lord.

His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
his reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
and peace abound below.

XX. ISAIAH xxvi. 1—7.

HOW glorious Zion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.

Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;

Enter, ye nations, who obey
the statutes of our King.

Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,

Ye, who have known JEHOVAH's
and trusted in his grace. [same,

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH
eternal as his years. [dwells

What though the wicked dwell on
high,

his arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

Along the dust shall then be spread
their tow'rs, that brave the skies:
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
and on their ruins rise.

XXI. ISAIAH xxxiii. 13—18.

ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell re-
ye tribes at hand, give ear; [mote,
Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
the false in heart have fear.

The man who walks with God in
and ev'ry guile dissains; [truth,
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
and scorns its shameful gains;

Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
that tempts from truth to stray,
And from th' enticing snares of vice
who turns his eyes away:

His dwelling, 'midst the strength of
shall ever stand secure; [rocks,
His Father will provide his bread,
h's water shall be sure.

For him the kingdom of the just
afar doth glorious shine;
And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27, to the end.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine
anxious plaint,
despairing of relief,

As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not heed thy grief?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not
that firm remains on high [heard,
The everlasting throne of Him
who form'd the earth and sky?

Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
when comes thy evil day?

And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?

Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
the Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor
the working of his hands. [trace

He gives the conquest to the weak,
supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
his heav'nly aids impart.

Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
and youthful vigour cease;

But they who wait upon the Lord,
in strength shall still increase.

7 They with unwearied feet shall tread
the path of life divine;

With growing ardour onward move,
with growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they
their wings are faith and love, [soar,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
they rise to heav'n above.

XXIII. ISAIAH xlii. 1-13.

BEHOOLD my Servant! see him rise
exalted in my might!

Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
my Spirit shall descend;

My truths and judgments he shall show
to earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
no threats from him proceed;

The smoking flax he shall not quench,
nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
the weak will not despise;

Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
shall never know decline,

Till foreign lands and distant isles
receive the law divine.

6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
and bade the planets roll,

Who peopled all the climes of earth,
and form'd the human soul,

7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I
my Prophet thee install; [rais'd,

In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.

8 I will establish with the lands
a covenant in thee,

To give the Gentile nations light,
and set the pris'ners free.

9 A sunder burst the gates of brass;
the iron fetters fall;

And glad some light and liberty
are straight restor'd to all.

10 I am the Lord, and by the name
of great JEHOVAH known;

No idol shall usurp my praise,
nor mount into my throne.

11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
conspicuous rise to view;

And future scenes, predicted now,
shall be accomplish'd too.

12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
let earth his praise resound;

Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the isles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
the universal song;

And let the scatter'd villages
the cheerful notes prolong.

14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
lift up its lonely voice;

And let the tenants of the rock
with accents rude rejoice;

15 Till 'midst the streams of distant
the islands sound his praise; [land
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH's glories raise.

XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13-17.

YE heav'ns, send forth your song of
praise!

earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn
and joy through nature flow.

2 Behold how gracious is our God!
hear the consoling strains,

In which he cheers our drooping
and mitigates our pains. [hearts

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness
in sad dismay to mourn, [come

As if the Lord could leave his saints
forsaken or forlorn.

4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
the infant whom she bore?

And can its plaintive cries be heard,
nor move compassion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail
a parent's heart to move;

But Sion on my heart shall dwell
in everlasting love.

6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name:

My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
and raise her broken frame.

XXV. ISAIAH liii.

HOW few receive with cordial faith
the tidings which we bring?

How few have seen the arm reveal'd
of heav'n's eternal King?

2 The Saviour comes! no outward
bespeaks his presence nigh; [pomp

No earthly beauty shines in him
to draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
amidst the desert grows,

So slighted by a rebel race
the heav'nly Saviour rose.

4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
behold a man of woe!

Grief was his close companion still
through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
ours were the woes he bore:

Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
with bitter anguish tore.

6 We held him as condemn'd by
an outcast from his God, [Heav'n,

While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his Father's rod.

7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our
from sin's polluted stain; [souls

His stripes have heal'd us, and his
reviv'd our souls again. [death

8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
in ruin's fatal road:

And him were our transgressions laid;
he bore the mighty load.

Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly
in patient silence stood! [he
sute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,
when brought to shed his blood.

O Who can his generation tell?
from prison see him led!
With impious shew of law condemn'd,
and number'd with the dead.

11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
the rich a grave supply'd:
Unspotted was his blameless life;
unstain'd by sin he dy'd. [high,
12 Yet God shall raise his head on
though thus he brought him low;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
shall terminate his woe.

13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure
shall prosper in his hand; [then
His shall a numerous offspring be,
and still his honours stand.

14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
the purchase of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the
and baffle all his foes; [spoil,
Though rank'd with sinners, here he
a conqueror he rose. [fell,

16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
that sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
and plead their cause in heav'n.

XXVI. ISAIAH lv.

HO! ye that thirst, approach the
whereliving waters flow: [spring
Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go

2 How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair?

How long your strength and substance
on trifles, light as air? [waste

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
that health and pleasure give:

Incline your ear, and come to me;
the soul that hears shall live.

4 With you a covenant I will make,
that ever shall endure;

The hope which gladden'd David's
my mercy hath made sure. [heart

5 Behold he comes! your leader comes,
with might and honour crown'd;

A witness who shall spread my name
to earth's remotest bound.

6 See! nations distant to his call
from ev'ry distant shore;

Israel, yet unknown, shall bow to him,
and Is'el's God adore.

7 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
is open to your call;

While offer'd mercy still is near,
before his footstool fall

8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
their evil thoughts forego:

And God, when they to him return,
returning grace will show.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love
for, hear the voice divine!

My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine:

10 But far as heav'n's resplendent orb
beyond earth's spot extend,

As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts transfer

11 And as the rains from heav'n distil,
nor thither mount again,

But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes sustain:

12 So not a word that flows from me
shall ineffectual fall;

But universal nature prove
obedient to my call.

13 With joy and peace shall then be led
the glad converted lands;

The lofty mountains then shall sing,
the forests clap their hands.

14 Where briars grew 'midst barren
wiles,

shall firs and myrtles spring;

And nature, thro' its utmost bounds,
eternal praises sing.

XXVII. ISAIAH lvii. 15, 16.

THUS speaks the high and lofty One;
ye tribes of earth, give ear;

The words of your Almighty King
with sacred reverence hear:

2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n—
my throne is fix'd on high;

And through eternity I hear
the praises of the sky:

3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
the humble habow'd cell;

And with the penitent who mourn
'tis my delight to dwell;

4 The downcast spirit to revive,
the sad in soul to cheer;

And from the bed of dust the man
of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
against the human race;

The souls which I have form'd shall
a refuge in my grace. [find

XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 3—9.

AT TEND, and mark the solemn fact
which to the Lord is dear;

Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
which vain dissemblers wear.

1 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
saith he who reigns above;

The hanging head and rueful look,
will they attract my love?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load
thy tender pity share:

And let the helpless, homeless poor,
be thy peculiar care.

4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
with thy abundance blest;

Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
and spread the couch of rest.

- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
by thee be warm'd and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
the downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come
in peace and joy, thy days; [forth,
And glory from the Lord above
shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. LAMENT. iii. 37-40.

A MIDST the mighty, where is he
who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
is from the Lord alone.

- 2 He gives in gladfome bow'rs to dwell,
or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his
hand
hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

- 3 Why should a living man complain
beneath the chaf'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
must bring us back to God.
- 4 O sons of men! with anxious care
your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
return, and sin no more!

XXX. HOSEA vi. 1-4.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, and will leave
the desolate to mourn.

- 2 His voice commands the tempest
and stills the stormy wave; [forth,
And tho' his arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow
reign'd;
the dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his sight.

- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning songs his voice.

- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
and cheer the thirsty ground:
O so shall his presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light;
That hallow dawn shall chase away
the sorrows of the night.

XXXI. MICAH vi. 6-9.

THUS speaks the Heathen: How
shall man
the Pow'r Supreme adore?

- With what accepted offerings come
his mercy to implore?
2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
with grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
upon the altar bleed?

- 3 Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's blood
the father plunge the knife?
- 4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

- 5 He what is good hath clearly shown
O favour'd race! to thee;
And what doth God require of those
who bend to him the knee?

- 6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
to him resign thy will.

XXXII. HABAK. iii. 17, 18.

WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-
tree clothe,

- though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?

- 2 Though from the fold, with sad ser-
my flock cut off I see; [prise,
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
where herds were wont to be?

- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him 'll joy, who will the God
of my salvation prove.

- 4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
beyond the reach of woe.

- 5 God is the treasure of my soul,
the source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi. 9-14.

FATHER of all! we bow to thee;
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still through all thy works,
the universal Lord.

- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
by all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
till grace to glory rise.

- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.

- 4 From day to day we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

- 5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy shew,
we mercy beg from Heav'n.

- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
from evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to stray.

For thine the pow'r, the kingdom
all glory's due to thee: [thine;
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV. MATTH. xi. 25. to the end.

THUS spake the Saviour of the
world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
eternal praise be giv'n.
2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.
3 Ev'n so! thou, Father, hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.
4 Thou only know'st the Son: from
my kingdom I receive; [thee
And none the Father know but they
who in the Son believe.
5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears oppress'd;
Resign to me the willing heart,
and I will give you rest.
6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find
7 For light and gentleness is my yoke;
the burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groan'd
beneath a load of woes. [before

XXXV. MATTH. xxvi. 26—29.

"TWAS on that night, when doom'd
to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread:
2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spake:
3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And of the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.
4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd:
5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. LUKE i. 46—56.

MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise,

Whose goodbless did from poor estate
his humble handmaid raise.
2 Meblest'd of God, the God of might,
all ages shall proclaim;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
and holy is his name.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty
the proud his looks abas'd; [shew'd;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour rais'd.
4 The hungry with good things were
the rich with hunger pin'd: [fill'd,
He sent his servant Isr'el help,
and call'd his love to mind;
5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
his promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII. LUKE ii. 8—15.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd
their flocks
in Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.
2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind);
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
to you, and all mankind.
3 To you, in David's town, this day
is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
and this shall be the sign:
4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall
to human view display'd, [find
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
and in a manger laid.
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-
appear'd a shining throng [with
Of angels, praising God; and thus
address'd their joyful song:
6 All glory be to God on high,
and to the earth be peace:
Good-will is shown by Heav'n to men,
and never more shall cease.

XXXVIII. LUKE ii. 25—33.

JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd;
to him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should
ere death his eyelids seal'd. [see,
2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
to Isr'el's fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
the aged saint did wait.
3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
which all his wishes crown'd.
4 When Jesus, to the temple brought
by Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
to God was offer'd there,
5 Simeon into those sacred courts
a heav'nly impulse drew;

He saw the Virgin he'd her Son,
and fraight his Lord he knew.

6 With holy joy upon his face
the good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the promis'd child:

7 And while he held the heav'n-born
ordain'd to bless mankind, [Babe,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and
exulting, yet resign'd: [heart

8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
let me in peace depart;

Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
and gladness fills my heart.

9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
now let their vigour cease;

At last my eyes my Saviour see,
now let them close in peace.

10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
and now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
and promises were true.

11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
shall Heathen darkness chase;
And rays of brightest glory pour
around thy chosen race.

XXXIX. LUKE iv. 18, 19

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes!

the Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be long!

2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breast inspire.

3 He comes! the prisoners to relieve,
in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
the iron fetters yield.

4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of
to clear the inward sight; [vice
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celestial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
to enrich the humble poor.

6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is ful-
and Ur'd is restor'd. [fill'd,

7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy most honour'd name.

XL. LUKE xv. 13—25.

THE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
and plung'd in want and woe.

2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he
starve in a foreign land, [cries,

The meanest in my father's house
is fed with bounteous hand:

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice,
fall down before his face:

Father! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and
nor can deserve thy grace. [thec,

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
to seek his father's love:

The father sees him from afar,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiss'd his son:

The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.

6 No more, my father, can I hope
to find paternal grace;

My utmost wish is to obtain
a servant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said;

To him each mark of grace be shown,
and ev'ry honour paid.

8 A day of feasting I ordain;
let mirth and song abound:

My son was dead, and lives again!
was lost, and now is found!

9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. JOHN iii. 14—19.

AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were
the people ceas'd to die: [cur'd,

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
a healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
is sav'd from endless woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,
so gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard:

5 He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.

6 But vengeance just for ever lies
on all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
and scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. JOHN xiv. 1—7.

LET not your hearts with anxious
be troubled or dismay'd; [thoughts
But trust in Providence divine,
and trust my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's house return;
there num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land

- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
and your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
when I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
to take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
and still together be.
- 5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
no son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
shall see my Father's face.

XLIII. JOHN xiv. 25—28.

- Y**OU now must hear my voice no more;
my Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from
shall your whole soul inspire; [God,
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
your hearts with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you;
my peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through
and cheer your souls in death. [life,
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
with promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the
in which my words remain. [heart

XLIV. JOHN xix. 30.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
a spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
the blood incessant flow; [cheek
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his
and trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
and life his drooping head!
- 3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
these sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
and suffer'd pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past,
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

XLV. ROMANS ii. 4—8.

- U**NGRATEFUL sinners! whence
this scorn
of God's long-suffering grace?
And whence this madness that insults
th' Almighty to his face?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,

You multiply transgressions more,
and scorn his offer'd love?

- 3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded
his goodness is design'd [man!
To wake repentance in thy soul,
and melt thy harden'd mind?
- 4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
against the day of woe?
- 5 Soon shall that fatal day approach
that must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now un-
in awful pomp reveal; [known,
- 6 While they, who full of holy deeds
to glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. ROMANS iii. 19—22.

- V**AIN are the hopes the sons of
men
upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.
- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt
before heav'n's righteous Lord.
- 3 No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
condemns him to his fate.
- 4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

XLVII. ROMANS vi. 1—7.

- A**ND shall we then go on to sin,
that grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that such a thought
should in our breast be found!
- 2 When to the sacred fount we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its
new creatures we became? [stains,
- 3 With Christ the Lord we dy'd to sin;
with him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth,
is perfect in the skies.
- 4 Too long enthral'd to Satan's sway,
we now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death and
our freedom to restore. [sin,

XLVIII. ROMANS viii. 31, to the end.

- L**ET Christian faith and hope dispel
the fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
that goodness can supply?

- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above!
- 4 Where is the judge who can con-
fince God hath justify'd? [demn,
Who shall charge those with guilt or
for whom the Saviour dy'd? [crime
- 5 The Saviour dy'd, but rose again
triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right
omnipotent to save. [hand,
- 6 Who then can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above?
- 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.
- 8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor
nor time's destroying sway, [hell,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.
- 9 Each future period that will bless
as it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time,
he loves us to the last.

XLIX. 1 CORINTH. xiii.

- T**HOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
my sweet persuading tongue,
Though I could speak in higher strains
than ever angel sung;
Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,
and made all myst'ries plain:
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
these gifts were all in vain.
- 2 Nay, though my faith with bound-
less pow'r
ev'n mountains could remove,
I still am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.
- 4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
my goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
still fruitless were the deed.
- 5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
but love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
nor proudly lifts the mind.
- 6 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when she hears of sins and
and in the truth is glad. [crimes,
- 7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,
and feels for all mankind.
- 8 Love beareth much, much she be-
lieves,
and still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
though sore with hardship press'd.
- 9 Love still shall hold an endless reign
in earth and heav'n above,

When tongues shall cease, and pro-
and ev'ry gift but love. [phets fail,
10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
and all those shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and
amus'd with childish toys; [think,
But when our pow'rs their manhood
reach,

we'll scorn our present joys.
12 Now dark and dim, as through a
are God and truth beheld; [glase,
Then shall we see as face to face,
and God shall be unvail'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell
on earth,
and earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
of all the graces best.

14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
and Faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the end;
for saints for ever love.

L. 1 CORINTH. xv. 52, to the end.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful
voice

this rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their
and dust to life awake; [charge,

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
is now at last fulfill'd,
That Death should yield his ancient
reign,

and, vanquish'd, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
and thus begin to sing;

O Grave! where is thy triumph now!
and where, O Death! thy sting?

5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious
guilt,

'twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
to pierce the sinner's heart.

6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd!
disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conquerors when we die,
through Christ our living head.

7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
yet more and more abound;

8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
we labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heav'n's
great Lord,
th' eternal crown shall gain.

LI. 2 CORINTH. v. 1—11.

SOON shall this earthly frame, dis-
in death and ruins lie; [solvd,

But better mansions wait the just,
prepar'd above the sky.

2 An house eternal, built by God,
shall lodge the holy mind;

When once those prison-walls have
by which 'tis now confin'd. [fall'n

3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of
we groan beneath the load, [clay,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
and brings us home to God.

4 We know, that when the soul, un-
shall from this body fly, [cloth'd,

'Twill animate a purer frame
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
these hopes their God hath giv'n;

His Spirit is the earnest now,
and seals their souls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith ground on his word;

But while this body is our home,
we mourn an absent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to see;

We would be absent from the flesh,
and present, Lord! with thee.

8 But still, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,

That, in his service spent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as judge,
th' assembled world shall stand,

To take the punishment or prize
from his unerring hand.

10 Impartial retributions then
our different lives await;

Our present actions, good or bad,
shall fix our future fate.

LII. PHILIP. ii. 6—12.

YE who the name of Jesus bear,
his sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in him
be also found in you.

2 Though in the form of God he was,
his only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
as robb'ry did regard;

3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
for us his glory vail'd;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
his majesty conceal'd:

4 Nor only as a man appears,
but stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
in all its shame and woe.

5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
with honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
above all names renown'd:

6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below:

7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
might tremble at his word,

And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
confess that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 THESSAL. iv. 13, to the end.

TAKE comfort, Christians, when
in Jesus fall asleep; [your friends
Their better being never ends;
why then dejected weep?

2 Why inconsolable, as those
to whom no hope is giv'n?

Death is the messenger of peace,
and calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus dy'd, and rose again
victorious from the dead;

So his disciples rise, and reign
with their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh, when from
the clouds

Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
the heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed
and they who sleep shall wake; [be,
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,

and earth's foundations shake.

6 The saints of God, from death set free,
with joy shall mount on high;

The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
shall meet them in the sky.

7 Together to their Father's house
with joyful hearts they go;

And dwell for ever with the Lord,
beyond the reach of woe.

8 A few short years of evil past,
we reach the happy shore,

Where death-divided friends at last
shall meet, to part no more.

LIV. 2 TIM. i. 12.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
I or to defend his cause,

Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honour all his laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
his name is all my boast;

Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own his servant's name
before his Father's face,

And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

LV. 2 TIM. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,

When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
depending on his word,

- 3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.
4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.
5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
shall bring me in the end.

LVI. TITUS iii. 3-9.

- H**OW wretched was our former state,
when, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
o'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!
2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
for ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame.
3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
flows to the human race.
4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
that all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.
5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.
6 Thence rais'd from death, we live
and, justify'd by grace, [anew;
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.
7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
by active virtue crown'd.

LVII. HEB. iv. 14, to the end.

- J**ESUS, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High
and never-dying friend. [Priest,
2 Through life, through death, let us
with constancy adhere; [to him
Faith shall supply new strength, and
shall banish ev'ry fear. [hope
3 To human weakness not severe
is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.
4 With sympathetick feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
for he has felt the same.
5 But tho' he felt temptation's pow'r,
unconquer'd he remain'd;
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
by sin was ever stain'd.
6 As, in the days of feeble flesh,
he pour'd forth cries and tears;

So, though exalted, still he feels
what ev'ry Christian bears.

- 7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
and all our wants make known:
8 That mercy we may there obtain
for sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
while days of trial last.

LVIII. *Another version of the same passage.*

- W**HERE high the heav'nly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands
A great High Priest our nature wears
The guardian of mankind appears.
2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious
blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.
3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
6 With boldness, therefore, at the
throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. HEB. xii. 1-13.

- B**EHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around;
Men, once like us, with suffering try'd,
but now with glory crown'd.
2 Let us, with zeal like theirs in-
begin the Christian race, [spir'd,
And, freed from each encumbering
their holy footsteps trace. [weight,
3 Behold a witness nobler still,
who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher
and author of our faith.
4 He for the joy before him set,
so gen'rous was his love,
Engur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
and now he reigns above.
5 If he the scorn of wicked men
with patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he dy'd
to murmur or complain?
6 Have ye like him to blood, to death,
the cause of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or disdain'd?

- 7 My son, saith he, with patient mind
endure the chaf'ning rod;
Believe, when by afflictions try'd,
that thou art lov'd by God.
- 3 His children thus most dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of sorrows and of pains.
- 9 We know he owns us for his sons,
when we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
without our Father's care.
- 10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard;
The Father of our spirits now
demands the same regard.
- 11 Parents may err; but he is wise,
nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chaf'nings serve to cure the soul
by salutary pain.
- 12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
may seem a field of woe;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
of righteousness shall grow.
- 13 Then let our hearts no more
despond,
our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
his wisdom still adore.

LX. HEB. xiii. 20, 21.

- F**ATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd
victorious o'er the grave. [rose]
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st
again,
when, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
and mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may
but keep thy precepts still; [stray,
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
we nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 PET. i. 3—5.

- B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his
and call'd him to the sky, [Son,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
he taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
but Christ shall call us home.

LXII. 2 PET. iii. 8—14.

- L**O! in the last of days behold
a faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust their only rule;
and thus the scoffer cries;
2 Where is the promise, deem'd so true,
that spoke the Saviour near?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
no change has reach'd our ear.
- 3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
secure, the bark of man.
- 4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his
conceal the truth he knows, [words
That from the waters' dark abyss
the earth at first arose.
- 5 But when the sons of men began
with one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
the godless race away.
- 6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
for Nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrap't
in one devouring flame.
- 7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
when to the gulf below,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign
the Judge consigns his foe. [pow'r,
- 8 Tho' now, ye just! the time appears
protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
to heav'n's great Lord are one.
- 9 Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
in ev'ry change secure;
The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
shall find his mercy sure.
- 10 The contrite race he counts his
forbids the suppliant's fall; [friends,
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.
- 11 Yet as the night-wrap'd thief who
to seize th' expected prize, [lurks
Thus steals the hour, when Christ
shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.
- 12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'n's shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.
- 13 Since all this frame of things must
as Heav'n has so decreed, [end,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed;
- 14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
where sin is known no more.

LXIII. 1 JOHN iii. 1—4.

- B**EHOLD th' amazing gift of love!
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
to call us sons of God!
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,

A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
but higher we shall rise;

Though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes:

4 Our souls, we know, when he ap-
pear, shall bear his image bright; [pears,
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
may trials we'll endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ him'self is pure.

LXIV. REV. i. 5—9.

TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God;

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
and ev'ry heart be love!

All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly
in anguish and dismay. [mourn

4 I am the First, and I the Last;
time centres all in me;

Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV. REV. v. 6, to the end.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.

2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
and harps of sweetest sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of
saints,
these sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
he loves to hear their praise.

4 Who shall the Father's record search,
and hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
and opens ev'ry seal!

5 Hark how th' adoring hosts above
with songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues;
but all their hearts are one.

6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they
to be exalted thus; [cry,

Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.

7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
and endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on his head!

8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy
and set the pris'ners free; [blood,

Thou mad'st us kings and priests
God,
and we shall reign with thee.

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue
thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
the riches of thy grace.

10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean
to thee their homage show. [shore

11 To Him who sits upon the throne
the God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
be glory evermore.

LXVI. REV. vii. 13, to the end.

HOW bright these glorious spirits
shine!

whence all their white array?

How came they to the blissful seats
of everlasting day? [great

2 Lo! these are they from suffering
who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they
before the throne on high, [stand
And serve the God they love, amidst
the glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing: [Joy
By day, by night, the sacred courts
with glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the
throne
shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
and all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his
flock,
where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry tear
shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. REV. xxi. 1—9.

LO! what a glorious sight appear
to our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
the former earth and skies.

2 From heav'n the New Jerusalem
all worthy of its Lord; [comes,
See all things now at last renew'd,
and paradise restor'd!

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing;
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
of your defending King!

4 The God of glory down to men
removes his bless'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the
 from ev'ry weeping eye: [tears
 and pains and groans, and griefs and
 and death itself, shall die. [fears,
 Behold, I change all human things!
 saith he, whose words are true;
 ! what was old is pass'd away,
 and all things are made new!

I am the First, and I the Last,
 through endless years the same;
 I AM, is my memorial still,
 and my eternal name.
 Ho, ye that thirst! to you my grace
 shall hidden streams disclose,
 and open full the sacred spring,
 whence life for ever flows.

9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes
 I'll own him for a son;

A rich inheritance rewards
 the conquests he hath won.

10 But bloody hands and hearts un-
 and all the lying race, [clean,
 The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
 who spurn at offer'd grace;

11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be
 in dark abyss to lie, [doom'd
 And in the fiery burning lake
 the second death shall die

12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
 when earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our
 with blessings on our head! [name,

H Y M N S.

HYMN I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal
the gratitude declare [warmth,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
but Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
to form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom these comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
with heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
and led me up to man:

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
it gently clear'd my way; [deaths,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast
with health renew'd my face; [thou
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly
hath made my cup run o'er; [bliss
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious
my daily thanks employ; [gifts
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
that tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and
divide thy works no more, [night
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
a joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

HYMN II.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

WHEN rising from the bed of
death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
and trembles at the thought

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand
in majesty severe, [disclosed
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
who doth her sins lament,
That timely grief for errors past
shall future woe prevent.

5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
to give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
thy justice to atone.

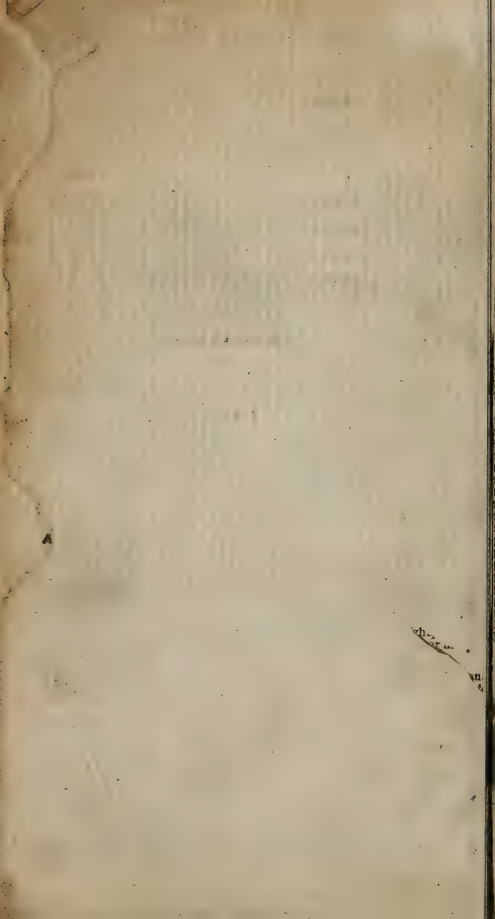
HYMN IV.

BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
 beheld the Son of God
 rise triumphant from the grave,
 and leave his dark abode.
 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
 the great Redeemer lay,
 till the revolving skies had brought
 the third, th' appointed day.
 Hell and the grave combin'd their
 to hold our Lord in vain, [force,
 sudden the Conqueror arose,
 and burst their feeble chain.
 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
 we sacred honours pay,
 and loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 the triumphs of the day.
 Salvation and immortal praise
 to our victorious King!
 et heav'n and earth, and rocks and
 with glad hosannahs ring. [seas,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 the God whom we adore,
 e glory, as it was, and is,
 and shall be evermore.

HYMN V.

THE hour of my departure's come;
 I hear the voice that calls me
 home:
 At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.
 2 The race appointed I have run;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won:
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.
 3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
 I bow before thee in the dust;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.
 4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.
 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
 I give my spirit to thy hand;
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.
 6 The hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home:
 Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

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27 Ifaiah lviii. 15, 16.	ib.	65 Rev. v. 6, to the end,	ib.
28 Ifaiah lviii. 5—9.	ib.	66 Rev. vii. 13, to the end,	ib.
29 Lament. iii. 37—40.	10	67 Rev. xxi. 1—9.	ib.
30 Hosea vi. 1—4.	ib.		
31 Micah vi. 6—9.	ib.		
32 Habak. iii. 17, 18.	ib.		
33 Matth. vi. 9—14.	ib.		
34 Matth. xi. 25, to the end,	11		
35 Matth. xxvi. 26—29.	ib.		
36 Luke i. 46—56.	ib.		
37 Luke ii. 8—15.	ib.		
38 Luke ii. 27—33.	ib.		

HYMNS.

Hymn I.	20
Hymn II.	ib.
Hymn III.	ib.
Hymn IV.	21
Hymn V.	ib.

1315

Thomson M. C. L.

young man
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Gov. of Bang
92th Feb. 1819
Hon. Mr. Pakenham
My dear Sir and
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Lord accompany
them with the sign
of His Providence
and the future things
of His Spirit and
Grace in us
I am
Dear Sir

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a signature or a name, appearing in the lower half of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher due to fading and ink bleed-through from the reverse side. It appears to be written in a single line, possibly reading "John Smith" or similar, though the characters are highly stylized and overlapping.

